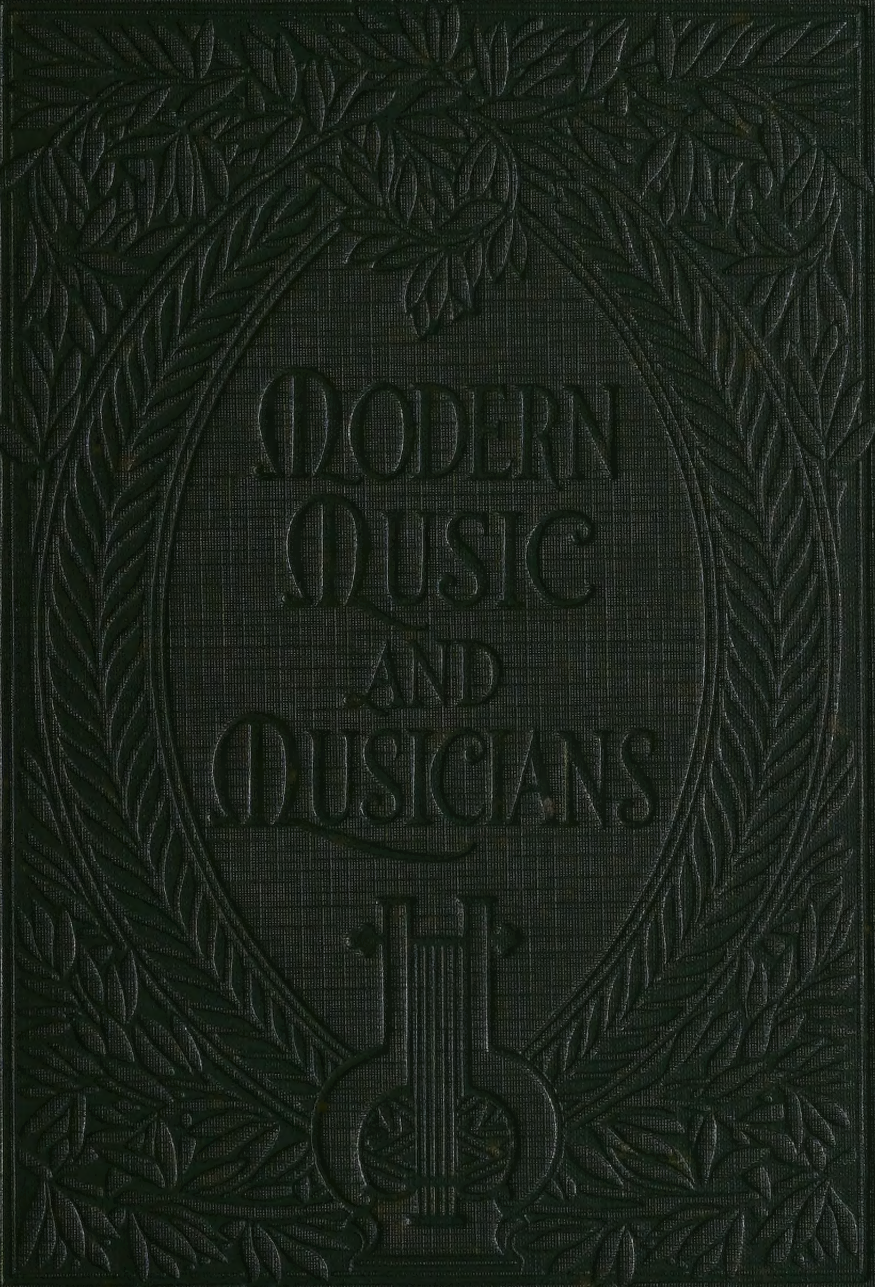

MODERN MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

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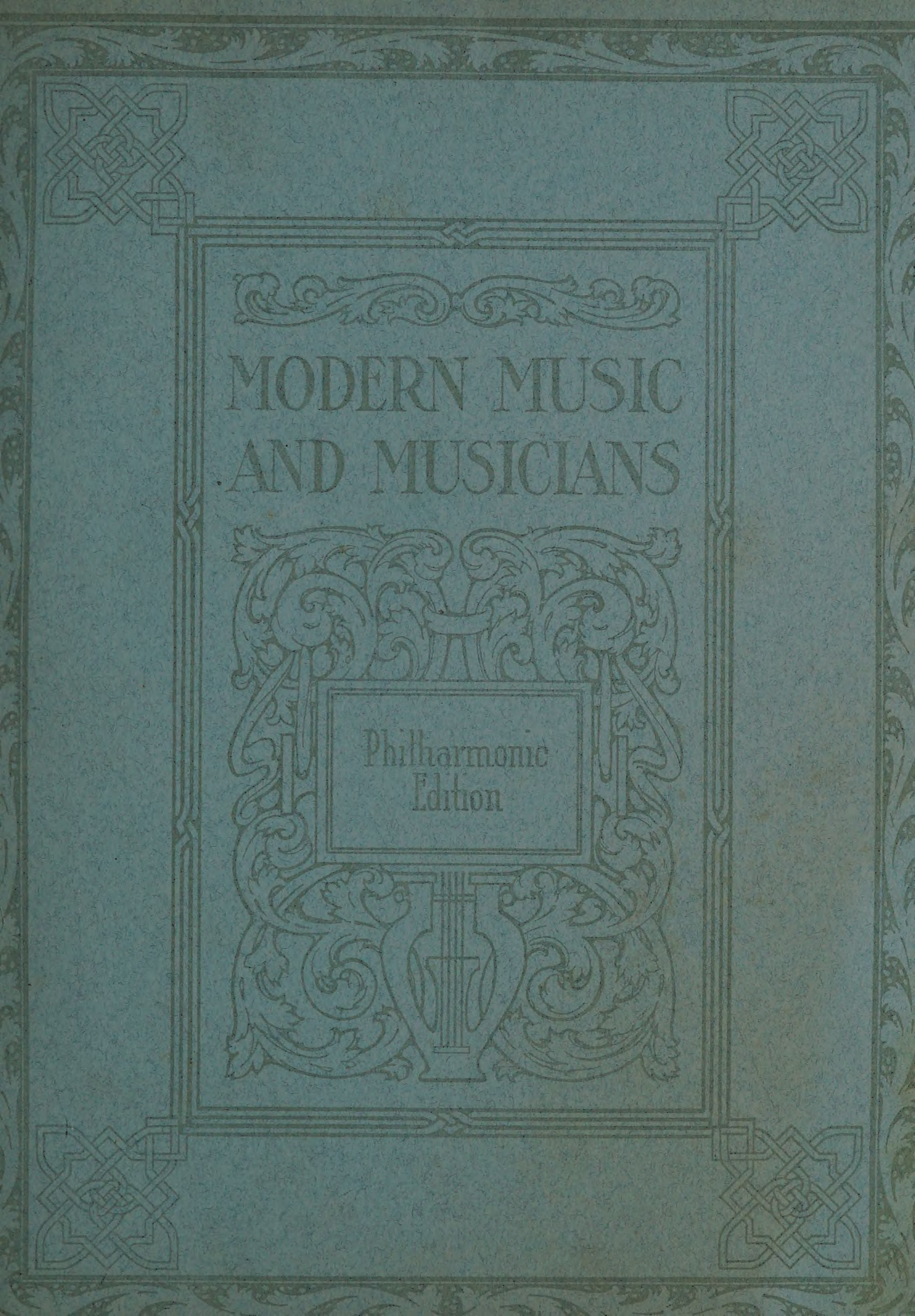

MODERN MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Philharmonic Edition

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HANDEL IN THE GARRET.

PAINTED BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE (1893).

MODERN MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

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VOLUME II

THE GREAT COMPOSERS
CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
Part One

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY INC.
NEW YORK

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THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY INC.
NEW YORK

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PUBLISHERS' FOREWORD

THE preparation of two volumes of critical and biographical sketches, including the masters of music from the earliest pre-classical epoch to the contemporary ultra-moderns, is in itself not a small task. To do it in such a way as to hold the interest of the casual reader and command the respect of the musical enthusiast is doubly difficult. Yet it is hoped that this purpose has here been achieved.

A particularly unique feature is the inclusion of many monographs on celebrated composers that are the literary product of other equally celebrated composers, critics and specialists. As a composer, Saint-Saëns is known the world over; and yet many may be surprised to realize that as a critic and musical *littérateur* he is one of the foremost in France. A monograph on Franz Liszt from the pen of Saint-Saëns becomes, then, a rare moment in musical literature, and one which should find a permanent place in the library of every music lover. Edvard Grieg, writing upon Schumann and Mozart, affords not only a view of two composers through the intimate understanding of another composer, but at the same time offers a rare opportunity for a reverse analysis of a composer who for the moment has turned critic,—a view which in his particular case is perhaps possible through no other surviving medium of self-revealment.

These volumes are replete with any number of similar examples, wherein composers, who for the most part have expressed their inmost thoughts only in musical writings, employ the language of written speech for an intimate delineation such as would hardly be possible to the average critical writer on music, at the same time laying bare their own mental processes to a degree that is impossible in any other way. "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book," was the cry of one who realized with what fidelity the pen of the writer mirrors his own inner conscience, while ostensibly analyzing for the reader some wholly detached character or series of events.

Cécile Chaminade writing on Georges Bizet, César Cui speaking of his fellow Russian composers, Pierre Lalo in turn writing of Saint-Saëns, Reinecke on Mendelssohn, Jadassohn on Brahms, Antonin Marmontel on Haydn, Dvorák on Schubert, our own Horatio Parker on Handel, Vincent d'Indy on César Franck, Eugen d'Albert on Beethoven, Leoncavallo on Bellini, and Mascagni on the other Italians of the past century—these are but a few of the unusual features which make one bold to claim for these volumes a degree of individuality which is perhaps without parallel in the musical literature of the English language.

The art of musical composition has passed through a remarkable period of development within the last two decades, the crystallizing and sobering influence of the great world war, coming in the wake of a sort of epidemic of various ultra-modern and ''futuristic'' tendencies in music and art, may result in the fusing of some of these elements, and thus lead to the evolution of yet other ideals and gospels of musical art. Which of the contemporary currents of thought will survive is a question that contemporary judgment cannot hope to answer. On the other hand, there is no doubt that all of the musical output of the present epoch will contribute its quota toward preparing not only the composers, but the audiences, for the more ready assimilation of any radical departures which the immediate musical future may have in store.

There appears to be no doubt that we are witnessing the immediate transmission to America of the responsibilities of a musical world-center. That America should in turn rise to the opportunities thus afforded, becomes for the moment imperative. Russia affords the spectacle of suddenly startling the world with a number of composers of highest rank, simultaneously springing into prominence, and all within the space of barely more than a single generation. Glancing back over America's musical history, it is impossible to believe that there are not at the present moment in embryo many composers who will with equal rapidity develop into serious world factors, provided only a reasonable degree of encouragement be given on the part of the general musical public. The fact that the requisite forces are now at work within our midst can readily be demonstrated through a perusal of the mass of interesting material here gathered together.

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ing which came to full power about 1450, and which still holds place as one of the most significant of all cultural eras.

Returning to the musicians, from 1400 there had been a very voluminous output of masses, motets and chansons. Dunstable, Binchois and Dufay were employing musical imitation, even strictly canonic, yet not in regular periods in the sense of modern "form." During this century the explorers Columbus and da Gama, the painters Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian and Albrecht Dürer were born. These men were well in their prime when Petrucci published, from 1502 to 1508, some 900 of the Flemish and Italian frottole which were the immediate predecessors of the madrigal. In 1507 came the first publishing of music for the lute. At about the time Palestrina was born, 1520, the first of the Amati violin makers also was born, Luther was already protesting against indulgences and was soon to issue the first hymn book, while still a little later Orlando de Lassus and the violin maker Gasparo da Salo were born. Before the year 1600, and during the life of Palestrina, Shakespeare and Maggini were born, Gabrielli was already writing music for voices and orchestral instruments, and on the very year of Palestrina's death came the first music drama. By 1600, the first year of oratorio, there were already two thousand madrigals in print.

In view of the all dominating position occupied by the madrigal during the entire sixteenth and part of the seventeenth centuries, it is well to follow this art form in greater detail of its history. Then if the madrigal had come to its importance largely in differentiating an entertaining polyphony from the staid polyphony of the Church, so the same art form became the turning point whereon instrumental music began to assert its independence from the vocal. The composers first learned what advantage there was in having instruments play along with the voices of the madrigal, and soon they composed their works to be performed either by voices or by instruments. It was Palestrina's contemporary, Giovanni Gabrielli (1557-1612), who first gave much attention to such instrumental procedure with the voices. And when the instrumental madrigal once arrived, it perpetuated itself for a while in the newly discovered divertissement called opera.

After the invention of music drama in 1594, the very strong representative composer it soon found in Claudio Monteverde was but a new fruit from an old stock, for when Monteverde wrote his first opera, "Orfeo," in 1607, he was already a famed madrigalist. His publishing of madrigals, beginning in 1583, continued long after the fact of his great success as opera composer, even to the year 1638. As one who helped to establish the importance of the orchestra, Monteverde was one of the first to feel the need of preponderating stringed instruments, and in this the newly perfected instruments of the Amatis furnished the varied tone color of violins, violas and cellos, to which string corps Monteverde added only the harp. In Monteverde's madrigal writing he had aroused criticism and controversy earlier because of his practice of having the first voice carry most of the melody, the other voices carrying the harmonic burden. Notwithstanding his critics, the innovation became a strong influence toward the declamatory style shown in his early operas.

Summarizing the attainments and the tendencies of the sixteenth century, aside from the strictly classical influence of Palestrina, one may observe that the liberalization of instrumental treatment was already in evidence at St. Mark's Cathedral, where Willaert, as organist from 1527 to 1562, obtained new effects with the two choirs and two organs. And though he is not thought to have been one of the first to grasp the possibilities of the madrigal, he maintained his position as one of the strongest writers in that form. This he was able to do for the period in which madrigal composition was at its highest and its greatest.

The composers who contributed to the four or five centuries of musical evolution, to the time when the advent of opera suddenly changed the trend, were many in number and worthy of great praise for their accomplishments and their industry. It was a long way, through the music of the troubadours, the Provence singers, the minnesingers, the meistersingers, the mass, motet, chanson, frottole and the madrigal. The position of the Netherlanders remains incontestably strong during the consolidation of the various forces, because they not only accomplished much on their own ground, but their influence was a very tenacious one during the first decades after the transfer of activity to Italy. The proximity of England to the Netherlands gave the former country easy opportunity to distinguish itself for a long period on the devious way, from North and South France, to Italy. If Germany does not seem to have had an organic part in this particular succession, it is probably because the mass and the madrigal had busy substitutes in the meistersong and the Protestant chorale, neither of which was polyphonic. It was still too soon to anticipate the polyphonic supremacy that Germany was destined to attain in the eighteenth century, through the imposing genius of Johann Sebastian Bach.

THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN MUSIC

IN regard to the question, At what point can the history of modern music strictly be said to begin? Few authorities, probably, would wholly agree; but one thing may be taken as certain, that for its beginnings we must look far back into the mists of the Middle Ages, when history is barely distinguishable from romance, and fact and fiction stand side by side. First of all it is necessary to find out precisely what we mean by modern as opposed to medieval music, and in what essential points the one differs from the other.

In a word, then, the main characteristics of modern music as opposed to medieval are rhythm, harmony, and the key system. The evolution of our modern system of harmony from the weird "organum" of Hucbald, and of our keys from the ecclesiastical modes, was so gradual that it is impossible to fix upon any date as the precise moment when one gave way definitely to the other.

The idea of rhythm is, of course, as old as the human race itself. The primitive efforts of a savage to give musical expression to his feelings are rhythmical without being musical, and the idea of melody is a far later and more advanced development. Yet, in spite of the hoary antiquity of rhythm, what we may call its artistic employment is of comparatively recent growth, and it is the use of rhythm in this sense that forms one of the main characteristics of modern as opposed to medieval music. To the union of rhythm with harmony modern music owes its birth, and it is to the first dawn of an attempt to incorporate these two mighty forces that we must look if we wish to date the beginnings of modern music.

From the time of St. Ambrose onward the river of music flowed in two channels, parallel but independent. The course of ecclesiastical music under the leaden sway of the Church was so little removed from actual stagnation that it was not until the tenth century that the first feeble attempts at harmony were made by Hucbald, and it took another five hundred years to arrive at even such mastery of counterpoint as is exhibited by the composers of the fifteenth century. Meanwhile, the music of the people pursued its way independent of ecclesiastical influence. Ignored, or at any rate despised, by the monks, the self-elected guardians of intellectual development, it flourished wherever men had hearts to feel and voices to sing.

The folk songs of the Middle Ages, which happy accident has preserved to us, have all the freshness, melody, and rhythmic force that the Church music of the period is so conspicuously without. Nothing can express more vividly the narrow outlook upon life of the medieval Church than the fact that this rich store of music, ready to every man's hand, should have been allowed, so to speak, to run to waste. Yet from time to time some holy brother, less dehumanized than his fellows, had glimpses of the musical possibilities of folk song. In England, for instance, far back in the thirteenth century, a monk of Reading took the lovely folk song, "Sumer is icumen in," and, with a grasp of the principles of counterpoint which for that period is nothing short of amazing, made of it a round for four voices upon a drone bass given to two voices more. He even went so far as to hallow it to the service of the Church by fitting sacred words to the music. Whether it was sung in the choir of Reading Abbey or not we cannot say, but if it was it ought certainly to have revolutionized Church music on the spot, for after singing that liquid and lovely melody, harmonized with so much charm, to go back to dreary plain chant and the ear-lacerating harmonies of the "organum" must have been, one would think, more than even a thirteenth-century monk could endure.

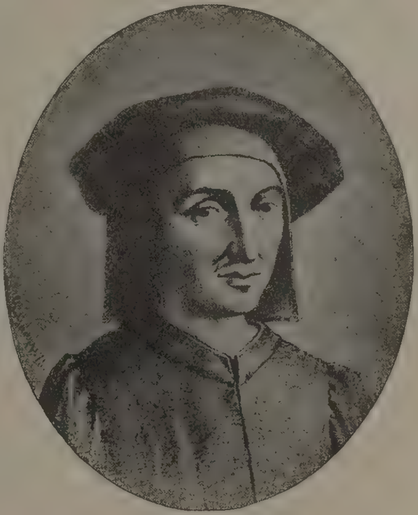
However, both as an example of folk song being used as the foundation of Church music and as a contrapuntal triumph, "Sumer is icumen in" appears to have been an isolated phenomenon. Nothing like it of the same period has been preserved. Certainly it cannot be taken as typical of any tendency of the time toward a more natural and truthful method of expression. In the thirteenth century the epoch of freedom was still far away. If we compare "Sumer is icumen in" with the Tournay mass, which was written about a hundred years later, we find ourselves back once more in the dismal darkness of the Middle Ages. In this mass, written for three voices by some unknown Fleming, there is very little advance on the earliest strivings toward harmonic expression of the tenth century. Hucbald's system of consecutive fourths and fifths—the so-called organum—is still in full swing, and the result to our ears is indescribably hideous.

A century later came Willem Dufay, one of the most important names in the history of early music, who was a contemporary of the English Dunstable and of the Burgundian Gilles Binchois. With Dufay the influence of popular upon ecclesiastical music first takes definite shape. He wrote masses which are founded upon melodies associated with popular songs, a practice which, though it afterward led to strange and scandalous developments, unquestionably had the immediate effect of giving life to the dry bones of Church music. Further, we may note in the music of Dufay and his period a feeling for definite rhythm such as could only have been produced by the influence of popular music. Modern music was now fairly started upon its career. The generation that succeeded Dufay, of which Okeghem may be taken as a typical figure, had an unmistakable feeling for sheer musical beauty, and we find the composers of his day actually attempting to describe the sight and sounds of nature in tones of music. By the side of these interesting aspirations there was a disheartening tendency toward cleverness for its own sake. Okeghem and his fellows were never so happy as when inventing abstruse "canons"—musical puzzles which taxed the resources of the most learned to solve. Nevertheless, these exercises could not but give technical dexterity, and as a matter of fact during this period the mechanical side of music was developed to an astonishing extent.

In the middle of the fifteenth century Josquin des Près was born, the first man who can properly be called a great composer in something like the modern acceptation of the term. In Josquin's music there is a beauty which can be appreciated without any reference to the man's position in the history of music. Josquin is the first musical composer who gives a modern hearer the impression that he knows how to get the effects at which he is aiming. The purely pioneer stage of musical development is over. For the first time we are in the presence of an artist. A glance at Josquin's music reveals the importance of his position with regard to the development of modern music. He shows us for the first time a highly gifted composer consciously blending popular and ecclesiastical music.

From the popular he gets his freshness of melody and his sense of rhythm, from the ecclesiastical his knowledge of the principles of harmony and counterpoint. In his secular music, in the part songs and canzonets of which he was practically the inventor, we find what are obviously harmonized versions of popular airs, little gems of melody, such as "Petite Camusette," which are as entrancing now as on the day he wrote them. And in his sacred music the popular influence is scarcely less noticeable. Take, for example, the "Ave Maria," which has been printed by M. Charles Bordes in his "Anthologie des maîtres religieux primitifs," and compare it with a motet by Dufay or Dunstable, written only a generation earlier. Instead of the long unrhythmical sweep of the Gregorian tunes, we have short crisp phrases, sometimes treated canonically, but often harmonized in simple chords, just in the modern fashion. The motet, too, is constructed in a curiously advanced style, the flow of the piece being broken by a delightful little passage in triple time, in which the influence of popular music is unmistakable.

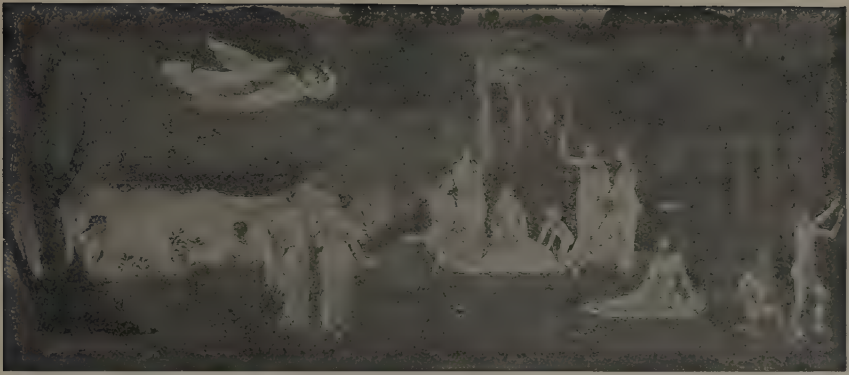
The importance of Josquin's work was speedily proved by the generation that succeeded him. Willaert in Venice, and Jannequin in Paris, to name only two of his pupils, carried his tradition far and wide. In England, where general progress was retarded by the Wars of the Roses, the music of the early part of the sixteenth century shows little trace of Josquin's influence, but in other European countries the iron traditions of Church music began to yield at the touch of popular song. In Germany folk tunes, such as "Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen," were openly annexed by Luther and the Reformed Church, and used as hymns, a proceeding akin to that of the Salvation Army in our day. In Italy the invasion of the Netherlanders was followed by the establishment of music schools, that of Goudimel at Rome, where Palestrina was a pupil, being the most famous. At Venice, Adrian Willaert is said to have introduced antiphonal writing into Church music, fired thereto by the presence of two organs in St. Mark's Church, of which he was organist, but it is only necessary to glance at Josquin's music, the "Ave Maria," for instance, to which reference has already been made, to find there the germs of antiphonal writing, as indeed of much else that is attributed to a later age. The sixteenth century saw the rise of the madrigal, which with its offshoots, the canzone, the balletto (the latter designed for dancing as well as singing), the villanella, and other delightful forms of unaccompanied vocal music, speedily gained wide popularity in Italy, and before the end of the century in England as well.


JOSQUIN DES PRÈS

In music of this kind we find not only the most brilliant display of technic, but an ever-growing feeling for musical beauty. Allied to this was a rudimentary taste for realistic effects, taking form in an attempt to echo the sounds of nature and of human life, at first purely imitative, as in Gombert's musical imitation of bird-calls and Jannequin's famous "Bataille de Marignan," and afterward more artistic, as in Luca Marenzio's lovely madrigal, "Scaldava il sol," with its chirping grasshoppers, or his still more beautiful "Strider faceva,'' with its imitation of shepherd's pipes, or the numerous ''cuckoo'' pieces by English composers, in which the bird's cry is used as a definite musical motive with admirable effect.

Experiments of this kind led naturally to innovations in harmony, and long before the end of the sixteenth century composers began to be uneasy in the fetters of the modal system. The process of development which ended in the Church modes being replaced by our modern key system was very gradual; in fact, it was not until the age of Bach that the older system ceased to exercise some sort of influence upon music, but by the beginning of the seventeenth century the battle was practically over. All through the sixteenth century the composers of Italy and the Netherlands were continually enlarging the borders of permissible harmony, and every innovation meant a nail in the coffin of the modal system. The increasing use of accidentals, which in the strict days of the modal system were only permitted with many restrictions, and the gradual acquisition of the principles of modulation had the result of effacing the subtle distinctions which existed between the various modes. The laws of evolution worked here as consistently as in the animal kingdom. The fittest of the modes survived and became the major and minor scales of the new key system; while the others, though lingering for a while in Church music, soon ceased to have any vital influence upon the development of music.

The English composers of the Elizabethan age were among the hardiest innovators of the period. Not only were they continually making experiments in harmony, often with hideous if interesting results, but they appear to have been in advance of their Italian and Netherland contemporaries in their grasp of the principles of modulation. The attempts of Byrd and Orlando Gibbons to express the emotions of pity and terror by crude violations of the accepted rules of harmony are among the first signs of a revolt against the laws which governed the polyphonic school, while in the madrigals of Wilbye we find a consummate ease of technic and a graceful flow of modulation such as are rare even in the most accomplished Italian writers of the period, and are certainly not to be found in the productions of the Netherland school, at any rate before the days of Sweelinck. But in spite of the beauty of the English madrigals, it is in the sacred music of the Italian masters that we find the most perfect utterance of the time, and of all the Italians the most gifted was Palestrina, whose name stands for all that is best and purest in the music of the Church, in whose development he played so striking and so formative a part.



"THE SACRED WOOD, DEAR TO THE ARTS AND TO THE MUSES." MUSEUM OF LYONS

Painted by Puvis de Chavannes

THE OPERA IN THE EVOLUTION OF MUSIC

THE opening of the seventeenth century saw a revolution in music such as has never since been paralleled. With Palestrina and his school, music, as it then was known, reached a climax of perfection beyond which progress was scarcely conceivable. But the genius of the age, the age of Renaissance, still tended toward expansion and discovery. The era of the opera came in with a strange suddenness. Leaving behind them, as it were, the edifice which church and secular polyphony had required centuries to build, the new generation of music dramatists set forth upon an unknown course. That they in time arrived at a desired port was due largely to the genius of the Italian race for adapting itself to the various conditions as they arose.

In spite of the new departure which music took in the early years of the seventeenth century, the old school lived on under the wing of the Church for many years, at first untouched by the revolutionary ideas of secular composers and afterward only gradually affected by them. But the rise of opera, of instrumental music, and in fact of secular music as a separate entity gave a new complexion to the whole world of music.

The little band of Florentines who set themselves to create the new music worked as if unconscious that a thousand years of development lay behind them. They had no science and no experience. Their first strivings after expression are pathetically ineffective. By the side of the majestic oratory of Palestrina their works appear like the incomprehensible gibberish of childhood. Yet the truth was in them, and from the humble germ that they planted sprang one of the noblest developments of music. But before the fathers of opera were justified of their offspring, a weary path of experiment had to be traversed. Unlike many sister forms of art, opera had to work out its own salvation. Printing and oil-painting sprang full-grown from birth. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the first book printed, the Mazarin Bible, and the first great picture painted in oils, Hubert and Jan van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb," for beauty of conception and perfection of execution have never been surpassed; but it was many years before opera became even articulate; even now, after three hundred years of incessant development, it is easy to believe that the zenith of its achievement has not yet been reached.

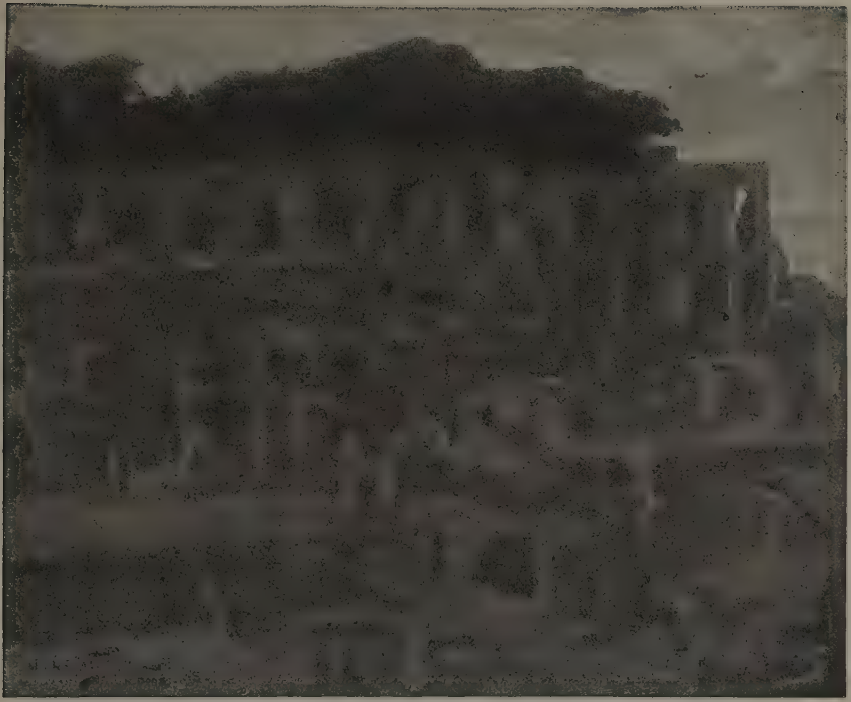
Opera, like so many other things, owed its foundation largely to accident. When, late in the sixteenth century, a small band of Florentine enthusiasts proposed to themselves the task of reviving the lost glories of Greek drama, nothing was farther from their thoughts than the creation of a new art-form. They worked upon what they believed to be antiquarian lines; they wrote plays, and because they fancied that the Greek drama was sung, or rather chanted in a kind of accompanied recitative, they decided to perform their plays in the same way. Their first efforts have very little musical value. They are almost entirely set to a bare monotonous recitative, varied at rare intervals by simple passages of choral writing and short instrumental interludes. From beginning to end there is nothing that can be called a tune, and the accompaniment merely supports the voice by occasional chords contributed by a harpsichord and three instruments of the lute type.

It was in 1600 that Cavalieri produced the first oratorio, his "Rappresentazione di anima e di corpo," which was performed at Rome in the Oratory of San Filippo de' Neri. In general structure Cavalieri's work resembles that of his Florentine contemporaries, but it has decidedly more musical interest. The solo parts and the choruses are more expressive, and the instrumental sections are considerably more elaborate. Unfortunately Cavalieri died in the year in which his oratorio was produced, and little attempt seems to have been made to follow up his initial success until the time of Carissimi, whose oratorios are an interesting attempt to graft the new dramatic style upon the rich and solid polyphony of past ages. At Florence, on the other hand, the seed fell upon good ground, but no definite advance can be traced until the appearance on the scene of Claudio Monteverde.

Monteverde was the first trained musician who devoted himself to the new music. He had been thoroughly grounded in the traditions of the contrapuntal school. Had he fallen upon a dull, pedantic era when everything that had a tinge of novelty was derided, he would have accomplished little or nothing. But the way, in many respects, had been prepared for him, and his accomplishment, as our sketch of his life shows, was great. His success soon found him followers, of whom Cavalli is one of the most famous. In the matter of form he improved upon Monteverde. In Cavalli's works, as in the later operas of Monteverde, we begin to pass from the first merely experimental stage of opera. Cavalli avoids the pitfalls into which Monteverde's inexperience had led him, but on the other hand his music has not the concentrated dramatic force of his predecessor. Still Cavalli is an important figure in the history of music. In his operas we find for the first time a regularly developed aria, varying the monotony of the interminable recitative. He had the true Venetian love of color, and he tried to make his orchestra give musical significance to the sights and sounds of nature, such as the murmuring of rivers or the sighing of the winds.

Cesti was another of Monteverde's most famous followers. In his time opera had advanced still further on the path of development. Cesti's music is tuneful and charming, and many of his airs would probably be as successful now in pleasing public taste as on the day they were written. In his works we find for the first time the *da capo* regularly used, that is to say the repetition of the first part of an air after the end of the second part. Excellent as this invention was in giving cohesion to the musical fabric of an opera, it was much abused by subsequent writers, and is largely responsible for the degradation of opera in the eighteenth century to the level of a concert on the stage.

In Cesti's time the rivalry between the various opera houses of Venice was very keen, and it is easy to believe that the managers tried to outbid each other in the favor of the public by staging their pieces in the most magnificent manner. At any rate the accounts of the scenery used sound very elaborate. Operas were still an important feature at court festivals, and here, as in the court masques in England, gorgeous



THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS, ROME

Drawn by André Castaigne

staging was a matter of course. Engravings still survive of the scenery used when Cesti's opera, "Il pomo d'oro," was produced at Vienna in 1668, which give some idea of the elaborate nature of the entertainment. At Parma the old theatre still stands in the Farnese palace, just as it did in the seventeenth century, but in such a wrecked and dismantled condition that it is not easy to realize what it looked like in all the splendor of a court festival. Nevertheless those who have visited Parma, and have read the accounts that survive of the magnificent performances given under the auspices of the Farnese family, can very well amuse themselves by trying to recreate the scene in imagination.

It would serve no good purpose here to enumerate the composers who, during the seventeenth century, furnished Italy with operas. Their name is legion. Throughout the country the musical activity was amazing. Hardly a town was without its opera house, and the libraries of Italian cities furnish convincing proofs of the enormous quantity of music produced at this period. What may be called the first period of Italian opera culminated in Alessandro Scarlatti, a composer of extraordinary genius and fertility, who definitely established the form of Italian opera which prevailed during the eighteenth century. Scarlatti found opera still to some extent in the tentative stage; he left it a highly developed art-form of exquisitely ordered proportion, an instrument capable of expressing human emotion with beautiful certainty and force. Historians, noting the fact that after Scarlatti's day Italian opera soon degenerated into a concert upon the stage with little or no dramatic significance, have found in his works the seeds of decadence, and have not hesitated to describe Monteverde's primitive struggles after expression as more "dramatic" than the ordered beauty of Scarlatti's airs, without seeing that the germs of all that Scarlatti accomplished are to be found in Monteverde, though often in so undeveloped a state as to be barely recognizable.

It is a common error, especially among those whose knowledge of music is bounded by the works of Wagner, to suppose that the duty of operatic composers is to give musical expression to the ordinary inflections of the human voice. This is entirely to misread the convention upon which opera is founded. When song has been substituted for speech, realism of this kind is out of the question. Music, like architecture, depends for its effect upon the beauty of ordered design and proportion. The man who built the first log cabin probably took as his model the cave in which his ancestors had dwelt, but we do not therefore judge houses according to their resemblance to caves. It probably required a greater effort of creative genius to build the first log cabin than to build Westminster Abbey, but that does not prevent us from regarding Westminster Abbey as the finer work of art. Monteverde was a man of extraordinary genius, and the value of his work in the history of modern music cannot be overestimated, but to speak of his music as a great artistic accomplishment is to misunderstand the man and his aims altogether. He would have written like Scarlatti if he could. His career shows a constant striving toward that goal. Anyone who compares his later works with "Orfeo" must see the enormous advance in form which he made during his lifetime.

The tendencies of modern opera toward formlessness and so-called "dramatic truth" and "realism" have blinded critics to the main principles upon which opera is founded, so that a distinguished modern writer actually talks about Monteverde "regarding his early efforts in the histrionic and dramatic direction as a forlorn hope," and says that Cavalli "drifted away from his dramatic ideals in the direction of technical artistic finish and clearness of musical form," as though a dramatic ideal could be better expressed by imperfect than by perfect technic, by chaotic confusion than by assured mastery of form.

Scarlatti carried opera in Italy to heights far beyond the ken of his predecessors, but meanwhile further developments of the new art were claiming attention beyond the Alps. Lulli brought Italian traditions to Paris, where he grafted them upon the masques which already were popular at the French court. Lulli was an extremely clever man, and he speedily divined the instincts of the French people in musical matters, and suited his music to their peculiar taste. In Italy the trend of opera was more and more in the direction of sheer musical beauty, regardless of the meaning of the words, but the logical French mind insisted upon knowing what the music was all about. Thus we find that recitative retains an important place in Lulli's operas while set airs are few and far between.

Vocalization was far less cultivated in France than in Italy, and long after Lulli's time French singers were famous for their ugly voices and bad singing. Dancing, on the other hand, for which the Italians seem to have cared comparatively little, was much appreciated in France, and elaborate ballets are a prominent feature of Lulli's operas. Thus in Lulli's hands French opera soon developed into a distinctive art-form, very stiff and majestic compared with the melodious and flexible music of Italian writers, but vigorous and intelligent, and lending itself well to the elaborate stage display in which the French then as now delighted. Historically, Lulli is also interesting as having, if not invented, at any rate perfected, what is known as the French form of overture, a solemn introduction followed by a quick movement in a fugal style and concluding with a dance, which was afterward carried to the highest conceivable pitch of perfection by Handel.

In Germany the development of opera was comparatively unimportant. The wars of the seventeenth century interfered with the progress of all kinds of art, and though performances of opera were occasionally given at German courts, the new art took no real root in the country until the opening of the Hamburg Opera house in 1678 and the rise of Keiser. Even then operas were given mainly in Italian, and the style of the music was for the most part thoroughly Italian, though occasionally modified by German influence in minor details.

The development of the new music in England will be shown in the sketch of Purcell contained in the present volume, wherein also the biographies of the great composers of the modern world present to the reader in practically a chronological order the lives and works of the masters through whom mainly the triumphs of musical art have been achieved.

Some compilers of works on great composers limit their lists to a few—less than twenty, perhaps—of the supreme names in musical history. In the present volume the list has been extended to embrace a much larger number, to all of whom the word great, which is a relative term, may—and should—be, in one degree or another, justly applied.

Chi ben principia ha la metà dell' Opra
ne si principia ben se non dal Cielo

Reproduction of an Old Engraving on Copper

GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA

THIS great pioneer among masters of music was born of humble parents at Palestrina in the Campagna of Rome. The exact date of his birth is unknown. The inscription on an old portrait of him in the muniment room of the Pontifical Chapel at the Quirinal states that he died at about eighty years of age in 1594, and if this were true he would have been born in 1514 or 1515. The Abbé Baini interprets a doubtful phrase used by his son Igino, in the dedication of a posthumous volume of his masses to Pope Clement VIII, to mean that his father died at the age of seventy in the year 1594. The truth is that the exact date of his birth cannot be stated. The public registers of Palestrina, which would probably have certified it, were destroyed by the soldiery of Alva in 1557, and no private documents have been discovered which make good their loss.

It is certain, however, that at a very early age, and probably about the year 1540, he came to Rome to study music. Toward this career the different capitals of Italy offered many inducements to boys with musical aptitudes, and it is said that Palestrina owed his reception into a school to his being overheard singing in the street by the maestro of the Chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore. The authenticity of this anecdote is at least doubtful. Palestrina, at all events as a man, had but a poor voice. The statement, made by many historians, that Palestrina was a pupil of Claudio Goudimel, a Fleming, who had opened a public school of music in Rome, has been controverted by F. X. Haberl, who may be considered the most reliable writer upon the subject of Palestrina and Dufay.

In 1551 Rubino finally retired from the teachership of music in the Capella Giulia of the Vatican, and in September of that year Palestrina, who during the eleven years that had elapsed since his arrival in Rome must have given good proofs of his quality, was elected to the vacant post.

In 1554 he published his first volume, containing four masses for four voices and one for five. These he dedicated to Pope Julius III. It is worth saying, in order to show the dominance of the Flemish school in Italy, that this was the first volume of music that had ever been dedicated by an Italian to a Pope. It was printed in Rome by the Brothers Dorici in 1554; a second edition of it was published by their successors in 1572, and a third by Gardano of Rome in 1591. In the last edition Palestrina included a number of his masses.

About this time Palestrina married. Of his wife we know nothing more than that her Christian name was Lucrezia, that she bore to her husband four sons, and that after a long married life, which seems to have been marked by uncommon affection, she died in the year 1580.

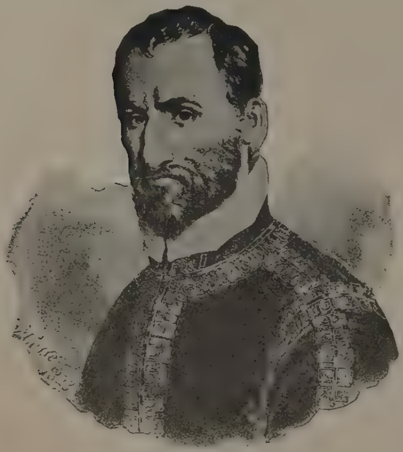
In 1555 Julius III, mindful of the dedication of the book of masses, offered their author a place among the twenty-four collegiate singers of his private chapel. The pay was greater than that which he was receiving as maestro in the Vatican. Palestrina was poor, and he had already four children. On the other hand, he was a layman, he had a bad voice, and he was a married man. For each of these reasons his appointment was a gross violation of the constitutions of the college, and a high-handed and unwarrantable act upon the part of Julius. All this Palestrina knew, and to his credit he hesitated to accept the offer; but his desire to do his best for his family combined with a fear of offending his patron enforced his acceptance. He resigned his old post, and on January 13, 1555, was formally admitted as one of the Pontifical Singers.

In the course of this year he published his first volume of madrigals for four voices. His intention to dedicate this to Julius was frustrated by the death of that pontiff, which took place while the volume was still in the press. Marcellus II, who succeeded Julius III in the papacy, died after a reign of twenty-three days, and was succeeded in his turn by Paul IV. Paul was a reformer, and one of the first acts of his reign was to weed the College of Pontifical Singers of those members whose qualifications would not bear scrutiny. Among these was undoubtedly Palestrina, and he was dismissed accordingly. The Pope tempered his severity by assigning to each of the dismissed singers a pension, but not the less did his expulsion seem ruin to the anxious and over-sensitive Palestrina. He straightway took to his bed, and for some weeks lay prostrate under an attack of nervous fever. As might have been foreseen, his despair was premature. A young man who had so speedily and so surely left his mark upon the music of his generation was not likely to starve for want of employment. Within two months he was invited to the post of maestro di capella at the Lateran. He was careful to inquire at the Vatican whether in the event of his obtaining fresh preferment he would be allowed to keep his pension, and it was only upon receiving a favorable answer that he accepted the proffered office, upon which he entered in October, 1555.

Palestrina remained at the Lateran until February, 1561, when he was transferred to a similar post at Santa Maria Maggiore. At the last-named basilica he remained for ten years, until the month of March, 1571, when he was once more elected to his old office of maestro at the Vatican.

The fifteen years which thus elapsed since the rigorous reform of Paul IV had set him for a moment adrift upon the world, had been years of brilliant mental activity in Palestrina. His genius had freed itself from the influence of the pedantry by which it had been nursed and schooled, and had taken to itself the full form and scope of its own specialty and grandeur. His first volume had been full of all the vagaries and extravagances of the Flemish school, and in it the meaning of the words and the intention of the music had alike been subordinated, according to the evil fashion of his epoch, to the perplexing subtleties of science. But beyond this first volume few traces of such faults are to be found. His second volume, "The Lamentations of Jeremiah," for four voices, shows more than the mere germs of his future manner; and although the third, a set of "Magnificats" for five and six voices, is full of science and learning, it is of science and learning set free. A hymn, "Crux Fidelis," and a collection of "Improperia," all for eight voices, written in 1560, obtained speedily so great a renown that Paul IV, who had dismissed him, could not restrain himself from asking to have them sung at the Vatican, and after hearing them had them added at once to the collection of the Apostolic Chapel. The publication of all these works was made anonymously, and was completed within the six years of Palestrina's stay at the Lateran.

The ten years during which he remained at Santa Maria Maggiore formed at once the most brilliant decade in the life of Palestrina and one of the most remarkable epochs in the history of his art. It is not easy for us at this moment to realize the position of Church music at the date of the Council of Trent. It may be said that it had lost all relation to the services which it was supposed to illustrate. Bristling with inept and distracting artifices, it completely overlaid the situations of the mass; while founded, as it was for the most part, upon secular melodies, it was actually sung, except by two or three prominent voices in the front row of the choir, to the words with which its tunes were most naturally and properly associated. It was usual for the most solemn phrases of the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, and Agnus to blend along the aisles of the basilica with the unedifying refrains of the lewd chansons of Flanders and Provence, while ballet and other dance music were played every day upon the organ. Other irregularities and corruptions hardly less flagrant were common among the singers; and the general condition of affairs was such that a resolution as to the necessity of reform in Church music, which very nearly took the shape of a decree for its abandonment altogether, was solemnly passed in a full sitting of the Council of Trent.



PALESTRINA

In 1563 Pius IV issued a commission to eight cardinals authorizing them to take all necessary steps to carry out the resolution of the council. Among these, two of the most active were the Cardinals Borromeo and Vitellozzi. At their instance Palestrina was commissioned to write a mass as a type of what the music of the sacred office should be. With a noble mixture of modesty and energy the great composer declined to trust the fate of his art to one work. He composed a series of three masses and sent them without titles to the Cardinal Borromeo. It is supposed that he feared to attach names to them lest he should arouse by an ill-judged choice of words either powerful prejudices or unfounded fears. They were performed in the first instance with the greatest care at the house of the Cardinal Vitellozzi. The verdict of the audience assembled to hear them was enthusiastic and final. Upon the first two, praises lavish enough were bestowed; but by the third, afterward known as the mass "Papæ Marcelli," all felt that the future style and destiny of sacred art were once for all determined. The Pope ordered a special performance of it in the Apostolic Chapel; and at the close of the service the enraptured Pontiff declared that it must have been some such music that the Apostle of the Apocalypse heard sung by the triumphant hosts of angels in the New Jerusalem. There was a general agreement of prelate and singer that Palestrina had at last produced the archetype of ecclesiastical song.

The post of composer to the Pontifical Choir was created for Palestrina by the Pope in honor of this noble achievement, and so the amends, if any were needed, from the Vatican to its dismissed chapel singer, were finally and handsomely made. But the jealousy of the singers themselves, which had been evinced upon his original appointment as one of their number in 1555, was by no means extinct. His present appointment was received in surly silence, and upon the death of Pius, in August, 1565, their discontent took a more open and aggressive form. The new Pope, however, Michele Ghislieri, who had taken the title of Pius V, confirmed the great musician in his office, as did the six succeeding pontiffs during whose reigns he lived.

The production of this series of masses by no means represents the mental activity of Palestrina during the period between 1555 and 1571. In 1562, in gratitude for his monthly pension, he had sent for the use of the Apostolic Chapel two motetti, "Beatus Laurentius" and "Estote fortes in bello," and a mass for six voices, entitled "Ut. Re. Mi. Fa. Sol. La." To the Cardinal Pio di Carpi, who had shown him some personal kindness, he had dedicated a volume of graceful motetti, which were printed in 1563, and republished in several editions.

In 1565 the Cardinal Pacacco, Spanish representative at the papal court, intimated that the dedication to Philip II of a work by Palestrina would be pleasing to that monarch. The musician consulted his friend Cardinal Vitellozzi, and arranged the dedication of a volume which should contain the famous mass, which he then christened "Papæ Marcelli," with four others for four voices, and two for five voices. These, with an appropriate inscription, were forwarded to the Spanish king. They were printed as Palestrina's second volume of masses, in 1569, and in a fresh edition in 1598. A year or two afterward he published a third volume of masses, which he also inscribed to Philip. It need hardly be said that a message of thanks was all that he ever received in return for so splendid a homage from the heartless, wealthy, and penurious bigot at the Escurial.

In an enumeration of the works of Palestrina, published during this period of his life, we must not forget to mention five secular madrigals of his which Vincenzo Galilei, father of the astronomer, and a musical virtuoso of no mean order, set for the lute, and included in a collection of similar compositions which he published under the title of "Fronimo," through Scoto of Venice, in 1568, and again in 1584

Somewhere about the year 1560 Palestrina had acquired the patronage of the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, and for many years subsequently was treated by him with much kindness. As an acknowledgment of this he dedicated to this personage his first regular volume of motetti, which was published at Rome in 1569. This remarkable volume contains several works of the very highest class. It was in 1570 that he published his third volume of masses, dedicated to Philip II. It contains four masses for four voices.

We have now briefly surveyed the works of Palestrina down to the date of his reappointment to the Vatican. He had accepted the post from a love for the basilica in whose service his first fame had been gained. But he suffered what to him must have been a serious loss of income when he left Santa Maria Maggiore. For this, however, he obtained some compensation in his appointment as maestro di capella to the new oratory founded by S. Filippo Neri, his confessor and intimate friend. But at no time had Palestrina any large share of worldly prosperity. We never hear that he derived any profit from the sale of his works; nor, indeed, can it be supposed that at that epoch there was much money to be made by musical publications. He gave lessons for a short period in the school carried on by Nanini; but it is not at all likely that he did so with any other object than to

MADONNA AND CHILD IN GLORY
After Correggio

assist his friend, or that he accepted any payment for his assistance. Throughout the whole course of his career he only taught seven private pupils, and three of these were his own sons. It is probable therefore that, save for a few exceptional gifts from patrons and a little temporary employment as director of concerts, he had to subsist upon the very humble salaries attached to the permanent offices which he held.

In addition to this chronic penury he had to endure stroke after stroke of the severest domestic affliction. His three promising sons, Angelo, Ridolfo, and Silla, all died one after the other, just as they had given substantial proofs of their intellectual inheritance of their father's genius; in 1580 his wife died, and his remaining son, Igino, was a wild and worthless man. Yet neither poverty nor sorrow could quench the fire of his genius, nor check the march of his industry.

No sooner was he reinstated at the Vatican than he sent a present of two masses, one for five and the other for six voices, to the Papal Choir. The subject of the first of these was taken from one of the motetti in his first volume, "O Magnum Mysterium"; that of the other from the old hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus," of the Libri Corali. They are in his finest and most matured manner, and were probably composed in the year of their presentation. They have never been printed, but they may be seen in the Collection of the Vatican. In the following year, 1572, he published at Rome, probably with Alessandro Gardano, his second volume of motetti. It was in this volume that he included four motetti written by his three sons. It was dedicated to one of the most faithful of his friends, the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, who died that same year.

Inferior, on the whole, to its predecessors, was the third volume of motetti, which he printed in 1575, with a dedication to Alfonso II, Duke of Ferrara, and cousin to his lost friend the Cardinal Ippolito. There are, however, certain brilliant exceptions to the low level of the book; notably the motetti for eight voices, which are finer than any which he had yet written for the same number of singers, and include the well-known and magnificent compositions, "Surge illuminare Jerusalem" and "Hodie Christus natus est."

In this year, 1575, the year of the Jubilee, an incident occurred which must have made one of the brightest passages in the cloudy life of Palestrina. Fifteen hundred singers from his native town, belonging to the two confraternities of the Crucifix and the Sacrament, came to Rome. They had divided themselves into three choruses. Priests, laymen, boys and ladies went to form their companies; and they made a solemn entry into the city, singing the music of their townsman, with its great creator conducting it at their head.

In the following year, Gregory XIII commissioned Palestrina to revise the "Graduale" and the "Antifonario" of the Latin Church. This was a work of great and somewhat thankless labor. It involved little more than compilation and rearrangement, and on it all the finer qualities of his genius were thrown away. Uncongenial as it was, Palestrina, with unwavering devotion to his art, and to the Church to which he had so absolutely devoted both himself and it, undertook the task. Well aware of its extent, he called to his aid his favorite pupil, Guidetti, and entrusted to him the correction of the "Antifonario." Guidetti carried this part of the work through under the supervision of his master, and it was published at Rome in 1582 under the title "Directorium Chori." The "Graduale," which Palestrina had reserved to himself, he never completed. There is a limit to the perseverance of the most persevering; and the most loving of churchmen and the most faithful of artists fell back here. He seems to have finished a first instalment, but the rest he left less than half done, and the whole was found after his death among his abandoned manuscripts.

The loss of his patron Ippolito d'Este was to some extent made up to Palestrina by the kindness of Giacomo Buoncompagni, nephew (or son) of Gregory XIII, who came to Rome in 1580, to receive nobility at the hands of his relative. He was a great lover of music, and proceeded at once to organize a series of concerts, under the direction of Palestrina. To him Palestrina dedicated a volume of twenty-six madrigals for five voices. Eight of these were composed upon Petrarch's ''Canzoni'' to the Virgin Mary; the rest were set to miscellaneous sacred words. The publication of these was followed by that of another volume of motetti for four voices only. Several editions of both works are extant. The madrigals call for no comment; but the volume of motetti is unusually beautiful. They were probably composed in the year of their publication, during the first force of his grief for the loss of Lucrezia; and to this the intensity of their pathos and the choice of the words to which they are written may be ascribed some of which may well have represented to himself the heartbroken composer mourning by the banks of the Tiber for the lost wife whom he had loved so long.

Upon these, in 1562, followed the fourth in the series of masses for four and five voices, a volume by no means remarkable, save that it was written and dedicated to Gregory at his own request. Palestrina seems to have been aware of its inferiority, and to have resolved to present the Pontiff with something more worthy of them both. He accordingly conceived the idea of composing a series of motetti to words chosen from the Song of Solomon. The execution of these, with the doubtful exception of the Great Mass, was the happiest effort of his genius. In them all his critics and biographers unite to say that he surpassed himself. Flushed with the glorious sense of his success, he carried the book, when completed, in person to Gregory, and laid it at the foot of his chair. It was printed by Gardano in 1584, and so great was its renown that in less than sixty years from the date of its composition it had passed through ten fresh editions at the hands of various publishers.

Palestrina had now arrived at the last decade of his life. In it we can trace no diminution of his industry, no relaxation in the fiber or fire of his genius. In 1584 he published, and dedicated to Andrea Battore, nephew of Stephen, King of Poland, who had been created a cardinal, his fifth volume of motetti for five voices. It is a volume of unequal merit, but it contains one or two of the rarest examples of the master. Baini, his biographer, admired these so extravagantly as to say that in writing them Palestrina must have made up his mind to consider himself the simple amanuensis of God!

Palestrina had intended to dedicate the last-mentioned volume to the Pope; but the arrival of Battore, and his kindness to him, made him change his mind. In order, however, to atone for such a diversion of homage, he sent to Gregory three masses for six voices. Of these the two first were founded on the subjects of his motets ''Viri Galilaei'' and ''Dum complerentur.'' They had all the beauties of the earlier works, with the result of the maturity of the author's genius and experience superadded. The third, ''Te Deum laudamus,'' Baini states to be rather heavy, partly owing, perhaps, to the ''character of the key'' in which it is written, but more, probably from too servile an adherence to the form of an old Ambrosian hymn on which it is founded.

About this time we notice traces of a popular desire to get hold of the lighter pieces of Palestrina. Francesco Landoni possessed himself, for instance, of copies of the two madrigals, ''Vestiva i colli'' and ''Così le chiome mie,'' which Vincenzo Galilei had arranged for the lute. He printed them in a miscellaneous volume, entitled ''Spoglia Amorosa,'' through Scoto of Venice, in 1585. Gardano of Rome, too, published a collection of madrigals by sundry composers, under the name of ''Dolci Affeti.'' Among these there was one of Palestrina's, and two or three other stray pieces of his were published in like manner about the same time.

In April, 1585, Gregory died, and was succeeded by Sixtus V. Palestrina made somewhat too much haste to pay his homage to the new Pontiff. A motet and a mass which he sent to him were so hurriedly composed that on the performance of the mass on Trinity Sunday, Sixtus commented unfavorably. These regrettable productions would have been well lost to sight but for the reckless brutality of Igino, who, looking only to what money they would fetch, published them after his father's death with a bold-faced inscription to Clement VIII. Palestrina atoned for his misdeed by writing forthwith the beautiful mass "Assumpta est Maria in Cœlum." This masterpiece he had just time to get printed off without date or publisher's name—there was no time to make written copies of it—before the Feast of the Assumption. It was performed before Sixtus in Santa Maria Maggiore on that day (August 15). The delight of the Pontiff was unbounded; but his good will took a form which led to the last unpleasant occurrence in Palestrina's life.

It will be remembered that Palestrina had for many years held the position of composer to the Apostolic Chapel. The Pope now conceived the idea of investing him with the title and duties of maestro. He commissioned Antonio Boccapadule, the actual maestro, to bring about the change. At first sight this seems a strange selection of an agent; for it was Boccapadule who of all others would have to suffer by his own success. It is of course possible that a promise of some higher preferment may have purchased his assistance. Be that as it may, he seems to have set to work with a will. Taking Tommaso Benigni, one of the junior singers, into his confidence, he employed him to sound his brethren. Benigni in a short time announced that there was a respectable number of the college who favored the Pope's views. The event proved that Benigni either misled his employer, or was himself purposely deceived by those to whom he spoke, or else that he augured too freely from one or two stray expressions of half good will. In any case, his report was so encouraging that Boccapadule called a meeting of the college, at which he broached the subject. He was astonished to find an opposition so strong, and expressed with so much warmth, that he not only desisted, but to shield himself, he disingenuously laid the whole responsibility of his overtures upon Palestrina. The singers probably knew better than either to believe or to pretend to disbelieve him. But they gave vent to their displeasure by imposing a fine upon the unfortunate Benigni.

At a subsequent meeting Boccapadule, remorseful that his emissary should be made a scapegoat, begged him off, telling his comrades that they had not possessed themselves of the true story. Benigni was accordingly excused his fine; but the Pope, who had become highly incensed at the independent action of his choir, was not appeased by their clemency. He immediately struck off the list of singers four of the more prominent members of the opposition. Two of these he subsequently restored; but the other two remained permanent victims to their expression of a jealousy the vitality of which was a disgrace, not only to themselves but to the whole body to which they belonged. Palestrina, in order to show a generous content with his old position of *compositore* to the choir, immediately dowered it with three new masses, two for five voices and another for six; and so drew honor upon himself by an act of courtesy to those by whom a well-deserved honor had been so churlishly denied to him.

In the same year, 1586, he paid to Cesare Colonna, Prince of Palestrina, the homage of a dedication. It was of his second volume of madrigals for four voices. Some of these are the best of his secular works. Not so is his contribution to a volume of sonnets by Zuccarini, written in honor of the marriage of Francesco de' Medici and Bianca Cappello, and put to music by different composers. Whether or not he set himself deliberately to write down to the level of the poetaster's words, as Baini suggests, or whether, as was natural, they only failed to inspire him, it is not worth while to inquire. The fact is sufficient that Zuccarini and the occasion got all that they deserved but no more.

From this time to his death the materials for his biography resolve themselves into a catalogue of publications and dedications, among which, however, are several of his greatest works—his setting of the "Lamentations of Jeremiah," a notable Magnificat, and the "Stabat Mater," both for eight voices, the "Offertoria totius anni," the "Hymni totius anni," and the masses "Æterna Christi munera" and "Iste Confessor." With these and numerous other works the aged master busily employed himself in his last years.

But at the beginning of 1594 the end of this indefatigable life was at hand. In January of that year he issued his last publication. It was a collection of thirty "Madrigali spirituali," for five voices, in honor of the Virgin, dedicated to the young Grand Duchess of Tuscany, wife of Ferdinand de' Medici. Of this volume Baini says that it is in the true style of his motetti on the Song of Solomon; and Dr. Burney echoes the praises of his Italian biographer. He had also begun to print his seventh volume of masses to be dedicated to Clement VIII, the last of the Popes who had the honor of befriending him. But while the work was still in the press he was seized with acute pleurisy, which his weakened constitution could not withstand.

He took to his bed on January 26, and died on February 2. When he felt his end approaching he sent for Filippo Neri, his friend, admirer, counselor, and confessor for many years, and for Igino, the sole and wretched inheritor of his name. As the saint and the scapegoat stood by his bed, he said simply to the latter, "My son, I leave behind me many of my works still unpublished; but thanks to the generosity of my benefactors, the Abbot of Baume, the Cardinal Aldobrandini, and Ferdinand the Grand Duke of Tuscany, I leave with them money enough to get them printed. I charge you to see this done with all speed, to the glory of the Most High God, and for the worship of His holy temple." He then dismissed him with a blessing which he had not merited, and spent the remaining twenty-four hours of his life in the company of the saintly Neri. It was in his arms that he breathed his last, true, even upon the brink of death, to that piety and purity which had drawn him during half a century to devote to their illustration and furtherance all the beauties of his fancy and all the resources of his learning.

Palestrina lived before the day of biographies and interviews, and barely a tradition remains to us of the man as he lived. But his character is written in his music in unmistakable terms. His works proclaim him a man of exquisite tenderness and of childlike simplicity. In the time of Palestrina the Church of Rome was the chief patron of painting and music, and painters and musicians alike were summoned to devote their principal energies to her glorification; but it is only necessary to compare, let us say, the works of Palestrina and Perugino to realize the difference between work done for the glory of God and work done for the glory of man. Even if we knew nothing whatever of the men it would be impossible not to recognize the fact that Palestrina was working with his heart and Perugino with his head. Both had the same mastery of technic, but the one wrote with an overflowing enthusiasm born of love of God and man, and the other painted for the purpose of making money and of exhibiting his own ability to the best advantage.

In the history of music Palestrina represents the culmination of the polyphonic school of vocal music. He wrote no instrumental music, no music for a solo voice. He had not a touch of that revolutionary impulse which drives men upon new paths. He worked only with existing materials, but he brought music as he knew it to the highest conceivable point of perfection. As his powers developed he found the secret of the true balance between science and expression. In Palestrina we first find the melodious suavity which has since become typical of Italian music.

From a modern point of view Palestrina worked within very narrow limits, but within those limits his command of expression was extraordinary. Such discords as he employed are of the mildest description, and are always carefully prepared, but the effect that they make is extraordinary. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that no more poignantly pathetic setting of the "Stabat Mater" than Palestrina's has ever been written, yet the harmonies employed are almost childlike in their simplicity. It is the perfect proportion of part to whole that is one of the secrets of Palestrina's power, and the perfect adjustment of means to end.

Nothing is more difficult than to describe music and the impressions produced by music in terms of plain prose, and the music of Palestrina in particular is of so delicate a fiber that it is almost impossible to find words in which to paint its distinctive charm. The prevailing note of it is its intense spirituality. Not a touch of earth degrades its celestial rapture. It voices the highest and purest mysticism of the Catholic faith as it never has been voiced before or since. Palestrina seems to view the mysteries of the Christian religion through a golden haze. Its external aspects were nothing to him, its inner meaning everything. The gross materialism of a later day, which emphasizes the physical side of Christ's passion, would have been inexpressibly repugnant to him could he have conceived it. His music is inextricably bound up with the words to which it is allied and the acts of adoration which it illustrates. Apart from the services of the Church it loses its essential meaning, but in its proper sphere it still stands as the exemplar of ultimate perfection.

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDE

MONTEVERDE, the originator of the modern style of composition, was born at Cremona, Italy, in the year 1568. At a very early period he entered the service of the Duke of Mantua as a violist, showing, from the first, unmistakable signs of a talent which gave good promise of future excellence, and which, before long, met with cordial recognition, not only at the ducal court, but from end to end of Europe.

The youthful violist was instructed in counterpoint by the Duke's maestro di capella, Marc Antonio Ingegneri, a learned musician, and a composer of some eminence, who, if we may judge by the result of his teaching, does not seem to have been blessed, in this instance, with a very attentive pupil. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that Monteverde can ever have taken any real interest in the study of scholastic music. Contrapuntal excellence was not one of his strong points; and he never shines to advantage in music in which it is demanded. His first published work—a book of "Canzonette a tre voci"—printed at Venice in 1584, though clever enough for a youth of sixteen, abounds in irregularities which no teacher of that period could have conscientiously indorsed. And the earlier books of madrigals, by which the canzonette were followed, show no progressive improvement in this respect but rather the reverse.

The beauty of some of these compositions is of a very high order; yet it is constantly marred by unpleasant progressions which can only have been the result of pure carelessness; for it would be absurd to suppose that such evil-sounding combinations could have been introduced deliberately, and equally absurd to assume that Ingegneri neglected to enforce the rules, by the observance of which they might have been avoided.

We must, however, draw a careful distinction between these faulty passages and others of a very different character, which, though they must have been thought startling enough at the time they were written, can only be regarded now as unlearned attempts to reach *per saltum* that new and as yet unheard-of style of beauty for which the young composer was incessantly longing, and to which alone he owes his undoubted claim to be revered, not only as the greatest musician of his own age, but as the inventor of a system of harmony which has remained in uninterrupted use to the present day. Among progressions of this latter class we may instance the numerous suspensions of the dominant seventh, and its inversions, introduced into the cadences of "Stracciami pur il core"—an extremely beautiful madrigal, published in the Third Book (1594). Also an extraordinary chain of suspended sevenths and ninths, in the same interesting work; which, notwithstanding the harshness of its effect, is really free from anything approaching to an infraction of the theoretical laws of counterpoint, except, indeed, that one which forbids the resolution of a discord to be heard in one part while the discord itself is heard in another—and exceptions to that law may be found in works of much earlier date.

In his Fifth Book of madrigals, printed in 1599, Monteverde grew bolder and, thrusting the time-honored laws of counterpoint aside, struck out for himself that new path which he ever afterward unhesitatingly followed. With the publication of this volume began that deadly war with the polyphonic schools which ended in their utter defeat, and the firm establishment of what we now call modern music. In "Cruda Amarilli," the best known madrigal in this most interesting series, we find exemplifications of nearly all the most important points of divergence between the two opposite systems, not excepting the crucial distinctions involved in the use of the diminished triad, and the unprepared dissonances of the seventh and ninth.

Some modern writers, including Ulibishev and Pierre Joseph Zimmermann, have denied that these passages exhibit any novelty of style—but they are in error. Up to this time, sevenths had been heard only in the form of suspensions, or passing-notes, as in "Stracciami pur il core." The unprepared seventh—the never-failing test by which the ancient school may be distinguished from the modern, the strict style from the free—was absolutely new, and was regarded by contemporary musicians as so great an outrage upon artistic propriety that one of the most learned of them—Giovanni Maria Artusi, of Bologna—published, in the year 1600, a work, entitled "Delle imperfezioni della moderna musica," in which he condemned the unwonted progressions found in "Cruda Amarilli," on the ground that they were altogether opposed to the nature of legitimate harmony. To this severe critique Monteverde replied by a letter addressed "Agli studiosi lettori," which he prefixed to a later volume of madrigals.

A bitter war now raged between the adherents of the two contending schools. Monteverde endeavored to maintain his credit by a visit to Rome, where he presented some of his ecclesiastical compositions to Pope Clement VIII. But, much as his Church music has been praised by the learned Padre Martini and other well-known writers, it is altogether wanting in the freshness which distinguishes the works of the great masters who brought the Roman and Venetian schools to perfection. Labored and hard where it should have been ingenious, and weak where it should have been devotional, it adds nothing to its composer's fame, and only serves to show how surely his genius was leading him in another and very different direction.

Monteverde succeeded Ingegneri as maestro di capella at the ducal court, in the year 1603. In 1607 the Duke's son, Francesco di Gonzaga, contracted an alliance with Margherita, Infanta of Savoy; and, to grace the marriage festival, the new maestro produced, in emulation of Peri's "Euridice," a grand serious opera called "Arianna," the text of which was supplied by the poet Rinuccini.

The success of this great work was unprecedented. It could scarcely have been otherwise; for all the composer's past experience was brought to bear upon it. The passionate dissonances which had corrupted the madrigal, and were destined, ere long, to prove the destruction of the polyphonic mass, were here turned to such good account that, in the scene in which the forsaken Ariadne laments the desertion of her faithless lover, they drew tears from every eye. No possible objection could be raised against them now. The censures of Artusi and his colleagues, just though they were, would have lost all their force, had they been directed—which, happily, they were not—against vocal music with instrumental accompaniment. The contrapuntal skill necessary for the successful development of true Church music would have been quite out of place on the stage.

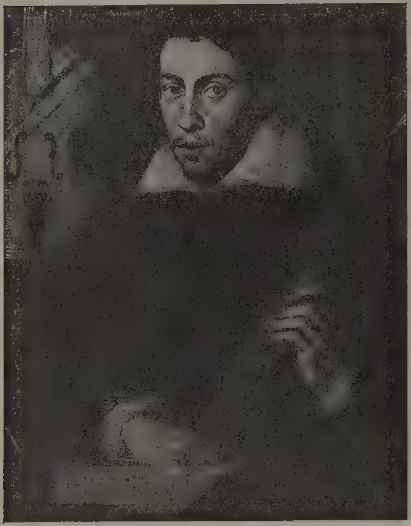
Monteverde's bitterest enemies could scarcely fail to see that he had found his true vocation at last. Well would it have been for polyphonic art, and for his own reputation also, had he recognized it sooner. Had he given his attention to dramatic music, from the first, the mass and the madrigal might perhaps have still been preserved in the purity bequeathed to them by Palestrina and Luca Marenzio. As it was, the utter demolition of the older school was affected before the newer one was built upon its ruins; and Monteverde was as surely the destroyer of the first as he was the founder of the second.

"Arianna" was succeeded, in 1608, by "Orfeo," a work of still grander proportions, in which the composer employs an orchestra consisting of no less than thirty-six instruments—an almost incredible number for that early age. As no perfect copy of "Arianna" has been preserved to us, we know little or nothing of the instrumental effects by which its beauties were enhanced. But, happily, "Orfeo" was published in a complete form in 1609, and was reissued in 1615; and from directions given in the printed copy we learn that the several instruments employed in the orchestra were so combined as to produce the greatest possible variety of effect, and to aid the dramatic power of the work by the introduction of those contrasts which are generally regarded as the exclusive product of modern genius.

"Orfeo," indeed, exhibits many very remarkable affinities with dramatic music in its latest form of development—affinities which may not unreasonably lead us to inquire whether some of our newest conceptions are really so original as we suppose them to be. The employment of certain characteristic instruments to support the voices of certain members of the dramatis personæ is one of them. The constant use of a species of mezzo recitativo—so to speak—in preference either to true recitative or true melody, is another. But what shall we say of the instrumental prelude, formed, from beginning to end, upon one single chord, with one single bass note sustained throughout? No two compositions could be less alike, in feeling, than this and the introduction to "Das Rheingold"—yet, in construction, the two pieces are absolutely identical.

Monteverde produced only one more work of any importance, during his residence at Mantua—a mythological spectacle, called "Il Ballo delle Ingrate," which was performed at the same time as "Orfeo." Five years later he was invited to Venice by the procuratori of Saint Mark's, who, on the death of Giulio Cesare Martinengo, in 1613, elected him their maestro di capella, promising him a salary of three hundred ducats per annum—half as much again as any previous maestro had ever received—

together with a sum of fifty ducats for the expenses of his journey, and a house in the canons' close. In 1616 his salary was raised to five hundred ducats, and from that time forward he gave himself to the service of the Republic, and signed his name "Claudio Monteverde, Veneziano."



CLAUDIO MONTEVERDE

The new maestro's time was now fully occupied in the composition of Church music for the cathedral, in training the singers who were to perform it, and in directing the splendid choir placed under his command. His efforts to please his generous patrons were crowned with complete success, and his fame spread far and wide. On May 25, 1621, some Florentines resident in Venice celebrated a grand Requiem, in the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, in memory of Duke Cosmo II. Monteverde composed the music, which produced a profound impression, but, judging from Strozzi's extravagant description, it would seem to have been more fitted for performance in the theatre.

A happier opportunity for the exercise of his own peculiar talent presented itself in 1624, in connection with some festivities which took place at the Palace of Girolamo Mocenigo. On this occasion he composed the music to a grand dramatic interlude, called "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda," in the course of which he introduced, among other novel effects, an instrumental tremolo, used exactly as we use it at the present day—a passage which so astonished the performers that at first they refused to play it.

But Monteverde's will was now too powerful to be resisted. He was the most popular composer in Europe. In 1627 he composed five intermezzi for the court of Parma. In 1629 he wrote a cantata—"Il Rosajo fiorito"—for the birthday festival of the son of Vito Morosini, governor of Rovigo. In 1630 he won new laurels by the production of "Proserpina rapita," a grand opera, written for him by Giulio Strozzi, and represented at the marriage festival of Lorenzo Giustiniani and Giustiniana Mocenigo.

Soon after this event Italy was devastated by a pestilence, which within the space of sixteen months destroyed fifty thousand lives. On the cessation of the plague, in November, 1631, a grand thanksgiving service was held in the Cathedral of Saint Mark, and for this Monteverde wrote a mass, in the Gloria and Credo of which he introduced an accompaniment of trombones. Two years later he was admitted to the priesthood, and after this we hear nothing more of him for some considerable time.

In the year 1637 the first Venetian opera-house, Il Teatro di San Cassiano, was opened to the public, by Benedetto Ferrari and Francesco Manelli. In 1639 the success of the house was assured; and Monteverde wrote for it a new opera, called "L'Adone." In 1641 "Arianna" was revived, with triumphant success, at another new theatre—that of Saint Mark. In the same year the veteran composer produced two new works—"Le Nozze di Enea con Lavinia" and "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria." Finally, in 1642, appeared "L'Incoronazione di Poppea"—the last great effort of a genius which, in less than half a century, proved itself strong enough to overthrow a system that had been at work for ages, and to establish in its place another, which has served as the basis of all the great works produced between the year in which the dominant seventh was invented and that in which we are now living.

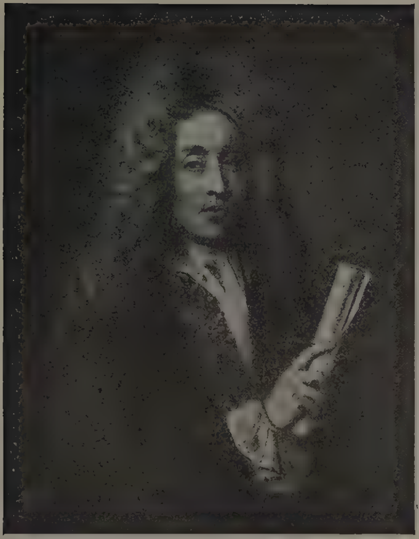
Monteverde died in 1643, and was buried in the Chiesa dei Frari, where his remains still rest, in a chapel on the gospel side of the choir. Of his printed works, we possess eight books of madrigals, published between the years 1587 and 1638; the volume of canzonette, published in 1584; a volume of scherzi; the complete edition of ''Orfeo''; and three volumes of Church music. A manuscript copy of ''Il Ritorno d'Ulisse'' is preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna, but it is much to be regretted that the greater number of the composer's manuscripts appear to be hopelessly lost.

We shall never be able to say the same of his influence upon art—that can never perish. To him we owe the discovery of a new path, in which no later genius has ever disdained to walk; and, as long as that path leads to new beauties, he will maintain a continual claim upon our gratitude, notwithstanding the innumerable beauties of another kind which he trod under-foot in laying it open to us.

While various attempts had already been made in Italy at finding a new method of musical expression, and not without considerable results, Monteverde was the first trained musician who devoted himself to the work. He was equipped for conquest in a manner to which his predecessors in the new field could lay no claim, and when his chance came he was able at once to put a fresh complexion upon the prospects of opera. It is only necessary to glance at the score of ''Orfeo,'' the principal work of his which is available for study in an edition accessible to English students, to realize how great was the step that he made from the first tentative efforts of the Florentine amateurs. Their few tinkling lutes have given place to an orchestra of viols, contrabassi, organ, harpsichord, chitarroni, flutes, cornetti, and trumpets — in fact, strings, wood and brass complete—used with a surprising instinct for instrumental effect; their shapeless dialogue is transformed into often highly expressive recitative rising at times almost to the dignity of an aria; their childish harmonies are superseded by novel and daring experiments in discord, which, though they may sound ordinary enough to ears trained upon Richard Strauss, must have made the hair of conservative musicians in those days stand upon end.

When we consider what Monteverde actually accomplished, how, working with practically no models, he produced a new art-form, founded upon a convention till then unknown to the world, how he equipped it with a new theory of harmony, a new method of vocal writing, and a new system of orchestration, we cannot but admit that this was one of the greatest creative intellects that the world of art has ever known. But something must be said for the people of his own day, for the audiences which made his success possible. Fortunately for him, he was born into an age of life and movement, an age when men's minds turned lightly to things new and beautiful. The Renaissance and the Reformation had struck effective blows; old links were shattered, old formulas cast aside; the air throbbed with the passion of revolt; a new springtime had burst upon the world. Just at the right moment a fortunate appointment drew Monteverde to Venice, of all the cities in Italy the most favorable for his work. The Venetians, among whom his lot was cast for the last thirty years of his life, were the Athenians of their time. In music and painting they had been the leaders of Italy for the best part of a century. Their quick wit, their restless ingenuity, their love of variety were proverbial. They welcomed the new art with open arms. Monteverde's definite secularization of music had no terrors for them. They had loved color in painting and architecture; they loved it no less in music. Monteverde's strange new harmonies, so passionate in their beauty compared to the placid flow of sexless spirituality in mass and motet, his wonderful orchestration with its ever-changing combinations of instruments, opened fresh worlds of enchantment to their delighted ears. Venice speedily became the home of opera.

At first Monteverde's works were given only at festivals celebrated by princely houses, but the people had not long to wait. Before the century closed, the city possessed no fewer than eleven theatres devoted to the performance of opera alone. The continuance of Monteverde's influence was assured, for his success soon found him followers.



HENRY PURCELL

THIS great English musician and composer was the second son of Henry Purcell the elder, who also was a musician of some repute and a gentleman of the Chapel Royal. The younger Henry Purcell is traditionally said to have been born in Old Pye Street, Westminster, in or about 1658. He lost his father before he was six years old, and soon afterward was admitted a chorister of the Chapel Royal under Captain Henry Cooke, after whose death, in 1672, he continued under Pelham Humfrey. He is said to have composed anthems while yet a chorister. He may have remained in the choir for a brief period after the appointment of Dr. John Blow as successor to Humfrey as Master of the Children, but the probability is that, after quitting the choir on the breaking of his voice, he studied composition under Blow as a private pupil, and so justified the statement on Blow's monument that he was "master to the famous Mr. H. Purcell."

The precocity of Purcell's youthful compositions would perhaps not have been so remarkable but for their undoubtedly spontaneous character, and it is by reason of this quality in his music that he stands so far above his contemporaries. As applied to Purcell, the title of "Father of English Music" is merited.

It is greatly to be regretted that the records of his life are so meager. In his own day he was by no means widely known in England, and only a small proportion of his work was published during his lifetime. Throughout his early years Dr. Blow continued a good friend to him. His influence secured Purcell's appointment as "copyist" at the Abbey, and four years afterward, on Blow's resignation of the post, the young musician, when barely twenty-four, succeeded his former instructor as organist. During these years anthems, songs, and sonatas flowed in numbers from his facile pen; and his writing, apart from its freshness and independence, gave signs of a rare musical tact, evident in his vocal music from the aptness with which the melody fits the words. Anyone acquainted with Purcell's songs will understand how the sense of this vigorous and accurate setting of the words led Burney to say that "to his mind Purcell's vocal music was sometimes as superior to Handel's as an original poem to a translation." In 1680, shortly after his appointment as organist to the Abbey (or later, as recent research appears to have shown), Purcell wrote his opera "Dido and Æneas." Its first performance was private. The original title runs: "Dido and Æneas. An Opera performed at Mr. Josiah Priest's Boarding-School at Chelsea, by young Gentlewomen." Had he written nothing else, this work would have given him peculiar prominence as an English composer. Here was attempted for the first time an English opera in which the words were sung throughout. In the same year took place another event of importance to Purcell—his marriage; but of his wife we know nothing.

The success of "Dido and Æneas" led him to turn his attention for some time mainly to dramatic music, for which his genius was so obviously fitted. The best known of his compositions during the next fifteen years are: his music to "The Tempest" (1690), "Diocletian" (1690—the only opera printed in his lifetime), and Dryden's "King Arthur" (1691). Dryden's admiration for Purcell was very great, and on one occasion found expression in the couplet:

> Sometimes a hero in an age appears,
> But scarce a Purcell in a thousand years.

Of the beauty of Purcell's "Tempest" music it is not necessary to speak. "Come unto these yellow sands" and "Full fathoms five" are songs as easily and as readily admired now as two hundred years ago.

The composer Matthew Locke, though considerably Purcell's senior, was one of his most intimate friends. There is a record, in Doran's "Annals of the Stage," of the two friends having acted together in public. On one occasion, Doran tells us, Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes" was performed by a company of amateurs which included Matthew Locke and Henry Purcell.

As if to show that his dramatic labors had in no way impaired his powers in the domain of sacred music, Purcell produced, in the last year of his life, a composition of a singularly solemn and impressive character. This was the music for the funeral service of Queen Mary. Perhaps the most eloquent tribute to its excellence is the fact that the anthem, "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts," has been used at every choral funeral service that has taken place at Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's since its first production. Dr. Croft, whose Burial Office has in great measure superseded Purcell's, refrained from composing to these words, on the ground that "Purcell's music was unapproachable," and incorporated the anthem in question into his own work.

Purcell's constitution was delicate by inheritance, and had become still further weakened by the strain of late hours necessitated by his professional duties. After a short illness, he died on November 21, 1695. In Westminster Abbey is a tablet to his memory; the inscription, whose authorship has been ascribed, perhaps wrongly, to Dryden, runs: "Here lyes Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded."

We know, as has already been said, scarcely anything of his personality, but he seems to have been of a bright and joyous nature, overflowing with spirits as his music overflows with melody, yet—as is also evident from his music—capable of deep emotion. It was, no doubt, his geniality and an appreciation of merry friendship that gave rise to the stories told of his love of tavern company. Had he in reality been the taproom roysterer that some of these tales would make him, he would scarcely have found the favor he did with men of position and refinement. All his recorded utterances respecting his own work are marked by a scrupulous modesty. He was well aware of the importance of the services he wished to render to English music, but his conviction of the possible development of his work by his successors led him to undervalue his own performance.

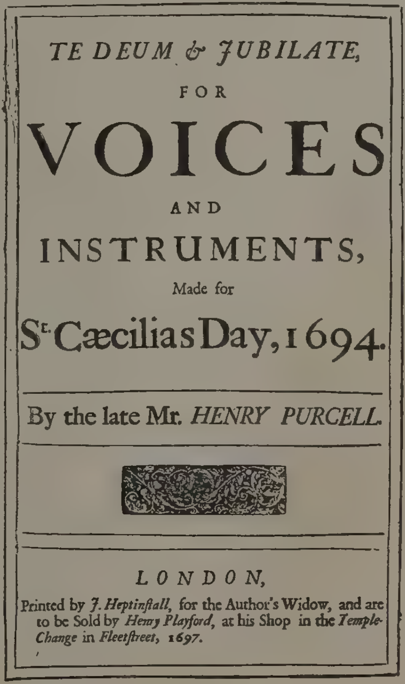
His name was not entirely unknown, even in his lifetime, among foreign musicians. Cummings relates his having seen, in a contemporary French manuscript, mention of "M. Pourselle"; while Corelli declared that "Purcell would be the only thing worth seeing in England, if ever he should be able to make the journey thither."

Purcell's estimate of the position of English music in his time may be seen from the following extract from the dedication of one of his works. "Poetry and painting," he says, "have arriv'd to perfection in this country; Music is but yet in its nonage—a forward child, which gives hopes of what it may be hereafter in England when the masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'Tis now learning Italian, which is its best master, and studying a little of the French air, to give it somewhat more of gaiety and fashion. Thus being further from the sun we are of later growth than our neighbor countries, and must be content to shake off our barbarity by degrees."

Though during his lifetime the general public by no means realized the importance of Purcell's work, his position among his fellow-musicians was soon determined. Dr. Tudway, a fellow-chorister and lifelong friend of his, says of him: "He had a most commendable ambition of exceeding every one of his time, and he succeeded in it without contradiction; there being none in England, nor anywhere else that I know of, that could come in competition with him for compositions of all kinds."

Purcell modestly regarded himself as one qualified merely to give a passing impulse to his art; we can now appreciate how fruitful might have been his endeavors had not external influences proved fatal to their development at the hands of those who came after him.

"So far as sheer invention goes," says a critical writer, "Purcell must rank with the greatest composers of all time. Where he falls below the highest standard is in his inability to give his ideas proper treatment, in his lack of the sense of proportion, in his deficiency in the architectonic side of music—to sum him up in a word, in his provinciality. If we take all the circumstances in which he worked into consideration the wonder is, not that he accomplished so little, but that he accomplished so much." In his time there were no recognized musical standards to work by. Every man thought for himself, wrote for himself, and judged for himself. There was no one to show him his faults. He was, and must have known perfectly well that he was, a far greater man than any of his contemporaries. Naturally he was exceedingly well satisfied with himself, and probably soon got to think that he was beyond criticism, and that his world ought to be very grateful for anything he chose to give it. Now if he had been well snubbed as a boy, if he had had to work hard under some prosy pedant with his head full of traditions, if he had begun his career with a few thoroughgoing failures, how much better it would have been for him! Nothing would have checked his as-



TE DEUM & JUBILATE,
FOR
VOICES
AND
INSTRUMENTS,
Made for
S^{t} Cæcilias Day, 1694.

By the late Mr. *HENRY PURCELL.*

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Heptinſtall*, for the Author's Widow, and are to be Sold by *Henry Playford*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change* in *Fleetſtreet*, *1697.*

tonishing power of invention; but the sense of having to live up to the standard of a great past, the knowledge of there being a tribunal of cultivated men to appeal to would have fired him to put nothing but his very best into what he wrote. What he needed above all was an artistic environment, an atmosphere of high thought and intellectual striving — instead of the debauched sensualism of the Restoration.

Purcell's work falls naturally into three main divisions: his Church music, his theatre music, and his instrumental works. In all three he is far ahead of all the other men of his time, so far as intrinsic excellence is concerned, but he has not the consistent elevation of style of Lulli, nor the clear-cut elegance and suave grace of the best Italians. In his anthems he derives directly from Pelham Humfrey, who learned a great deal from Lulli; but Purcell developed the new style of Church music, and blended with it some of the grandeur and dignity of the old polyphonic masters.

For the most part his Church music is of what may be called the Restoration type, in which passages for solo voices, duets, and trios abound, and the share of the chorus is reduced to a minimum. His anthems are strangely unequal. Many of them are written in the jigging jog-trot style which Charles II liked, because he could beat time to it; others are defaced by the taste of the time for quaint musical conceits, as in the famous "They that go down to the sea in ships," which opens with a scale passage for a bass voice descending to the double D, or the curious "They hold all together and keep themselves close," in which the voices gradually draw closer and closer together till they end upon one and the same note. In others again the search for new methods of expression is carried to childish extremes, and in nearly all the form is loose and slovenly to an unpardonable extent. But there is hardly one that has not some illuminating flash of genius, some point of intense musical beauty that only a master could have devised.

In a different vein, but one strikingly characteristic of another side of Purcell's genius, is his exquisite spring song, "My beloved spake," an anthem brimming over with bright melody and exquisite sympathy with nature. Never have the freshness and the sweet unrest of Spring been set to music of a more liquid melodiousness than the passage in which Purcell sings of the fig-tree putting forth her leaves, and of the vines with their tender grapes that give a good smell.

In a manner allied to that of his anthems, but, as a rule, of greater elaboration, are the many odes which Purcell composed for state and private celebrations. Odes were the fashion of the day, and whether St. Cecilia's Day was to be celebrated according to the jovial custom of the time, or London Yorkshiremen met for their annual feast, or the King returned to his capital from Newmarket, or the Queen fancied that she was going to have a baby, the occasion required musical celebration. The words of these odes are usually the most dismal pieces of hack-work imaginable, but Purcell generally found something in them to fire his genius. The choral parts of these works are often singularly rich and imposing, and are usually more fully developed than in the anthems.

One of the best of Purcell's odes, that written in 1692 for St. Cecilia's Day, has been performed in recent years. It is particularly interesting to anyone who wants to understand how Purcell stands in the history of musical development. It shows at once his strength and his weakness in the most unmistakable manner, his brilliant inventive powers, his splendid ideas, and his inability to put them to a proper use. All through the work the composer is hovering between various styles, and everywhere is lack of unity. It is this curious inequality in Purcell's music that makes it at once so fascinating and so disappointing. At one moment he lifts you to the stars, and the next he dashes you down to earth.

It is perhaps in his music for the theatre that Purcell is most consistently excellent. During the latter part of his career he appears to have been the regular conductor at the theatre in Dorset Garden, and to have supplied all the pieces presented there with such incidental music as they required. So far as is known, he wrote music for more than fifty plays; in some cases only a song or two. Only once did he write a real opera, a drama without spoken dialogue, sung from beginning to end, and that was the "Dido and Æneas" already mentioned. It is, both in its strength and weakness, a good specimen of Purcell's dramatic music. A great deal of it is childishly helpless, and the music, so far as it expresses anything, only expresses the composer's inability to express anything at all. But here and there are wonderful passages, which give as complete a proof of Purcell's natural genius as anything he ever wrote. The close of the opera with Dido's famous death song and the tender little chorus of Cupid's is inexpressibly touching, and there is a curious note of weird horror in the witch music.

The reception of Purcell's one opera did not encourage him to repeat the experiment. The taste of the day did not demand purely musical pieces. The convention upon which opera is founded, the substitution of song for speech, has never appealed to Englishmen as a nation, and from Purcell's day to our own opera has always been an exotic in their country. The incidental music which Purcell produced with such amazing fertility during his later years is rather a development of the earlier masque music of Lawes and his fellows than of opera as it flourished in France or Italy. Purcell's melody is thoroughly English in type and contour; it owes nothing to any foreign influence. In the details of musical structure he no doubt owed a good deal to France if not to Italy. From Pelham Humfrey, Purcell undoubtedly learned a good deal about French music, and in all probability the scores of Lulli's operas, which were published as soon as they were produced, found their way to England. But though one can point to occasional passages which betray external influence, as a whole, Purcell's theatre music is remarkably original. In all the essential qualities of great music it is singularly strong. It has inexhaustible melody, varied and appropriate, solidity of structure, and even, considering the limited resources available, some attempt at orchestral color.

Apart from a few songs, which have woven themselves inextricably into England's national heritage of music, Purcell is probably better known to the present generation by his instrumental music than by anything else. And it is here that we find him, if not at his greatest, nevertheless more uniform, more sustained, and perhaps more corresponding to the general ideal of what a great composer should be. The form of his instrumental music is restricted, but within its narrow limits he attained a singularly even level of excellence. If we do not here find the tremendous grandeur or the poignant passion of certain inspired moments of "Dido and Æneas" and "Diocletian," we get a far more intimate view of Purcell's own self, of the exquisite charm of his personality, and of the lovely serenity of character which endeared him to his contemporaries.

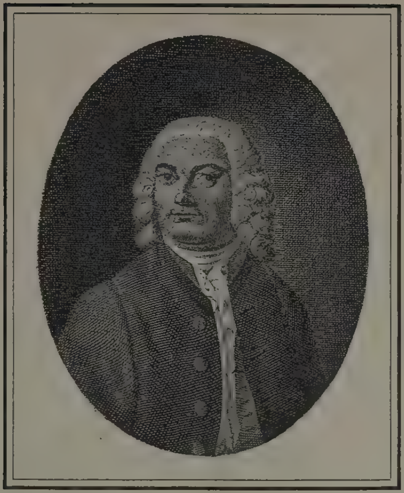
Purcell's string sonatas are admittedly founded on Italian models, but they have a personal touch which is essentially English. Here, almost more than in anything else that he wrote, we can realize how far Purcell was in front of his age. At times he rises to the majestic breadth of Handel, and in his harpsichord pieces he often suggests the concentrated emotion of Bach. In his instrumental works Purcell is often slight, but rarely trivial; often playful, but never commonplace. To those who look upon music as the supremest means of personal expression given by God to man, rather than as a pleasing concatenation of sounds agreeably adapted for passing an idle half-hour, Purcell's music is especially interesting, since in it are found the germs of all that composers since his day have developed in such amazing fashion. He never, of course, was a writer of program music in the modern sense of the word, but that he used music as a means of expressing his own joys and sorrows, his own hopes and fears, it is impossible for any one who listens with a sympathetic ear to deny. Herein lies the secret of Purcell's charm, of that fascination which, in spite of countless weaknesses, insufficiencies, and failings, his music still continues to exercise.

Judged from a certain standpoint, Purcell was a failure; indeed the most tragic part of his story is that when he died there was no one to continue his work. Had he lived longer, and had he succeeded in founding a school to carry on the traditions that he had inaugurated with such splendid success, the whole history of English music might have been altered. As it was he left no successor, and when Handel appeared in England, fifteen years after Purcell's death, he took undisputed possession of the field and turned the course of music in England into an entirely different channel.

From the historical point of view Purcell's achievement remains a monument of sterile endeavor, yet his career is one which his countrymen can still regard with pride, and his personality still speaks to all who have ears to hear and souls to appreciate the meanings that music conveys.

THE MUSICIAN, BY ALBERT MOORE

From a photograph by Hollyer, reproduced by permission



JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

BY

SALOMON JADASSOHN

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH was born in the little Thuringian city of Eisenach. The birthday of this immortal master, though not authentically attested, is generally given as the 21st of March, 1685. The parochial registry of the city of Eisenach gives simply the 23d of March as the baptismal day of the third son of Ambrosius Bach and his wife Elisabeth Lämmerhirt. The baby received his Christian names from his godfathers Johann Koch and Sebastian Nagel. It was the custom in those days of severe piety to bring the new-born child to be baptized as soon as possible in order to assure it the blessing of the holy act as an advantage in all future emergencies. It is extremely doubtful whether it was on the 21st or 22d of March that this great master first saw the light. The improved Gregorian calendar was first adopted in Protestant North Germany in the beginning of the eighteenth century, which would make March 31, as we now reckon time, the real baptismal day.

Bach reached the age of sixty-five; he died in Leipsic, where he had lived and worked for twenty-seven years, on Tuesday evening, July 28, 1750, shortly after quarter-past eight. On Friday morning, July 31, he was buried with much solemnity on the south side of the Johanniskirche. Later, when the churchyard was separated from the church, his grave-mound, with others, was destroyed, and the graves could no longer be identified with certainty. During the rebuilding of the Johanniskirche, which lasted for six years, the grave of Bach was discovered on October 22, 1894. Herr Dr. Wustman and Professor Dr. His succeeded through the most conscientious inquiry and investigation in finding Bach's remains and in so preserving them that they could be placed in a coffin of French limestone under the altar of the Johanniskirche. A memorial stone marks the place. The gifted Seffner has succeeded in making a wonderful bust after the well-preserved skull. A portrait of Bach, in good condition, painted in oil by Hausmann in the year 1747, is in the singing-room of the Thomasschule in Leipsic.

The family tree of the Bachs can be traced with certainty as far back as the times of the Reformation. It is a purely German race,[1] belonging to Thuringia, and Johann Sebastian could count four generations of ancestors who were professional musicians. Christopher Bach (1643–1703) was himself a prominent composer, whose vocal music (motets) was particularly noteworthy. Christopher's younger brother Michael (1648–1694) also is mentioned as a talented master. Besides these two men, other branches of the family spread into the Thuringian cities, Arnstadt, Eisenach, Erfurt, Gehren, Weimar, etc., as choristers, organists, and official city musicians.

The life of Johann Sebastian Bach has been fully described in many excellent biographies. The boy lost his mother in his tenth year; a year later, his father. The elder brother, Johann Christoph, who had been employed since 1690 as organist in the Stadtkirche in Ohrdruf, adopted the boy. Schooling he received at the lyceum of that place, where, together with other branches of knowledge, chorus-singing was carefully fostered. Clavichord and probably violin instruction were given by the elder brother to the younger in earnest but pedantic fashion. The little one was allowed only technical studies, while his young soul was yearning for music of quite another kind. He knew that the brother had laid away in a cross-barred chest a music-book which contained a collection of the organ compositions of the famous master Pachelbel. The boy purloined the book and copied it secretly by moonlight, but the pitiless elder brother took the copy made with such pains and locked it up more carefully than the original had been.

In his fifteenth year Johann Sebastian wandered to Lüneburg. His beautifully clear soprano voice won him a place in the Michaelisschule, which sustained an excellent chorus, whose members received instruction and expenses gratis and were paid in addition. Bach received the second highest place at once, and after his voice was gone his remarkable musical ability procured him the position of violin accompanist of the chorus-singers in their practice, and as the directing prefect of the chorus he received, according to custom, a correspondingly higher salary.

The three years that Bach spent in Lüneburg had the most important

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[1] This is open to investigation.—THE EDITORS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. HERRMANN.

HOUSE IN EISENACH WHERE BACH WAS BORN.

influence upon his artistic development. The school possessed a rich and well-chosen library. Carefully prepared performances of the best masterpieces of music were given on Sundays and on every holiday. These influences and the intercourse with the excellent organist of the Johanniskirche, Georg Böhm, had an instructive and inspiring effect upon the eager youth. Böhm, himself a noted artist, was as keen-sighted as beneficent. He recognized at once the mighty genius of the youth, who was blameless, diligent, and assiduous. He was, moreover, his countryman. Full of sympathy, Böhm interested himself in him.

A real Thuringian, Bach was a vigorous pedestrian. He spent his holidays in tramps to Hamburg, where he heard the famous organists Johann Adam Reinker and Vincentius Lübeck, and to Celle, where the ducal chapel, maintained in the French fashion, gave him a chance to hear the best instrumental compositions excellently performed. Spurred on by this, he endeavored unceasingly to perfect his technic upon the violin, clavichord, and organ.

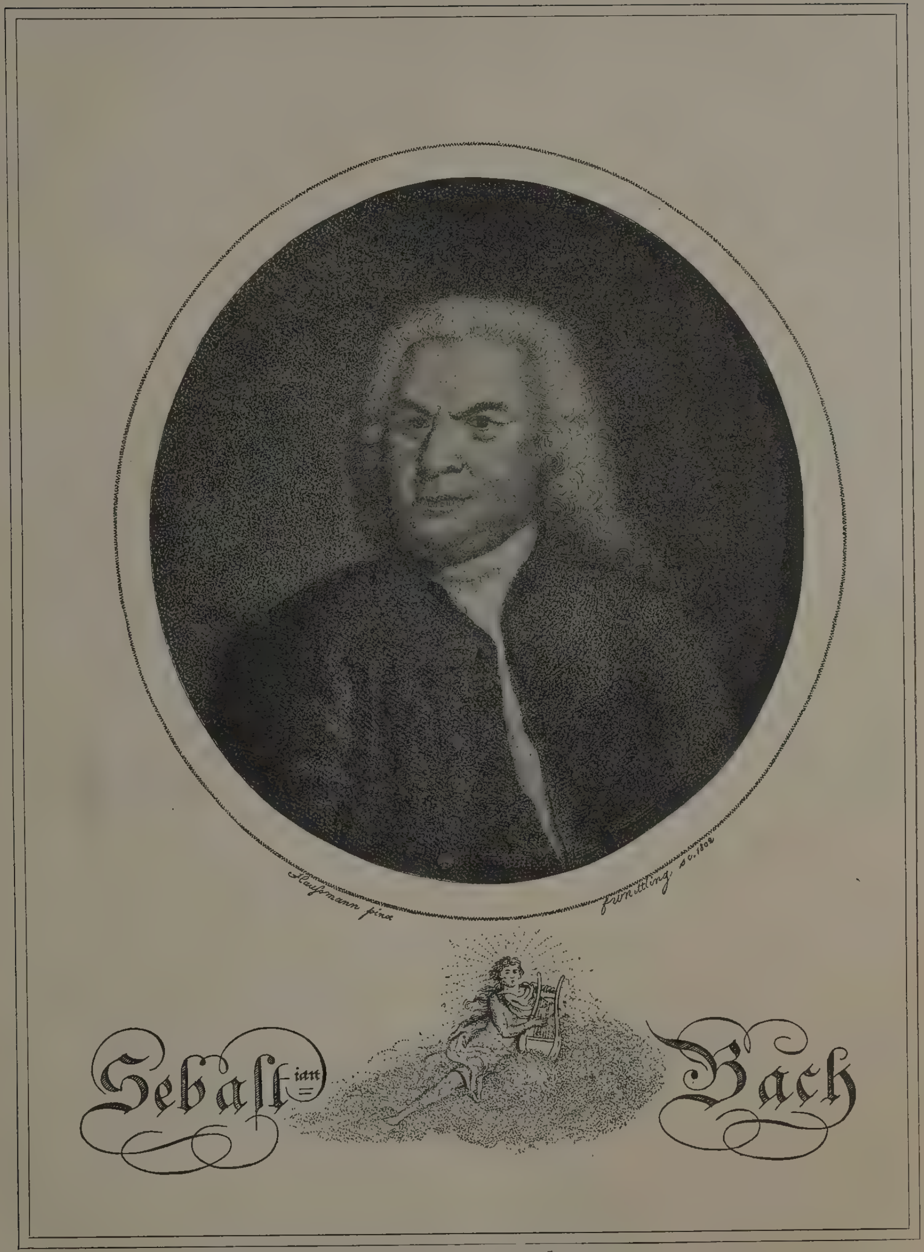
As a youth of eighteen he obtained his first installation into office in 1703, as violinist in the court chapel of Prince Ernest of Weimar. He remained there only a short time. During a visit to Arnstadt he much desired to try the new organ. Permission was granted him to act as organist at the Sunday services. His preludes, so full of imagination, and his technic, which was already stupendous, so enraptured the burghers of Arnstadt that they offered him the place, which he accepted willingly. It answered to his desires perfectly, and besides, the new organ was in itself a very beautiful work. The position was well paid; the service made few demands upon his time and allowed him leisure enough to satisfy the always active craving of his inmost soul for composition. In this period there appeared an Easter cantata, the variations on the choral "Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'," some compositions for the clavier, and two organ fugues.

In the autumn of the year 1705 Bach asked the consistory for a vacation, and made a pilgrimage on foot to Lübeck, fifty German miles, where Dietrich Buxtehude, the famous composer and organ virtuoso of the Marienkirche, was working.

Although Bach was quite unknown to the old master of eight-and-sixty years and came to him unrecommended, he received a friendly welcome. The relations between the two grew more and more close as Buxtehude realized the mighty genius of Bach. But the gray-haired master's passionate desire to see Bach his successor in office was wrecked on the singular condition which was attached to the appointment, namely, that the successor must marry the eldest daughter of his predecessor. Anna Margarethe Buxtehude had been born in 1669, and the youth of twenty years could not persuade himself to accept the woman with her sixteen years' seniority. The whole course of Bach's life shows him as a perfectly upright, honest, and honorable man of firm character and filled full of the purest ideal intuitions and thoughts. It was impossible for such a man to sell the earthly happiness of his body and soul, even to receive a place which was both richly endowed and one of the most honorable offices in Germany.

In the first days of February, 1706, Bach set out on his return journey to Arnstadt. A few days after his arrival he received a summons before the consistory. He was met immediately with the reproach that he had stretched out his permitted four weeks' vacation into sixteen. The spiritual court also brought up other complaints against him; for example, that he treated the organ-playing, in which Bach often gave his fantasy full play, as the principal thing, and the church service as secondary; that one Sunday, in the near past, he had gone during the preaching into a wine-cellar, etc. The misunderstandings with the board continued. Bach received, eight months later, a summons in which, as before, he was requested to clear himself of the above and other accusations of irregularities.

In spite of all these troubles with the officers of the church, and the ofttimes vexatious, wearisome, and time-robbing duties of his office, Bach had, during his stay, worked on undisturbed, cultivating his power of composition. Out of this period came his organ compositions, of which the "Concertata" is decidedly the most remarkable. It is printed in the



FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED BY HOFFMEISTER & KÜHNEL, LEIPSIC.

fifteenth year of the publications of the Bach Gesellschaft, pages 276–286, and begins with a prelude, which the editor, Dr. Wilhelm Rust, has marked "Toccata III." This is succeeded by a four-voiced, broadly treated fugue. Both parts are in E major. A short interlude in eleven measures, closing on the chord of the dominant, leads to a second, five-voiced fugue, three-quarter time, also in E major, which ends the piece.

The nobility, originality, and daring of the theme, the equally artistic, because natural, flowing of the counterpoint in the fugue, the richness of harmony, the solid form of the separate parts, the organic shaping of the whole work, reveal Bach as a perfected master of composition. The technical difficulties of the "Concertata," which he wrote for his own use, prove to us that Bach was at that time an unsurpassable organ virtuoso. Whether the work was originally written in E major or in C major is not certainly known.

From out the narrow Philistine circle of Arnstadt, Bach was called to Mülhausen to be honored with the place of organist in the St. Blasiuskirche. The installation was on June 15, 1707. The salary was a generous one for the times, and included eighty-five gulden in money, and the customary dues of corn, wood, and fish.

On June 29 Bach asked the council in Arnstadt for his dismissal. Soon after settling in Mülhausen he married, on October 17, his cousin Maria Barbara Bach, to whom he had been engaged while in Arnstadt. Here he composed, for the festivities consequent on the coming into office of a new official board, the cantata "Gott ist mein König." The composition is one of the few which were printed during Bach's lifetime. This skilful piece of work, as also the always neat and clean superscribing of the score and the voices in Bach's handwriting, has been preserved to us. The cantata may be found in the eighteenth year of the publications of the Bach Gesellschaft. Originally the composition was marked "Motetto." This work gives a most satisfactory evidence of Bach's artistic ripeness: in the outer form it does not differ from the church cantatas of Buxtehude and other earlier masters; it does differ from these in the imitative style of the voices, which is apparent even in the first part, and also in the two strong fugues, of which the one appearing in the last part, with two firmly held counterpoints, is the most remarkable part of the cantata. On this account it is epoch-making, though it is not on the same high level as Bach's later work.

As early as June 25, 1708, Bach asked the councilors for release, and, with their expressed regret, he followed a call to the ducal court of Weimar. Here were written most of his organ music and some of his most beautiful cantatas, also the affecting "Actus Tragicus"; the last-named work was composed for a funeral ceremony in 1711. All the organ compositions coming from this period are incomparably grand. Of these we consider the Toccatas and Fugue in D minor and the Passacaglia in

C minor as the most noteworthy. Among the cantatas I much prefer "Gotteszeit ist die allerbeste Zeit," which has become the best-known, and "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," written for the two-hundred-year jubilee. But the cantata "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss" stands in the same rank as the two above named.

Bach's situation in Weimar was agreeable to him in every respect. In the beginning he was paid the considerable salary of 156 gulden 12 groschen, which on St. John's day in 1711 was raised to 210 gulden 12 groschen; at Easter, 1713, to 225 gulden; and in 1714 was made still higher. We can see from this how much he was prized and how well his work was appreciated.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SOPHUS WILLIAMS, BERLIN.

PANORAMA OF THE WARTBURG, THURINGEN, EISENACH.

Installed at first with the title of Kammermusikus (chamber-musician), he was to furnish the organ service in the Schlosskirche. In the music chapel of the duke he filled the places of violin-player and cembalist (harpsichord-player), in the latter capacity in the rehearsals and in the performances of secular music only, as he acted as organist for church music. Later he received the title of Concertmeister. It is appropriate to say here a few words about the duties of a cembalist. All compositions of that time, whether written for chorus of voices *a cappella*, or for instruments, or for voices with instrumental accompaniment, were laid down with a bass voice as foundation, which, usually provided with a

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SOPHUS WILLIAMS, BERLIN.

DAS MARIENTHAL, THURINGEN, EISENACH.

thorough-bass cipher, but sometimes without it, served as a sketch of the accompanying harmony. A filled-out accompaniment of the voices carrying the melody is wanting in places in the separate music movements; often it is entirely missing. The duty of the skilful cembalist consists in filling up the gaps of the instrumental accompaniment on the foundation of the indications contained in the bass voice, and particularly, when such were not at hand, in improvising a harmonious accompaniment suited in character to that of the music. The cembalist must, therefore, be a man versed in the knowledge of harmony and counterpoint, and at the same time an accomplished organ-player. Bach achieved the unsurpassable in this species of skill. Lorenz Christoph Mitzler, the author of works on music (1711–88), writes on this point: "Those who care for delicacy in thorough-bass and well understand what a good accompaniment should be must endeavor to hear Herr Capellmeister Bach, who so accompanies a solo with thorough-bass that it is as if we were at a concert; and he so uses the right hand that the melody seems as if it had been set expressly for it." Unfortunately, the accompaniments which Bach himself played at the performances of his works, and probably improvised, were never written out.

Although the duties of Bach's office in Weimar were mostly those of an organist, yet there is no doubt that he had to assist with other members of the duke's cappella (chapel) in the chamber-music at court. The cappella possessed, besides Bach, no other prominent musician; but it must have been a good, capable body, since the duke and the whole court were extraordinarily fond of music and showed great pleasure in chamber music. The members of the cappella wore a Hungarian uniform. Bach also, notwithstanding his office of church organist, must have appeared among the chamber musicians in this servile costume. Otherwise his life was a very agreeable one. He instructed Prince Johann Ernst in violin-playing. The young prince had a capacity which was out of the common and took his studies seriously.

The best compositions at that time came from Italy, written in the form of sonatas and concertos. Bach quickly appropriated these forms and introduced them into the composition of pieces in different parts — pieces arranged for the clavichord and organ. With due regard to the character of these instruments, he filled out the new forms with appropriate contents. His style was preferably polyphonic, and many of his preludes and fugues came from this period.

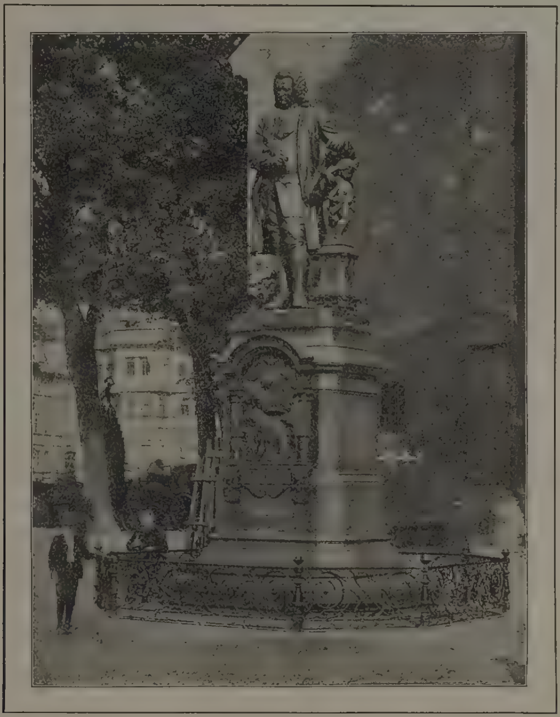
Bach's fame spread abroad beyond the boundaries of his dwelling-place with ever increasing rapidity. Numerous pupils, who later became eminent musicians, came to Weimar to enjoy his instruction. Art journeys led him to the neighboring courts and the neighboring cities. Everywhere he was hailed as the greatest of organ virtuosos and composers. The Swedish hereditary prince Friedrich, who in 1714 lived at the court in Cassel, was so enraptured by Bach's organ-playing that he gave him a costly ring. In the same year Bach visited the Thomascantor Kuhnau in Leipsic; he performed there his cantata "Nun komm', der Heiden Heiland," and played the organ in the church service. The severe art critic Mattheson of Hamburg lavished the highest praises on him (1716), and asked for his biography, which indeed did appear twenty-four years later in Mattheson's "Ehrenpforte."

The most important event during Bach's nine years' stay in Weimar was his art journey to Dresden. There the clavier virtuoso Jean Louis Marchand, born in 1671 at Lyons, and therefore fourteen years older than Bach, was living. Marchand, who held the places of royal chamber organist and organist of St. Benedict's Church in Paris, where he was the favorite of the court and of the fashionable Parisian society, was considered, and rightly so, as an excellent organ-player and composer for the clavier. In Dresden he excited the greatest possible enthusiasm in those court circles which showed more sympathy for French than for German art. Among the musicians of the court cappella Bach possessed some acquaintances, such as the concert-master Jean Baptiste Volumier. Volumier was born in Spain in 1677, and was brought up and educated in France; but in Berlin, where he was established in 1709, and in Dresden, he seemed to have turned more to the German than to the French art. He, with other members of the cappella, invited Bach to

PORTRAIT OF BACH.

In the upper left-hand corner, the Thomas Church; right-hand corner, the Observatory at Leipsic; below, the Thomas School and Bach Memorial.

come to Dresden for a concert with Marchand. Bach came, found opportunity secretly to hear Marchand, and sent him a written challenge, in which he bound himself to write out on the spot a musical task set him by Marchand if the latter would make a similar promise. Marchand accepted the challenge. A jury of musicians was chosen, the time named, and the salon of the prime minister Flemming named as the place of meeting. Bach was punctually on hand, but awaited his rival in vain. Undoubtedly Marchand had found an opportunity to hear Bach secretly, and had posted off in the early morning. From the first the French artist would have had to decline a contest in organ-playing, but the majority of Dresden society believed that he surpassed the German master as a clavier virtuoso.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. HERRMANN, EISLEBEN.

BACH MONUMENT IN MARKET-PLACE AT EISENACH.

On that memorable evening, whose date, alas! is not certain, Bach played alone, and so delighted those present that they hailed him with one voice as the greatest of all clavichord-players. It is a commendable evidence of Bach's modest disposition that he seems to have attached little importance to this brilliant success, which stood at that time for the triumph of German art over French art. Earnest, great, with his deep inward thoughts turned toward the highest ideals, he could truly feel indifferent toward such recognition from without.

Worldly frivolity was far from him; on the contrary, he possessed self-respect and manly spirit. When the church authorities suspected him of using an application for the place in the Liebfrauenkirche of Weimar only as a means of obtaining from the Duke an increase of his salary, he wrote to the church board, in a letter dated January 14, 1714, denying this so energetically that they did not venture on a reply, and left Bach's bitter self-justification unanswered. The board must have seen their injustice, because later the injured master received an invitation from them, in the most complimentary style, to try the new organ at Easter, 1716. Bach accepted in a very polite letter written in Weimar, April 22.

In November, 1717, Bach accepted a call from Prince Leopold (aged three-and-twenty years), and took the position of Kapellmeister and Musikdirector in Köthen. The youthful prince was highly cultivated, and had journeyed through Germany, Holland, England, and Italy. Bach said of him that he was really an excellent musician. The love of music common to both formed an ideal bond of friendship between them. It may be accepted that the pieces composed in this period for violin and bass viol were intended for the prince himself, as he played both instruments. The orchestral compositions were performed by the court musicians; Bach was always the accompanying cembalist.

We know that Bach was first installed in Weimar in 1703, and we may suppose that if he was not an eminent virtuoso he certainly was a very good violin-player. Only an artist perfectly familiar with the technic of the violin could write for it as Bach wrote. His works are not only difficult, but the fingering in the double thirds and the use of the open strings for chords show the practically experienced violin-player. Bach's liking for the polyphonic style is also evident in these compositions. We shall speak here only of the last part of the second violin suite, containing the ciaconna. I do not hesitate to characterize this wonderful composition as the most magnificent, the most beautiful and imaginative that was ever written for the violin.

Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from remarking that this style of violin composition is not suited to the real character of the instrument. The violin is preferably a melody-carrying instrument. A truly independent working out of two voices is hardly possible; all polyphony is strange to the violin. A three- or four-voiced chord can be given only as an arpeggio; and there is added the difficulty that the violin has no deeper tone than low G. Therefore in all solo violin compositions we miss the proper ground bass, upon which the pillars of harmony naturally rise.

In the autumn of 1718 Bach journeyed to Halle in order to become acquainted personally with Handel, but again the latter had left his birthplace. A peculiar fate hindered the meeting of these two heroes: in 1705 Handel had left Lübeck just before the arrival of Bach.

Bach had accompanied Prince Leopold two different times to Karlsbad. On his return from the second journey he found that his loving, faithful consort was no more among the living. She had died on July 4, 1720, a few days before his arrival. It must have been principally the anxiety for the proper care and nurture of his children that led Bach to contract a second marriage, on December 3, 1721, with Jungfrau Anna Magdalena, the youngest daughter of the royal Weissenfels court- and field-trumpeter, Herr Wülkens. This marriage was also a very happy one. The bride, who was twenty-one years old, possessed an excellent soprano voice, had been thoroughly educated in music, had even studied its theory, and took an intelligent interest in Bach's work. She also helped her husband practically, and often did his copying in order to relieve him of one of his many cares.

In the house itself there was music all the time. Bach wrote in connection with this, on October 28, 1730, to his friend Georg Erdmann: "The children are all born musicians, and I can even now have a vocal and instrumental concert with my family, for my wife sings a pretty soprano and my daughter bravely joins in." Among the piano compositions written in Köthen are the "Inventions" and the first part of the "Wohltemperirte Clavier"; that is, most of the twenty-four preludes and fugues were written there. The twenty-four preludes and fugues contained in the second volume belong to a later period. Posterity may thank the genius and intelligence of Bach for the tempered tuning of the piano which was inaugurated by him. The preludes and fugues of both volumes are in a chromatically rising succession in all the twenty-four major and minor keys. In each prelude the same sentiment is expressed as in the following fugue. The forms of these pieces differ among themselves. Sometimes we find them as short imaginative pieces, apparently set together out of harmonic progressions, though the melody, which is not marked so as to be recognized, may be found in the points of the harmonic figures. This is the case in the preludes of the first part, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 11, 15, 21, and in Nos. 3 and 6 of the second part. Sometimes we find a prelude in a simple song form, as Nos. 9 and 12 of the first part. Often the motive is carried out in the imitative style, as in Nos. 4, 7, 14, 17, 18, and 20 of the first and many others of the second part, of which I select the twentieth as the most interesting. The most beautiful preludes are those in the style of the "Passion" arias, as Nos. 8, 22, and 24, Part I, and 4, 12, and 22, Part II.

The fugues are all strong; most of them are set with one, often two, firmly held counterpoints, and even, as in the F Minor Fugue in Volume I, in four voices with three counter-themes worked in double counterpoint. They are the most magnificent fugues ever written for the piano. Different moods are expressed in them: amiable cheerfulness in No. 3, humor in No. 9, spirited jesting in No. 15, manly bravery in No. 5, earnest consecration in No. 4, quiet meditation in No. 8, deep sadness in No. 12, pathos in Nos. 18 and 22, soul anguish in No. 24, Volume I, inward piety in Nos. 9 and 22, Volume II. In all these fugues the most skilful counterpoint is only a means to an end. The close carrying out of the wonderful combinations is kept free and natural. Here

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH,
Eldest son of Sebastian Bach.
A great organist and fugue-player.

KARL PHILIPP EMANUEL BACH,
Third son of Sebastian Bach.
Composer, director, teacher, and critic.

the contrapuntal style develops in itself a speech for the expression of Bach's own characteristic thoughts. From all these splendid fugues I select as the most important in three voices Nos. 8, 13, Volume I; 4, 6, 18, and 24, Volume II; in four voices, Nos. 12, 16, 18, 20, 24, Volume I; 7, 9, 16, and the grand Fugue in B Minor, No. 22, Volume II; the last named has a close carrying out of four voices in double counterpoint in the tenth. The work contains two five-voiced fugues, of which the first is a triple fugue; one fugue only is two-voiced.

This work, like the "Clavierbüchlein," begun in 1720, and the "Inventions," was written for instruction; the "Orgelbüchlein" and the "Kunst der Fuge" were written for the instruction of organists. In the last-named work, which I like to call the high school of contrapuntists, fourteen fugues and four canons, in all styles of counterpoint, are built up from one theme. I have thoroughly explained this work in my book, "An Analysis of the Fugues and Canons contained in Bach's 'Art of the Fugue'" (Leipsic, Breitkopf & Härtel).

The Cantorat in the Thomasschule in Leipsic had become vacant through the death of Kuhnau on June 5, 1722. Telemann and Graupner having declined the place, the council of the city, toward the end of the year 1722, sent an invitation to Bach to become a candidate. On February 7, 1723, Bach played as his trial piece the cantata "Jesus nahm zu sich die Zwölfe." On the 5th of May it was announced to him officially that he was accepted. On Monday, the 31st of May, he was formally installed. Bach could not have exchanged with pleasure the office of Kapellmeister in Köthen for the apparently more limited office in Leipsic, with its more modest title of "Cantor." But he knew that he ought to be working in an environment which possessed richer influences in art. Among his predecessors was Sethus Calvesius, born February 21, 1556, who had been cantor in the Thomasschule from 1594 to the day of his death, November 24, 1615. Bach must have considered it an honor to be the successor of such a famous man; besides that, he promised himself that moving to Leipsic would result in important advantages for the scientific education of his son.

Bach was not too much confined by his official duties: personally, the Thomascantor had only to lead the church music in the two principal churches of the parish; in practice and in the performances the prefects of the chorus represented him. So only is it explainable that Bach could compose the greater part of his works, among them the most important, in Leipsic, in spite of the many dissensions with the two rectors of the school, and numerous misunderstandings with the council. Among these works, which comprise the magnificent church cantatas, masses, oratorios, motets, concertos for one or more instruments, chamber music for the voice and for instruments, compositions for the piano alone and for the organ, many present themselves as unsurpassable monuments of German music. Two of these, the "Matthäus-Passion" and the "High Mass," have long been the best-known.

The "Matthäus-Passion" was performed in its first form on Good Friday, April 15, 1729. According to the score which is shown to-day, the work was brought out again by Bach in 1740, after he had revised it many times and added several parts. Until the end of the eighteenth century this Passion-music was repeated on Good Friday by Bach's successors in the Thomasschule. Since then it, like most of the works of the immortal master, has been forgotten. Only in some compositions for the piano, and in a few motets set *a cappella*, of which the most important is "Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied," does the memory of Bach live on.

The first performance of the "Matthäus-Passion" in the nineteenth century took place on March 12, 1829, in Berlin. For this artistic act of the highest importance we may thank the energy and enthusiasm of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, who was then twenty years old. It is not known whether Mendelssohn brought out this work, the representation of which took fully four hours, without cutting; but to-day, as far as I know, there is only one city, Strasburg in Alsace, where, with genuine piety, the "Matthäus-Passion" is performed uncut in such fashion that on Maundy Thursday the first part is given and on Good Friday the second.

An intelligent examination and loving comprehension of the wonderful beauties of the work do not hinder me from saying that all the parts are not of equal greatness. The grandest are the introductory double chorus, with the choral introduced as the *ripieno*, and the concluding chorus of the second part. The smaller eight-voiced chorus parts of the second part are highly characteristic and splendid in tone-quality. The figuration of the choral "O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde gross," following the

MEMORIAL TO JOHANN CHRISTIAN BACH.

Probably a title-page. Engraved by Bartolozzi.

powerful chorus "Sind Blitze, sind Donner in Wolken verschwunden?" is not of the same importance as the choruses mentioned above. Bach composed this chorus, which he called "choral" and had set in E sharp major, originally as the introductory chorus of the "Johannis-Passion." Later he cut it out of this, and on the second working over of the "Matthäus-Passion" transposed it to E major and placed it at the end of its first part. Its effect in this place is very impressive and heart-stirring. The recitative of the Evangelist, however, even though the words of the text are appropriately illustrated, is tedious on account of its length, and never reaches the beauty of the recitative of the Messiah. The recitative of the Evangelist, "Und siehe da, der Vorhang im Tempel zerriss" ("Behold, the curtain of the temple is torn"), has an overwhelming effect. Of the solo numbers, which are often set to words unpoetic, sometimes even repulsive, several are heard to-day, and they are no longer pleasing; others, on the contrary, such as the aria with chorus, "Ich will bei meinen Jesus wachen" ("I will watch by my Jesus"), the duet with chorus, "So ist mein Jesus gefangen" ("Now is my Jesus a prisoner"), the aria, "Erbarme dich" ("Have pity"), are unsurpassable in beauty.

I do not belong to those blind enthusiasts who call out, "Splendid! wonderful!" every time they hear one of Bach's works. It is certainly clear that among these (and there are many which are doubtfully his; for example, the "Lucas-Passion") there must be some of less worth than others. But even in these may be recognized the genius which, though its influence reaches far out into the works of his time, is always his child, and never can quite withdraw itself from his influence and the powerful leadership of his taste.

Of the "B Minor Mass," commonly called the "High Mass," there were at first composed only the first two parts, the Kyrie and the Gloria. Bach presented these in Dresden to the Elector Friedrich August himself, with a letter dated July 27, 1733. The other parts were written later, the Sanctus sometime between 1735 and 1737. The whole mass was finished in 1738. In sending the first two parts he had in view the appointment of court composer. The mass is not suited to the Roman Catholic Church service on account of the great length of its parts. The most important part of this monumental work is the first, and of this again the first Kyrie. After four measures, which give the sentiment, there arises a five-voiced fugue with the words "Kyrie eleïson," and accompanied by the orchestra. I do not hesitate to say that this wonderfully effective fugue has not its equal for inwardness, grandeur, and beauty; and it stands alone, unapproachable in its kind. Even Bach himself never surpassed it in any of his other works.

I refer those who wish to study thoroughly these two gigantic works to my book, "Zur Einführung in Sebastian Bach's 'Matthäus-Passion,'" and Dr. Leopold Schmidt's book on the "B Minor Mass." Both works appeared in the publications of the "Harmonie" in Berlin. The restricted length of this article does not allow me a closer examination of these or of other works of Bach. The comprehensive catalogue of the collected works of the master, in the forty-sixth year of the publications of the Bach Gesellschaft of Leipsic, gives an idea of his astonishing power of composition.

Bach took many art journeys from Leipsic into other cities. The journey to the court of Frederick the Great is the most noteworthy. On Sunday, May 7, 1747, Bach entered Potsdam. When the king heard of his arrival he ordered his instant attendance, and Bach appeared in his traveling-costume. The king immediately had him try all his costly Silbermann pianofortes, and proposed a theme himself, which Bach carried out into a fugue. On the following day Bach played the organ in the Heiligengeistkirche before a numerous audience. In the evening, again commanded to the castle, he extemporized a six-voiced fugue upon a theme chosen by himself. The king and the whole court were filled with the greatest admiration.

Dark and full of trouble indeed was the evening of life for this immortal master. His eyes had been weak from birth, and in 1749 this weakness developed into a painful disease. Two operations in Leipsic by the resident English oculist were such failures that Bach became entirely blind. On July 18, 1750, his sight suddenly returned to him. A few hours after that he had a stroke, followed by a high fever. Ten days afterward he died.

Bach's compositions are the outcomings of his purely ideal way of looking at the world, and of his deep religious feeling. Only a mind truly pious and strong in the faith could create the sublime pictures in his church music. His religious trend of thought is recognizable also in his organ compositions, and in many works not destined for the church. I have indicated this already in considering the preludes and fugues of the "Wohltemperirte Clavier." But Bach must not be taken on that account as a pious visionary. His soul was free from every unhealthy thought and unnatural feeling. In life he was a practical man, conscientious in the fulfilment of his official obligations, true and self-denying in his family duties, and self-sacrificing for his relatives, an earnest and severe but loving teacher of his children, free from every eccentricity, an honorable citizen and frugal householder, who with narrow means had known how to raise and educate many children.

His proposals for improvements in the making of organs and claviers, his own invention of new instruments, the introduction of the tempered tuning of the clavier, his new fingering of these instruments, which is in use to-day, show him to have been a highly intelligent thinker.

At Bach's death-bed stood his wife, his daughters, his youngest son Christian, his son-in-law Altnikol, and his last scholar Müthel. Even the fever had not been able to break Bach's intellectual strength. He dictated at that time to Altnikol the choral "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein" ("When we are in sorest need"), but had him superscribe the words "Vor deinen Thron tret' ich hiermit" ("With this I go before thy throne").

There was deep lamentation everywhere over Bach's death. His children scattered throughout the world. Four of his surviving sons became famous as composers and piano- and organ-players. These were: Wilhelm

Friedemann, born November 22, 1710, in Weimar, died July 1, 1784, in Berlin; Karl Philipp Emanuel, born March 14, 1714, in Weimar, died September 14, 1788, in Hamburg; Johann Christopher Friedrich, born June 29, 1732, in Leipsic, died in Bückeburg, January 26, 1795; and Johann Christian, born 1735, in Leipsic, died 1782, in London.

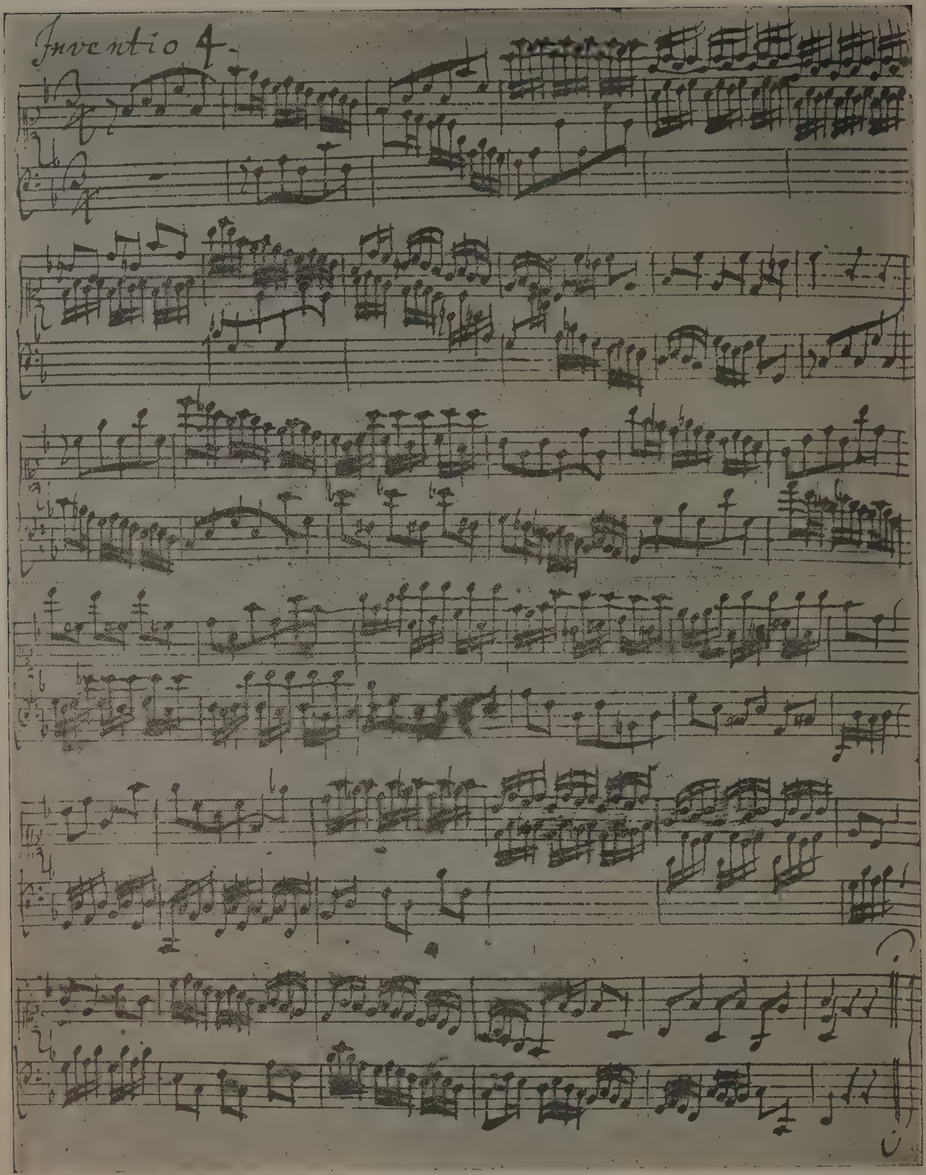
A son of Christopher Bach, Wilhelm Friedrich Ernst, grandson and last male descendant of Johann Sebastian Bach, was born May 27, 1759, in Bückeburg, and died in Berlin, December 25, 1845. He too was highly esteemed as an excellent musician. Bach's widow lived on, poor and supported mostly by niggardly public relief, and died in February, 1760, as *Almosenfrau*, in a house on the Hainstrasse in Leipsic; her grave is not known. The three orphaned daughters lived also in very narrow circumstances; the youngest of them, Regina Johanna, the last of the children, died December 14, 1809.

So did the wealthy city of Leipsic allow the family of its greatest citizen to live out their days in poverty and want.

At present it is intended to raise a monument to this immortal worker on the scene of his labors, before the Thomaskirche. The Bach Gesellschaft, formed in 1850, has already made his most beautiful monument by its edition of his works. Bach will never be forgotten: he is the milestone from which the art of German music took a new direction; he is the tree of life upon which the fruits of all later generations ripen; he is the sun whose warming, enlivening, generating beams will stream into the far-distant future.

K. P. E. BACH.

From the Royal Library, Berlin.



ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF BACH'S EIGHTH INVENTION.

FROM THE ROYAL LIBRARY, BERLIN.

NOTE.—It is quite probable that Bach originally intended these "Inventions" as a guide to extempore playing, since the manuscript title reads "not merely how to obtain good Inventions (ideas), but also how to develop them properly." They were written probably in 1722–23.

According to the Friedemann Bach manuscript, reproduced above, this is the Fourth Invention ("Inventio 4"), but according to the manuscript owned by Spohr it is the Eighth, and so called here.

HANDEL.

MEDAL STRUCK IN 1859 IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ONE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HANDEL'S DEATH.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

BY

HORATIO PARKER

THE childhood of Handel was sufficiently like that of other people to pass without extended comment.

His grandfather was a coppersmith, his father a barber's apprentice who became a successful surgeon with a court appointment and a position of some influence. His was a middle-class family of entire respectability and small means, albeit not without ambition and a certain upward tendency.

Handel's father, already sixty-three at the birth of Georg Friedrich, was reluctant to see the son of his old age become a musician. To this circumstance we owe the romantic story of the visit of father and son to the court of Sächse-Weissenfels, the prince pleading with the father that the boy be educated as a musician instead of a lawyer. Handel himself was too young to show any inclination toward law,—what boy ever did? —but seems already to have given evidence of fitness for an artistic career by disregarding or disobeying his father's directions to let music alone, and by having his own way in spite of parental opposition, presumably of a somewhat strenuous nature. Handel and his father must have been very far apart at best, for when the father died at seventy-five the son was but twelve.

He seems to have had great vitality and strength even as a child, and in his youth to have towered above his companions by sheer force and wealth of energy, physical and mental. His nature was intensely active, his ambition restless, constant, irresistible, yet perfectly consistent and admirable. As a boy of seventeen he had an exceptional appetite for hard work. He apparently went out of his way to find it, and to the already sufficiently engrossing duties of organist at the Schloss- und Dom-Kirche in Halle he voluntarily added others during his year's tenancy of that post, for which his successor can hardly have been grateful. He perceived what he needed for further development, and pursued it without hesitation. This is shown by his journey to Hamburg at the first moment he was free to go, and by his further progress to Italy and England.

We need not dwell upon the immediate circumstances which impelled him to such wide, restless wanderings, but we must recognize his general impulse toward something more and better than he already knew. Handel had plenty of confidence in himself, but not more than was justified by the opinion of those who surrounded him, and he had always a fund of rather grim humor, which must have done him good service throughout life and taught him the real proportions of things. Mattheson says that when he came to Hamburg he played second violin in the orchestra, and acted as if he did not know how to count five. But when he had a chance to play harpsichord at the opera, which amounted to conducting the whole performance, he acquitted himself like a man, although no one but Mattheson supposed him capable of doing so.

That his intellect was of a close-grained, muscular quality is indicated by his success in what were called the polite studies. It was before the day of percentages in education, so we cannot determine the exact volume of his attainments in Latin or even in counterpoint. There can be no doubt, however, that both were more than sufficient. His standing in the University of Halle was high. He distinguished himself in Latin and gained command of French, Italian, and, later in life, of English. His musical erudition and facility were prodigious, and, as was true of all great musicians before our romantic school, they were practical as well as theoretical. The counterpoint of all sorts and other musical tricks which he learned in his youth were not abstract studies of a scientifically interesting nature, but were gradual additions to the vocabulary of a language in which he had to learn to express his musical thoughts readily and fluently. The canon- and fugue-making which he studied and practised were not confined to paper, but were instantly vitalized at the keyboard. They were as available and probably as correct when he extemporized in public on harpsichord or organ as in the seclusion of his study, where his sketches were made and developed.

Both as composer and performer he sought opportunity to measure his powers with those of the masters of music who were within his reach. Counterpoint and the partly mechanical music of his time he regarded at their true value, and although familiar with their utmost resources, he early used them as a means rather than an end. Perhaps owing in part to his connection with the theater, he estimated mere musical learning more justly according to our ideas than most of his contemporaries. The need of addressing his music directly to the public, as one must in opera, gave him a breadth and simplicity which were rare at the time. Such a view of Handel's estimate of mere mechanical skill is confirmed by the fact that an important part of his ideas usually remained in his mind, to be carried out in detail extemporaneously. This was common custom at the time, but in Handel's case the number of his ideas was so great that he apparently could not command the time to elaborate his sketches. I shall refer to this habit later.

BIRTHPLACE OF HANDEL AT HALLE, SAXONY.

Hándel in Italy was a full-blooded, warm-hearted, short-tempered young virtuoso, who was cordially admired and loved, though in his masterful manner he must have trodden upon many toes. There is a characteristic anecdote that he once impatiently snatched the violin and bow from the hands of Corelli to show how a passage must be performed. The gentle Corelli's reply is significant of his courtesy, patience, and love of Handel: "But, dear Saxon, this music is in the French style, which I do not understand." We can hardly doubt that Handel saw the incident in its true light.

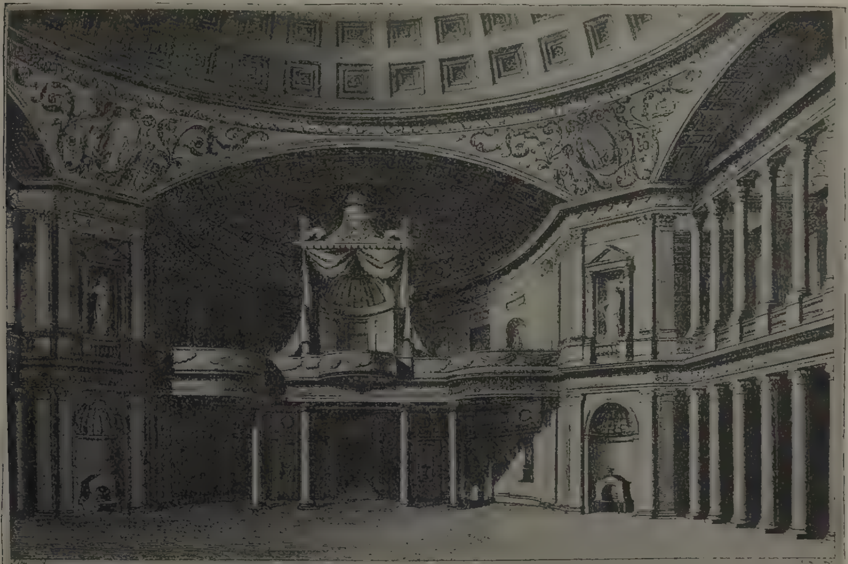
Before his first visit to England Handel's work, so far as we know it, was scarcely so different from that of his contemporaries as to account for the place which he now holds in music. It was genial, well made, and effective, admirable to the public and his colleagues, but it was not yet the work of Handel as we know him. He learned to use instruments in Germany, to use voices in Italy, but the full fruition of this learning was first made manifest in England. I may add that if Handel had made no progress after his fiftieth year he would hardly occupy a much higher place in music than that held by Scarlatti, Rameau, Couperin, or even by other contemporaries whose names the casual student of musical history recalls with difficulty.

No one will deny the unmistakable genius shown in his earlier work. The rough vigor, the strength, not without grace, but never merely graceful, of his instrumental works, the splendidly powerful, entirely competent workmanship of the "Utrecht Te Deum," the "Chandos Anthems," and other similar works, would always have appealed to musicians as they now do. But they are studies for the final style, and the effect of the qualities we admire in the early works is so strongly reinforced, so confirmed and completed, by what followed, that it scarcely could have been felt in the same degree were we not looking at them through the atmosphere which characterizes the later, greater compositions. I think the opera "Rinaldo" first shows the great Handel unmistakably, and even then not in the guise familiar to us.

Handel of the English opera period is a fascinating study for the historian, perhaps even more than for the musician. Successful, intensely active, constantly before the public, surrounded by enemies and rivals as well as by friends and admirers, he was a power in the world of music such as has seldom been seen. But even here we do not find the real, the ultimate Handel whom we seek.

The opera resulted eventually in his financial ruin, and we now see in that fact a blessing (pretty thoroughly disguised for him, it is true), for the opera, vital as it seemed to him and his contemporaries, was really but a training-school, a continuance of the educational process which culminated in his oratorios, which were experimental at first, as "Esther," "Deborah," etc., but magnificently perfect in "Israel in Egypt" and "The Messiah." "The Messiah" does not need the stamp of our approval. Mozart, Franz, and innumerable lesser lights have worked over it with enthusiasm. The public in many lands, though most of all in England, have given it a measure of approbation such as never yet has distinguished any other work by any musician. And although through much use parts of it are worn well-nigh to tatters, the whole stands as fast and firm as ever, a tie of tremendous strength between Handel and the world.

In claiming Handel as an English composer, Rockstro says: "Handel conceived his last and greatest style of composition to meet the taste of his English auditors, used it only when setting English words to music, and found himself, through its influence, placed so closely *en rapport* with the public that, attracted by a sympathy more powerful than that of patriotism, he at once made common cause with his new friends, forsook his fatherland, and dwelt among us as an English subject for the remainder of his life. Handel has given us a school of English oratorio which owes its existence to the peculiar bias of our national taste as truly as does the literature of the Elizabethan era or the pointed arch of Early English architecture. And the school is for all time. As long as Englishmen are Englishmen it will speak to their religious faith and artistic sense of beauty as no other music has spoken since the days of Tallis and Byrd and Farrant and Orlando Gibbons, for it is as truly English as the cathedral music of the sixteenth century." This is a rather radical view, and by an Englishman, but I think it well founded.



An Inside View of the PANTHEON *exhibiting their* MAJESTIES *Box &c. as fitted up under the direction of* Mr. JAMES WYATT, *for the Commemoration of* HANDEL.

Like every great composer, Handel inherited all previous music. He knew the music of the past thoroughly, and nearly all that of his contemporaries, and he did not scruple to use parts of it if they seemed suitable to his purposes. Dr. Crotch, in his "Lectures on Music" (1831), states that Handel quoted or copied from the works of Palestrina and others, giving a list of twenty-nine names, ending with a most significant "etc."

SINGERS IN HANDEL'S ORATORIOS IN LONDON.

Sir Frederick Bridge, in the Gresham lectures for 1899, draws a picture of Handel as a genial old musical pirate with only a faint appreciation of the difference between "mine" and "thine."

The German Handel Society prints five volumes of "Sources of Handel's Composition," including an entire Magnificat of large dimensions, which Handel appropriated almost bodily and diverted to his own uses. In these days, when many critics spend their energies and intellects in the hunt for reminiscences, and their sarcasm on them when found or imagined, this seems a shocking, a scandalous thing. The natural inference is that if he stole an entire cantata he certainly would not call on his own inventive powers for smaller things. It may be that this practice was sometimes due to absent-mindedness. But this can hardly account for Handel's use of the whole Magnificat in many movements (by Erba). It is rather difficult to defend this habit of musical cleptomania, even if there were but one instance of it, and there are many, in spite of Rockstro's vigorous denials. Heine says there is no eighth commandment in art. Was not Shakspere a most comprehensive, conscienceless, and consistent plagiarist? And who thinks less of him for it? I confess that to me these reminiscences, plagiarisms, or whatever one may wish to call them, seem much more interesting than important; nor, looked at fairly, do they reflect upon his artistic integrity. Handel always treated his captives or his booty well; he always improved, never abused or abased, them. The element of financial loss to the original owner was almost a negligible quantity, for copyright in music hardly existed in those days. The first statute granting copyright came into effect under

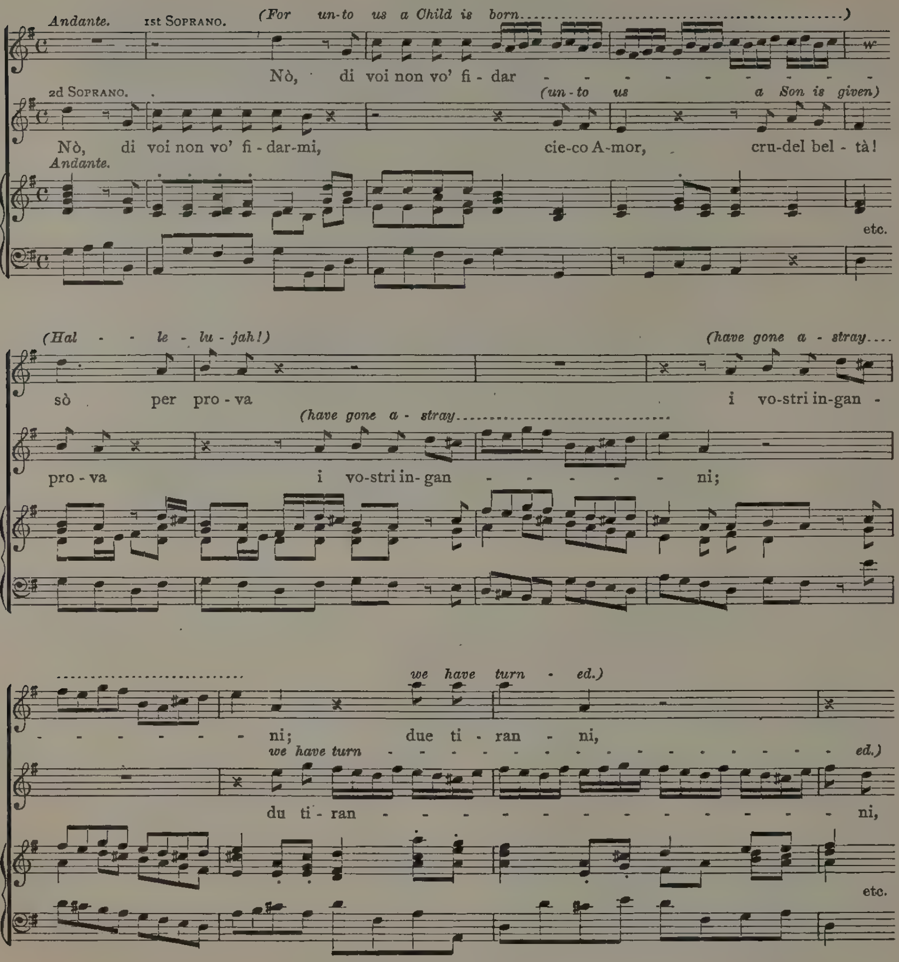
SINGERS IN HANDEL'S ORATORIOS IN LONDON.

Queen Anne, in 1710, and we get a vivid impression of its real value to a composer from Handel's facetious proposition to his publisher, Walsh, apropos of "Rinaldo" (published in 1711), that Walsh should compose the next opera and Handel publish it. Moreover, Handel cribbed with perfect impartiality, and from his own works as freely as from those of others. He was, perhaps, an early believer in the present wide-spread theory that substance is unimportant in comparison with workmanship. We see that he was fond of using the same idea repeatedly, especially if it was a good one. The beautiful, well-known air in "Rinaldo," "Lascia ch'io pianga," appears first in "Almira" (1705), and again in the "Trionfo del tempo e della verita" (1708). The same whole finale serves for the "Organ Concerto in D Minor," one of the suites for piano, and one of the great concertos for orchestra. Finally, his borrowed ideas are infinitely less important, less imposing, than his original ones.

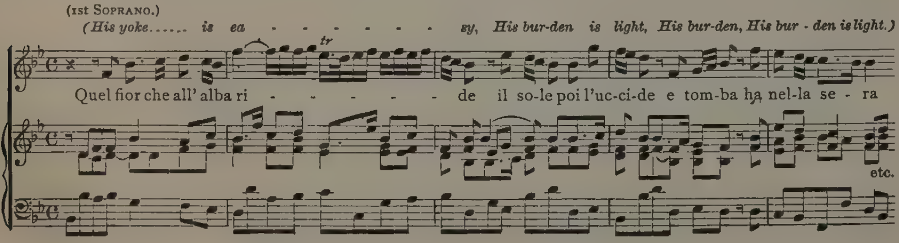
This whole phase of Handel's character seems to me merely an incidental eccentricity of a large and genial nature—not one to be imitated, surely, but, like a mole on a strong face, not without a certain rugged charm if one can regard it without prejudice. And, I repeat, I do not think it reflects upon his honesty either as a man or a musician.

Later in life Handel often put his own musical children through a process of artificial sanctification, and we may see many arias, etc., profane in their original estate, regenerate with pious words in the oratorios. A striking instance of this habit is seen in the following duet, which is dated "London, July 3, 1741," and contains some of the most familiar ideas in "The Messiah," which was begun seven weeks later.

DUET—"Nò, di voi non vo' fidarmi" (1741).


Andante. 1st Soprano.
(For un-to us a Child is born.........)
Nò, di voi non vo' fi - dar - - - - - - - -
2d Soprano.
(un-to us a Son is given)
Nò, di voi non vo' fi - dar-mi, cie-co A-mor, cru-del bel - tà!
Andante.
etc.
(Hal - - le - lu - jah!)
(have gone a - stray....
sò per pro - va i vo-stri in-gan -
(have gone a - stray.........)
pro - va i vo-stri in-gan - - - - - - ni;
we have turn - ed.)
- - - - - - - ni; due ti - ran - ni,
we have turn - - - - - - - - ed.)
du ti - ran - - - - - - - - - ni,
etc.

A second illustration of the same kind was composed July 1, 1741. The key and notation are the same as in the chorus from "The Messiah."


(1st Soprano.)
(His yoke...... is ea - - - - - - sy, His bur-den is light, His bur-den, His bur - den is light.)
tr
Quel fior che all' alba ri - - - - - de il so-le poi l'uc-ci-de e tom-ba ha nel-la se - ra
etc.

But to say truth, the difference between opera and oratorio at this time was mainly in the text and in the usual absence of important choruses in opera. The arias were usually as good for the one as for the other. It is frequently the case in the works of Bach as well as in those of Handel that the line between the sacred and the secular is not at all clear save by association with words. Except in a few instances of playful or ponderous secularity, we find no difference. This has puzzled many writers who insist on taking sacred music much more seriously than the other kind. The truth is that these men's religion was part of their daily life, as natural as any regular bodily or mental function, and bore a much closer relation to their daily work than we are apt to remember or appreciate. Witness to this is found in the ascriptions "S. D. G." ("Soli Deo Gloria"), etc., upon the manuscripts, and additional proofs might be adduced almost indefinitely.

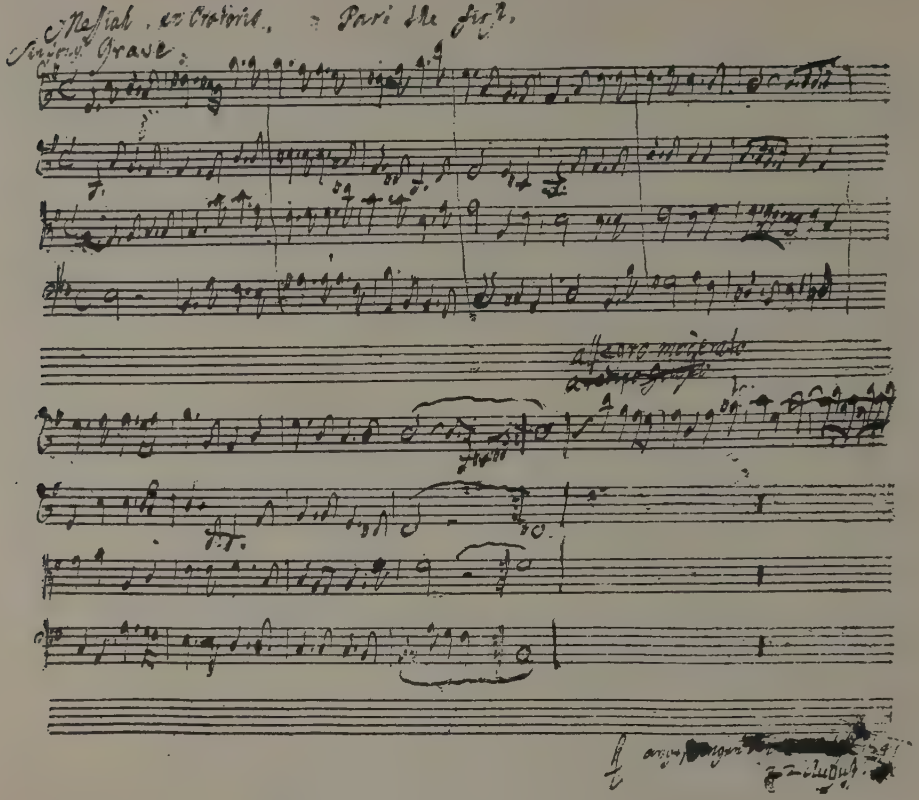
It has always interested me to compare the points of similarity and difference between Bach and Handel. Both men commanding the utmost resources of the art of their time, it is surely well to see what different uses they made of their powers. The radical difference seems to me that Handel is primarily or principally a composer who shows his greatest skill in the use of voices, whereas the music of Bach is chiefly instrumental in spirit and character.

Another characteristic difference pointing in the same direction is that much of Handel's work is left in a partly unfinished state. He made a multitude of outlines and sketches, and seemed, on the whole, rather careless of details, while, on the other hand, Bach has left little that is not finished and polished to the highest degree. The difference between the two is almost like the difference between scene-painting and miniature.

The orchestral score of "The Messiah" is written on a page with ten staves. Bach, in the "S. Matthew Passion," uses generally a page with twenty-six staves. (See following pages.)

Of course these are extreme examples,—sometimes Handel used more than ten and Bach less than twenty-six lines in orchestral scores,—but the illustration may serve to emphasize the sketchiness of the one and the polish of the other. The organ concertos of Handel are written, as to the solo part (with one exception), on two lines and in two parts or voices. The accompaniment is for strings, usually in three voices. Nor can I find any organ works of Handel in a finished state. The outlines are perfect, but the details, the inner voices, are left to the performer. The organ works of Bach leave no possible room for improvement, no excuse for alterations. Every note is in place, every voice scrupulously carried out and finished, every work complete. The piano music of Handel is more finished than that for the organ, but still rough, almost careless, compared with that of Bach.

Both men made much music for special occasions (*Gelegenheitsmusik*).

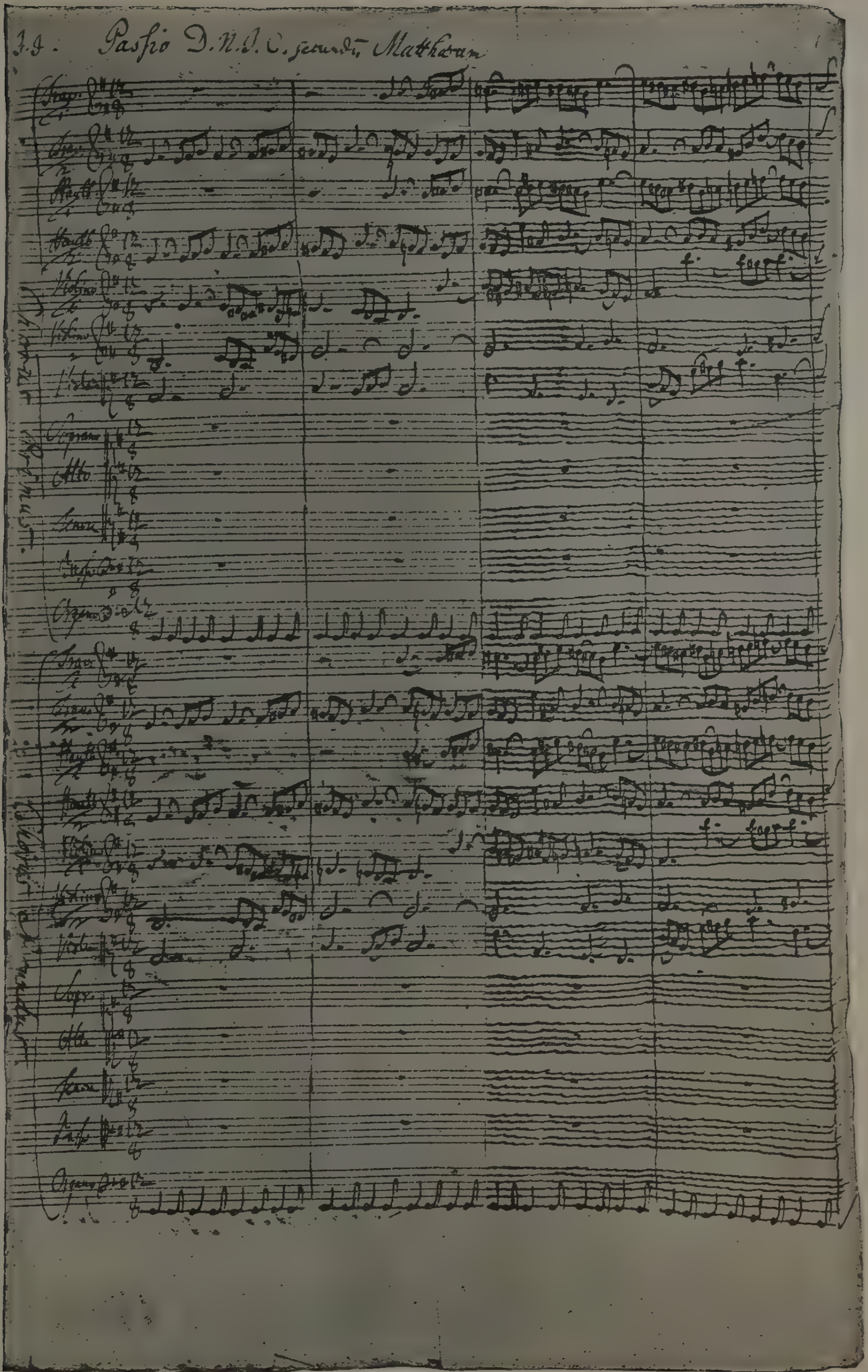


FACSIMILE OF THE OPENING PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL SCORE OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

From the reproduction, published by the Sacred Harmonic Society of London, of the original autograph score, in the library at Buckingham Palace. By permission of Novello, Ewer & Co.

That of Handel, though containing some of his finest thoughts, seems made at times with the instincts of a theater manager who seeks to appeal to the public in the shortest and most direct way; that of Bach, rather to satisfy his own love for the most perfect musical workmanship.

It seems fair to say that Bach may have been the more modern composer of the two, in spite of his apparently greater love for forms which were even in his time nearly archaic, in the same sense that one may say Brahms is more modern than Wagner, not in point of time, but in the spirit of infinite carefulness and indifference to outward effect so strongly expressed in the works of Bach and Brahms as compared with those of Handel and Wagner. Handel worked in great bursts of almost volcanic energy. "The Messiah" was composed in twenty-three days. He must have been at fever-heat throughout them. Bach gives the impression that he hasted as little as he rested—his was a serene, strong outpouring of nearly even force and vigor.



FACSIMILE OF THE OPENING PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL SCORE OF BACH'S "PASSION OF SAINT MATTHEW."

Reproduced, by permission, from the facsimile published by the Bach Society in Leipsic.

I have found it interesting to study the effect of the two men's music on the public. Probably it is always better fun to make music than to listen to it. I suppose that a chorus always has greater pleasure in singing than its audience in listening. This is surely the case with the music of Bach. But in Handel the two exercises, the passive and the active, come nearer to affording the same kind and degree of enjoyment. I think this shows in part the secret of Handel's hold on the public, which usually can hear a greater part of the whole and come closer to the feelings of the performers or singers themselves than can be the case in the music of Bach. Is it only my fancy, or is it fair to say that Handel's polyphony, his prodigious contrapuntal skill, never touch the appreciation of the highly trained, practical musician so nearly as do the same qualities in Bach, that he does not give the exquisite, mysterious, almost painful pleasure we may have in the liquid, hundred-colored, yet limpid flow of many voices and many singing instruments, as in the beginning of the "Matthew Passion"?

Handel may be less polished, more barbaric, occasionally almost brutal in his frankness and simplicity, but his choral works, particularly, go straight to the public heart and satisfy the public taste. While these are qualities to be distrusted, perhaps, in compositions of the present time, they are unquestionable proof of vitality and nobility in music which is nearing the end of the second century of its life and popularity.

No composer, excepting possibly Schubert, has left such a wealth of unadorned melody as Handel. And the melody of Handel touches the public heart, as do the splendid strength and vigor of his choruses, more directly and conclusively than anything Bach has left us. Compare, in their effect upon the public, "He was despised," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "He shall feed his flock," "Lascia ch'io pianga," "Waft her, angels," with similar arias of Bach. Handel treated the voice always as a human voice; Bach sometimes, perhaps usually, as an instrument. On the other hand, compare the great organ fugues or the delicious air for the G string with similar pieces of Handel. There is no such wealth of simple melodic beauty in Bach, but there is no such beauty in Handel's inner voices as in those of Bach. This is by way of illustrating my original proposition that Handel is first of all a vocalist, Bach an instrumentalist. I am not advising any one to apply a foot-rule to either, or to determine their relative stature, but to examine the two widely differing characters, and to see how they contrast with and complete each other.

I have sometimes thought that the love of the public may have cost Handel the sympathy of many a musician. It is so hard for musicians to be enthusiastic over things which the plain public really enjoys.

Those who by much delving have acquired the power to look from within upon archaic music — and much of Handel is archaic — are apt to turn up their noses at Handel. (The public never will, nor can real musicians.) It is the fashion of some to call the largo from "Xerxes," for instance, a vulgar tune. It is not that. It is old, much worn, a little shabby, and perhaps not very refined, but not vulgar, for vulgarity in music was not then invented. Music then might be dry, commonplace, or stupid, but inherent, essential vulgarity in melody and harmony, in the music itself, is one of the achievements of the nineteenth century.

THE HANDEL COMMEMORATION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Erroneously held in 1784; repeated in 1785.

Not all of Handel or of Bach is still living, vital music. Their recitatives, useful as they are and much as enthusiasts may admire them, are, with few exceptions, as dead to the average young musician of to-day as the Latin language or the *recitativo secco.* They seem to us much as the barless music of Dufay may have seemed to Handel — admirable and interesting, but both rather to the antiquarian than to the contemporary musical intellect. The same may be said of many arias and choruses which seem to us wooden and lacking in juiciness; but I believe that though all the music which was mere mannerism or mechanically made has lost its power of appealing to us, that which was made with enthusiasm, with conviction, that which was the individual expression of the composer himself, in short, the best of it, is still as beautiful as ever. And I believe that those portions of Handel's music which produced the greatest effect upon the original audiences still affect us most strongly.

The position of Handel in the world of music may be thus defined.

It has often been said that all art progresses in waves, though a simile suggestive of greater stability would be more to my taste. There are long periods of gradual ascent which culminate in the work of some one or more great and always voluminous composers, the high and even excellence of whose work establishes a standard by which that of immediate predecessors and successors is judged and at the same time overshadowed. Music is the youngest of arts, and the summits in her progress are few and well defined. The first is occupied by Palestrina, who crowns the ascent begun by Dufay and continued by his successors in the Netherlands and Italy.

Following the apex of such waves, other waves begin, undoubtedly on a lower level and pointing in a new direction, but always tending irresistibly upward. Monteverde and his followers cannot be said to continue Palestrina's work on his level, but with the early instrumentalists they begin a second wave, at the top of which we find both Handel and Bach.

These two great figures complete the slope, which shows many men of many nations in its composition.

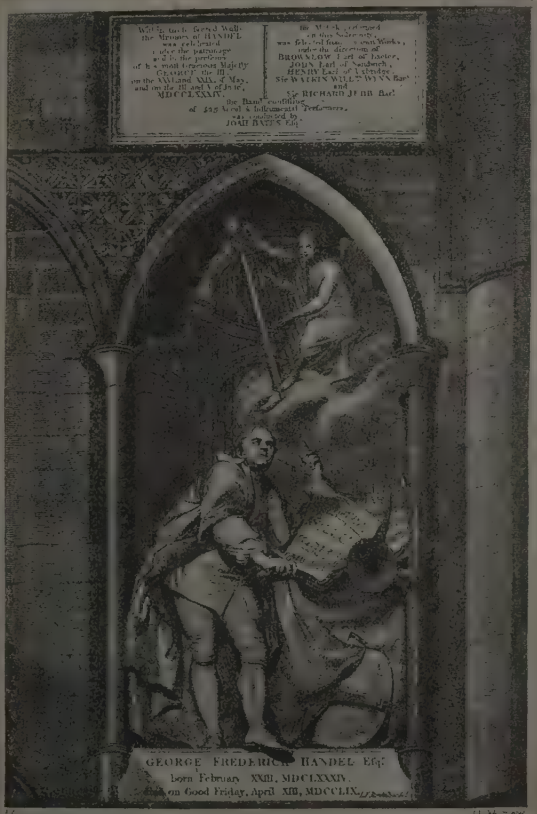
Frescobaldi, Buxtehude, Lulli, Scarlatti, Purcell, all reach the logical climax of their musical expression in these two men.

To continue the parable, Philipp Emanuel Bach, the young Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, the old Haydn, and countless others all lead to the highest point in formal music, which we find in Beethoven.

The school of romanticists seems complete in Wagner, though we are too near to know yet the real significance and value of this group. Now, who shall say that Handel or Bach reached a point higher than Palestrina, or Beethoven one higher than Bach or Handel? To me it seems rather nearer or farther than higher. But these are the summits—Palestrina, Handel and Bach, Beethoven, Wagner.

After all is said and done, Handel remains one of the monumental figures of music. Nothing can be said which will lessen his greatness, and nothing can weaken his hold upon us. He was a giant whose strength abated not, but rather increased even to the end of a long and intensely active life. And there were giants in those days.

All Handel's qualities, all his life, are consistent. His glorious honesty in money matters, his untiring, progressive activity even when in pain and affliction, his intolerance of mediocrity, his genial recklessness in making enemies, his wholesome contempt for conventional honors, suggesting that the degree of Doctor of Music be given to one of whom he spoke as his bellows-blower, as he himself did not desire it—these combine to form the picture of a man who might not perhaps always prove a suave and comfortable companion, but whom one might admire without reserve or fear of disappointment. He was a public man, secure in the knowledge of his powers and proud in the exercise of them, though wasting little time in the contemplation of his own greatness.



View of HANDEL'S Monument
in Westminster Abbey.

His changing fortunes and attrition from contact with the rough side of life developed, strengthened, and solidified the generous dignity of his nature.

He was early placed, by pensions, beyond the reach of real poverty. One of £200 under Queen Anne, and a second and third of like amount under King George I and King George II respectively, all three for life, insured this. Mention may also be made of a single gift of £1000 from the Duke of Chandos to Handel at the first performance of "Esther," his first English oratorio, in 1720, as illustrating the generosity of this patron.

He had an Olympian disregard for detail, although with the power of infinite application and carefulness upon occasion, and he speaks in his music as firmly and surely to our imaginations as he did to those of one hundred and fifty years ago.

The ages have ripened Handel's work. It is clean and sweet, and if dry occasionally, it is with no offensive or puerile dryness.

He delivered faithfully to his own time the essential traditions of all great musicians who preceded him, and still gives to us and to future generations an example of unselfish devotion to the highest ideals, which is among our most precious inheritances. His influence, long as it has been exerted for good, shall not, may not, be less in the future.

The study of the life and works of Handel, with admiration for and emulation of his motives and his perfectly rounded artistic career, is now and always must be among the most interesting and valuable of the duties of musicians and lovers of music.

Twas you Sr Twas you ſir -
I tell you nothing new ſir.
Twas you that kiſs'd the —
Pretty Girl. - Twas you Sr you

The CATCH SINGERS.
Real Characters.

BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO. NEW YORK.

MOZART.

FROM A PAINTING BY M. RODIG

MOZART
Engraved from a bust by T. Blood.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

BY

EDVARD GRIEG

"WHAT kind of face would Bach, Händel, Haydn, and Mozart make after hearing an opera by Wagner?" asks an English writer. I shall not attempt to answer for the first three, but it is safe to say that Mozart, the universal genius whose mind was free from Philistinism and one-sidedness, would not only open his eyes wide, but would be as delighted as a child with all the new acquisitions in the departments of drama and orchestra In this light must Mozart be viewed. To speak of Mozart is like speaking of a god. When *Gretchen* asks *Faust*, "Do you believe in God?" he answers, "Who dares name him, who confess him?" In these profound words of Goethe I would express my feelings toward Mozart. Where he is greatest he embraces all times. What if this or that generation be sufficiently *blasé* to desire to overlook him? Beauty is eternal, and the edicts of fashion can obscure it only for a moment As far as our day is concerned, it is well that Wagner has engraved Mozart's name on his shield. His belief in Mozart is unmistakably attested in his writings, and he has thereby placed himself in emphatic opposition to the musicians of our time, who are so advanced that they no longer care to hear Mozart's music, and reluctantly grant it a place in their concert programs. It is to be hoped that this arrogant ignorance has not found a root in the healthy musical youth of the free West, and I therefore speak to my honored readers under the presumption of their sympathy with the unapproachable master.

In using the word "unapproachable" I may possibly hurt some people's feelings. For what shall we say, then, of Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner? In a certain sense Mozart is, even compared with these heroes, unapproachable. In Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner we admire principally the depth and energy of the human mind; in Mozart, the divine instinct. His highest inspirations seem untouched by human labor. Unlike the masters cited, no trace of struggle remains in the forms in which he molded his material. Mozart has the childish, happy, Aladdin nature which overcomes all difficulties as in play. He creates like a god, without pain.

HOUSE IN WHICH MOZART WAS BORN, SALZBURG.
Drawn by Malcolm Fraser from a photograph by Ludwig Hardtmuth.

Let us dwell a moment on that world of beauty which we call Mozart. His life extended from 1756 to 1791. What a short span of time! What an ocean of works! Had Mozart spent his whole life doing nothing but writing music, the quantity of it would be astounding. But when we realize how much time was taken up by professional tours, we have the best proof of the incomparable rapidity of his workmanship. Schubert, who did not live even as long as Mozart, equals him in this respect; but Schubert's life was quiet and secluded.

Next to the remarkable talent of the child Mozart his precocity excites our wonder. No less surprising than his concert performances on the piano is his early mastery of the technic of composition. The phenomenon can be explained only by his education. Such a training perhaps no other composer, not even Mendelssohn, ever had. We know that Mozart's father, who was himself an excellent musician, devoted his whole life and activity to the task of making, first of all, a man of his son, while at the same time guiding and developing his artistic gifts. When we find young Mozart writing in a letter, "After God, papa comes at once," we understand how he appreciated this father; and in his touching filial love we find one of the pillars on which rests the purity of his art.

MOZART'S DWELLING IN SALZBURG

His early mastery of technic and of the pure beauty of form he thus doubtless owes to the education he received in his loving home. His early and perfect mastery of the technic of composition suggests an interesting comparison with Wagner. Both these masters won immortality with their operas. Both threw themselves with all the enthusiasm of youth into this branch of art. Wagner's experience, acquired by early activity as a conductor, has its counterpart in the strict training Mozart received from his travels as a musician, begun in childhood. The result in each case is clearness. Both these musicians are from the outset complete masters of the complicated apparatus required for the writing of an opera —an apparatus which most composers learn to control only by long and laborious effort, with hard struggles and disappointments. Let us place the two juvenile masterworks, "The Elopement from the Seraglio" and "Tannhäuser," side by side. There is no wavering in either, but perfect certainty in aim and in choice of means. On the basis of this technical mastership the individuality of each master develops with wonderful rapidity. The step from "Tannhäuser" to "Lohengrin" is just as great as that from the "Elopement" to "Figaro." "Lohengrin" and "Figaro"! The warm light of fully conscious personality is diffused from every bar of these two masterworks. But if we review further the creative activity of their composers, what melancholy seizes us in contemplating Mozart's fate! When Wagner completed "Tannhäuser" all his principal works were yet to be written; when Mozart finished the "Seraglio" his two greatest works, "Don Juan" and "The Magic Flute," were likewise still to be created; but after these his life was cut short at the beginning of his manhood. The death of Mozart before he had passed his thirty-fifth year is perhaps the greatest loss the musical world has ever suffered. Of modern masters the one who in respect to form most resembles Mozart—Mendelssohn—lived only a little longer; and it was lucky for him that he died when he did, for he had already reached his zenith. How different with Mozart! To his last hour his genius continued to develop. In "The Magic Flute" and the "Requiem" we have a presentiment that new hidden springs are on the point of bursting forth. That Mozart learned to know and love Bach so late in his life must be regarded as a leading circumstance in connection with this fact. With what deep fervor he allowed this man—of whom Beethoven said, "Not Bach [brook], but Ocean, should be his name"—to strike root in his own personality, we see, among other things, in the delightful fugued choral in the last act of "The Magic Flute." It was Wagner's polyphonic power that secured him his later triumphs; and this same power would have led Mozart to new victories if he could have been permitted to live longer. For it was this power which, notwithstanding the influence of the Italian school, lay in the depth of his German[1] soul, and which Bach first helped him to find in the privacy of his own personality.

It is said that unprincipled persons took unfair advantage of Mozart in the last years of his life, and thus accelerated his death. The author of the more than dubious libretto of "The Magic Flute," Schikaneder, certainly helped to secure to the world this masterwork of Mozart's. But if he was, as is said, one of those who dared to exploit Mozart for their selfish purposes and thus draw him down to their own level, then woe to him and his memory! In that case we can understand why, when he heard of Mozart's death, he went about like one possessed, exclaiming, "His ghost pursues me everywhere—stands always before my eyes!" Yet even if he helped to break down Mozart's health and thus to shorten his life, he did not succeed in clouding his ideal imagination, as "The Magic Flute" proves. Schikaneder is mere superficiality. With Mozart even the superficial becomes symbolical, and a deep ethical spirit pervades the whole work.

When I hear people exclaim, "Yes; but the wretched text!" I answer, "Very true; but do you not understand that the text is recomposed by the music, ennobled by it, and raised high above triviality?" If music did not possess this capacity, many of its greatest masterworks would be entirely unpalatable. I can well understand that a bright man of letters, who is unable to hear how the text is refined and vivified by the tones, who looks at it from a purely literary point of view, may find it a disagreeable task to listen to "The Magic Flute"—nay, even to operas with much better texts. A great composer understands how to animate any detail of the poem, be it ever so dull; and he who attends an operatic performance with a predominating literary interest runs the risk of losing the most inspired moments. For, strange as it may sound, such passages often are built up most impressively on the most ordinary literary substratum. There are excellent texts which absolutely demand music. It is related of a great modern poet who for the first time heard Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," and had gone to the theater free from all prejudice, that after he had gazed for a while with the most serious and expectant face on the scene which, by its duration, is capable of producing, on one to whom it is not interpreted by the music, an impression which is not only fatiguing,

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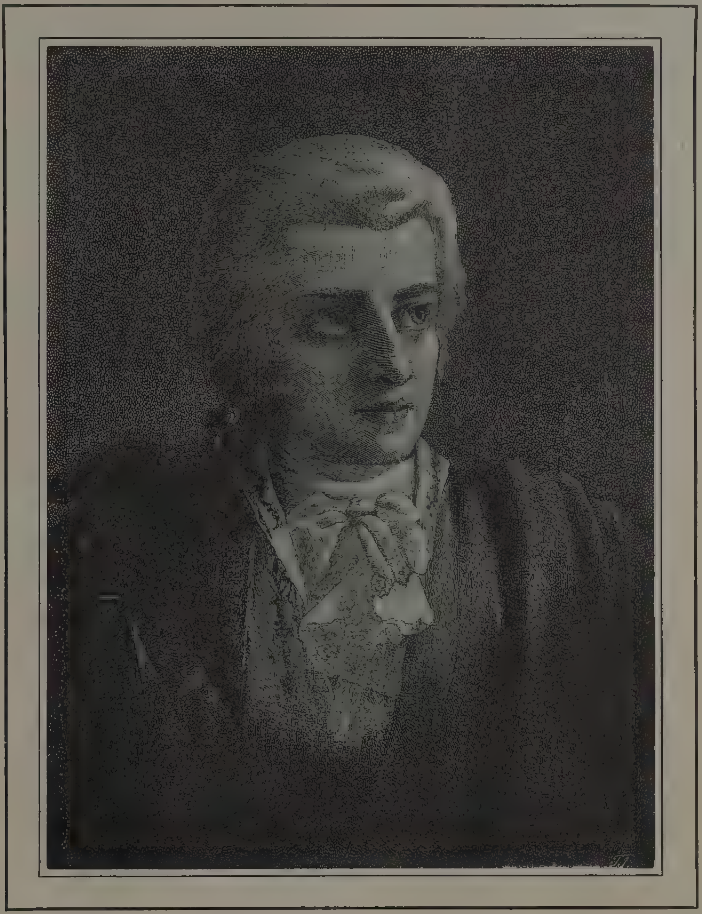
[1] Mozart was Austrian and Bach possibly Croatian.—EDITORS.



PORTRAIT OF MOZART.

Painted by Lorenz Vogel, 1887. Photographed by Franz Hanfstaengl.

but is positively that of a parody, he suddenly, in spite of the tragic situation, was unable to suppress a smile. This smile changed into laughter which at last shook the bench, so that a friend who accompanied had to whisper in his ear, "But, X——, we can go away!" "Yes, we can go away," groaned

MOZART IN HIS SEVENTH YEAR

the poet, who at that moment realized the painful situation. And in the midst of the act the two men made their way through the parquet. May this episode furnish food for thought to those in particular who listen to an opera like "The Magic Flute" first from a literary, then from a musical point of view! "Yes; but the text!" We must get so far in our understanding of the stage-work, compounded of words and tones, that at a certain moment the music supplements the words, or *vice versa;* otherwise works like "The Magic Flute" will remain to many a book with seven seals.

When we compare Mozart and Wagner, the truth of the proverb that "extremes meet" forces itself upon us. That these two masters represent "the extremes" is easily understood by any lover of music, but it may perhaps be necessary to indicate where they "meet." Certainly Weber must be regarded as Wagner's immediate predecessor; but if Gluck is named, and not improperly, as the man on whose shoulders Wagner stands, then we must not forget how much he owes to Mozart. For the greatness of Mozart lies in the fact that his influence in the dramatic part of music extends to our time. I have in mind, for example, the developed recitative where Mozart more and more trod paths which it remained for Wagner to open still more fully for the modern music-drama in his dialogue. Certain recitatives of *Donna Anna* and *Elvira* in "Don Juan" are the originals after which our whole conception of the recitative has been modeled. That Wagner also understood how to appropriate Mozart directly is, oddly enough, proved by a passage in "Lohengrin" which, although genuinely Wagnerian in coloring, yet in its conception has its musical counterpart in "Don Juan." Compare, for instance, in the second act of "Lohengrin," *Ortrud's* words,

> Stärkt mich im Dienste eurer heil'gen Sache,
> Vernichtet der abtrünnigen schnöden Wahn![1]

with the close of the first act of "Don Juan," the music to the words of *Donna Anna* and the chorus, "Bebe, schwarzer Missetäter!"[2]

I mention this casually in order to show that the messieurs Wagnerites would do well to whisper softly when they talk about ignoring Mozart. This ignoring would be too ridiculous to consider, were it not that so many of the best operatic conductors of our time are one-sided Wagnerians. How often have I heard in Germany perfect performances of Wagner's music-dramas under the direction of the same conductors who huddle a Mozart opera in a workaday manner! Nay, here and there these operas are even intrusted to second-rate conductors, the chief being reserved for Wagner. Under such circumstances it is asking too much to expect to come away from a Mozart performance with an impression corresponding even approximately to the value of the opera. It is enough to drive one to despair to think that such a state of affairs is tolerated—nay, even approved. But what a satisfaction it is, too, to be able to mention exceptions! As one of the most eminent of these I name Arthur Nikisch. To him the great is great, whether its name is Wagner or Mozart. His masterly interpretations of Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelungs," of "Tristan," of the "Meistersinger," will live in the memory of all who are so lucky as to reside in Leipsic during the period of his conductorship at the opera. But no less assuredly will they remember his performance of "Don Juan," his devoted interpretation and careful attention to details, not least in the elaborated recitatives. On these occasions the house resounded with the same rejoicings that one hears after a Wagner opera. May the time come soon when at least those masters who belong to history will be treated with equal justice by their sole representatives, the musical directors, in whose hands their fate is placed! May these gentlemen be brought to a realizing sense of their great responsibility! If our generation acts as if it had outgrown Mozart, we find here the main secret of that attitude. If a Wagner opera were done as negligently, not only musically but scenically, as Mozart's often are, we should see strange things; and such things we shall see when the inevitable reaction sets in. Then Wagner will get what is Wagner's, and Mozart what is Mozart's. Let but a more subjective and reverential period displace that of the Wagnerian agitators! All art belongs to history and should be viewed historically. All acquisitions of our time, such as orchestration, harmony, etc., have had their counterparts in Mozart's time. He, too, was once new—so new that his boldness aroused a strong opposition among many contemporary musicians; and Wagner will some day be viewed at the same distance and judged historically. Then it will be shown how much it means to stand firm like Mozart in spite of changing times. It is not difficult to stand if one is surrounded by the complete sympathy, the full appreciation, of the whole young generation—a generation, moreover, which has been educated to the task of making converts to the master's cause, and not resting until his ideas have been impressed on all.

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[1] Strike them with death who profane your altars!
And strengthen my soul to avenge your wrongs!

[2] "Tremble, wretched evil-doer!"

MOZART'S GRAND PIANO, IN THE MOZART MUSEUM.

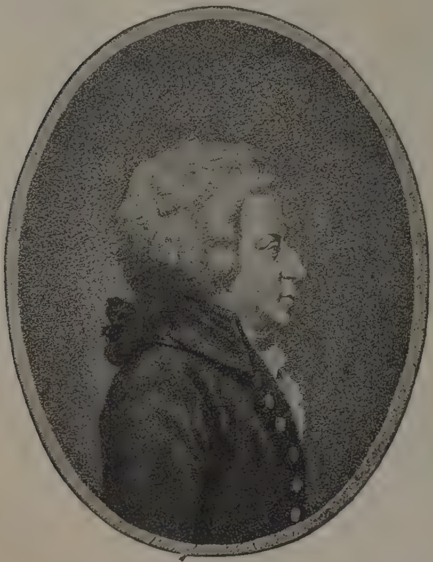
MOZART'S SPINET, IN THE MOZART MUSEUM.

Mozart had no pupils, and he had to leave his works to the accidental caprices of posterity. A new generation found new tasks in the sphere of the musical drama. Mozart was not merely neglected: we know, alas! how his operas were performed in the European opera-houses. The scandalous production of "The Magic Flute" in Paris showed that Mozart had no one to champion his cause and his ideals. Mozart's operas had a fate similar to that of the superb Catholic architectural works of the middle ages, which after the Reformation were brutally plastered over by the Protestants. Posterity did all it could do to mar their beauty.

But you may ask, whence comes this lack of reverence for Mozart in so many talented young musicians? Here is the heart of the matter. Many of us have in our early youth loved—nay, worshiped—Mozart, but afterward we ate of the fruit of modern knowledge, an indulgence which, like that in the garden of Eden, drove us from our paradise. Some of us, luckily, avoided a complete surfeit, and found the way back. I frankly confess that I too suffered this change: I loved Mozart, then for a time lost him, but found him again, nevermore to lose him. A modern musician can easily find the cause of these changes in the attitude of young people toward drawing and color. We begin our artistic schooling by learning the principles of the line. Our teachers exhibit to us the great masters of the past, who are unexcelled in this particular. We study them, and learn to love and imitate them. Modern art is still unknown to us, and is, indeed, kept from us as much as possible. But when we gain our first peep, be-

Constanza Mozart
geb. von Weber

hold! the vivid, brilliant colors to which our time has given the place of honor appeal temptingly from every canvas. We are intoxicated, completely enthralled, forget former ideals, and deliver ourselves over unconditionally to the seductions of sense-enchanting color. This is what happened to the last generation, and the newest of the new composers more than ever find their joy in drowning themselves in the color-sea, in which no ideas or forms or lines can save them any more, or prevent them from sinking deeper and deeper. "Color, color, and again color," seems to be their motto. It is true that with great search one may still recognize some lines, but sadly out of drawing, as a rule. There are, however, signs of an impending change. A small minority already feels the craving for pure line so strongly that we may hope before long to see it lead to some result. I do not mean that the art that is to come will shrink from color as Rinaldo shrank from that seductive siren who loses all her charms at the sound of the plain, chaste melody of the Knights of the Cross. No; this new art will, first of all, preach the gospel of the true joy in life, will unite lines and colors in marriage, and show that it has its roots in all the past, that it draws sustenance from old as well as from new masters.


MOZART.
From an old lithograph.

What I have so far written relates, in the first place, to Mozart's dramatic works, although it may with full justice be applied also to those for orchestra. In the complicated conditions of our time it is natural to become a specialist. Thus we see Wagner concentrating himself entirely on the opera. The older school was more comprehensive, and particularly is it true of Mozart that his greatness as an operatic composer should not mislead us into neglecting the other sides of his activity. They yield a new proof of Mozart's universality; in church music, chamber music, in the concert-hall, everywhere, he is equally great. Luckily, in the lapse of time Mozart has been less mutilated in the concert-hall than in the theater, thanks, in the first place, to the worthy virtuosi, many of them also excellent musicians. Under the protection of these masters several of the most beautiful pianoforte concertos, sonatas, string quartets and quintets of Mozart have been able to keep their place in the minds of concert-goers as revelations of the highest beauty. Yes, even in the sphere

DESIGN ON CURTAIN, STADTTHEATER, SALZBURG.

of the romanza, in which new times have produced new masters who have opened new paths for it, a little song like "The Violet" can hold its own victoriously in comparison with Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Brahms.

Divers composers of our time have attempted, by subjecting Mozart to a modernizing process, to make him more palatable to a public jaded by strong spices. A dangerous undertaking! Thus the Russian master Tschaikowsky has, with admirable discretion and refined taste, united into an orchestral suite, in a modern instrumental garb, a group of Mozart's piano and choral pieces, some of them comparatively unfamiliar. The writer of this article has himself attempted, by using a second piano, to impart to several of Mozart's pianoforte sonatas a tonal effect appealing to our modern ears: and he wishes to add, by way of apology, that he did not change a single one of Mozart's notes, thus preserving the respect we owe to the great master. It is not my opinion that this was an act of necessity; far from it. But provided a man does not follow the example of Gounod (who transformed a Bach prelude into a modern, sentimental, and trivial show-piece), of which I absolutely disapprove, but seeks to preserve the unities of style, there is surely no reason for raising an outcry over his desire to attempt a modernization as one way of showing his admiration for an old master. Mozart's orchestral works, however, show us that he has colors fresh enough to captivate the ear to-day and probably for an immeasurable time to come. From Mozart's instrumentation we can still learn much as regards clearness and euphony. Those who wish to study beauty of tone may open Mozart's scores wherever they please, and they will find rich profit. And this orchestral tone-beauty has the invaluable property of not being the one essential. An orchestral score of Mozart's transferred to the piano is not reduced to absolute nothingness (like, for

GEBOREN MDCCLVI
DAS MOZART DENKMAL IN SALZBURG ERRICHTET MDCCCXLII

example, a score of Berlioz and his imitators), for his music is of such a nature that it can be deprived of its colors without losing its attractiveness. A glance at his three wonderful symphonies in E flat major, G minor, and C major (this last being called by posterity the Jupiter Symphony, because it appears perfect, as if created by a god) proves this completely. They show us the master at the height of his power. All three were written in the summer of 1788—that is, three years before his death. It is difficult to decide which of these symphonies deserves the most admiration. We note at once the great step from Haydn's treatment of this, the highest of instrumental forms, to that of Mozart; and our thoughts are involuntarily transferred to the young Beethoven, who, without any specially noteworthy break, rose from where Mozart left off to those proud summits which none but he was destined to reach. In the introduction to the E flat major symphony, just before the first allegro, we come upon harmonic combinations of unprecedented boldness. They are introduced in so surprising a way that they will always preserve the impression of novelty. The minuet of this symphony, as arranged for the piano, has made the tour of the world on the concert programs of many virtuosi. In the G minor symphony Mozart shows himself to us in all his grace and sincerity of feeling. It is worth noting what astonishing effects he gets here by the use of chromatic progressions. Excepting Bach, who in this, as all else, is the fundamental pillar on which all modern music rests, no one has understood as well as Mozart how to use the chromatic scale to express the highest effect in music. We must go as far as Wagner before we find chromatic harmonies used for the expression of ardent feeling (*Innigkeit*). In the case of Spohr, who made extensive use of them, and who in so many respects followed Mozart, they remain without any deep significance.

In the Jupiter Symphony we are astounded, above all, by all the playful ease with which the greatest problems of art are treated. No one who is not initiated suspects in the finale, amid the humorous tone gambols, what an amazing contrapuntal knowledge and superiority Mozart manifests. And then this ocean of euphony! Mozart's sense of euphony was, indeed, so absolute that it is impossible, in all his works, to find a single bar wherein it is sacrificed to other considerations. Not so with Beethoven, who, indeed, never hesitated to push aside euphony for the sake of reaching higher ends. With him began the new era, the motto of which might be expressed in the words, "Truth first, then beauty." And here we find Schumann as the first who followed in Beethoven's footsteps.

Of Mozart's chamber compositions we single out for special admiration the string quartet in G minor (note the wonderful chromatics of the first theme), the pianoforte quintet in E flat major, and the pianoforte quartet in G minor. It is a curious fact that whenever Mozart conceives a movement in G minor he always surpasses himself. In the beautiful middle movement of the pianoforte quintet it pleased him to introduce the motive of *Zerlina's* aria in "Don Juan," "Wenn du fein fromm bist, will ich dir helfen,"[1] and how bright is this reverie! Of his string quartets the so-called six famous ones are justly admired. The introduction to the C major quartet also contains bold chromatic effects, which even liberal musicians of his time were unable to digest. The musical historian Fétis won for himself the fame of

> The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome

by his foolhardy attempt to change this introduction, which he considered "impossible": a typical critic, who lies down like a wet dog on just the best places!

Of the pianoforte concertos the one in D minor is the most famous and beautiful. I should advise, by the way, the use of Mozart's original edition, and not Hummel's, which is provided with superfluous ornamentations and other arbitrary changes. A characteristic illustration of Mozart's method of workmanship may be introduced here. Not long ago I saw in Vienna the manuscript of the concerto in question. In the finale Mozart was in some way or other interrupted in his writing. When he again took up his work he did not continue where he had left off. A stroke of the pen over the excellent piece, a new finale, the one which we all know! No laborious search for the lost thread! It seems as if Mozart preferred to complete a large form in a single large mood. No wonder, therefore, that even the most practised eye and ear cannot discover the subtlest points of connection. The simple large mood and the simple large line are, too, most intimately allied. We can only wonder at this method of workmanship, which it is given to but a few of the elect to employ.

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MARCELLA SEMBRICH

As *Queen of Night* in "The Magic Flute."

In his pianoforte trios Mozart took a sort of siesta, if I may so express myself. On the other hand, he has often given us his best in his sonatas for the violin, and no less in those for the pianoforte. We are amazed at the great step from the naïveté of Haydn to the depth of thought in Mozart. That he is not always equally deep must not surprise us; quite the reverse. We read in Mozart's biography of his desperate situation, which compelled him to write for the Cherethites and the Pelethites—seldom from an inner impulse.

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[1] "If you are real good I will assist you."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE PETIT, PARIS.

CHRISTINE NILSSON

As *Queen of Night* in "The Magic Flute," at Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, in 1865.

Before bringing this paper to a close, I shall dwell a moment on Mozart's swan-song, the work which, vital with the spirit of eternity, was conceived and born when the cold hand of death was already extended toward the master; his "Requiem," even in its incompleteness, shows us, as perhaps no other work of his does, what incalculable treasures he took with him to his grave. Which parts of this work are Mozart's, and which not, is a question that may now perhaps be considered settled. Yet, in face of all the jewels which the "Requiem" contains, we cannot help expressing our surprise that the same master who could write a "Requiem æternam," a "Rex tremendæ," a "Recordare," a "Confutatis," a "Lacrymosa," whose nobility is beyond all description—that this same master could incorporate in the same work a number like the "Tuba mirum," with its more than modest beginning, with the really desperate obbligato trombone (or bassoon), and its thoroughly worldly pomp. If this is really Mozart, only one explanation seems possible—that he used a fragment composed in a much earlier period in order to save trouble. This number seems also to show a strong Italian influence.

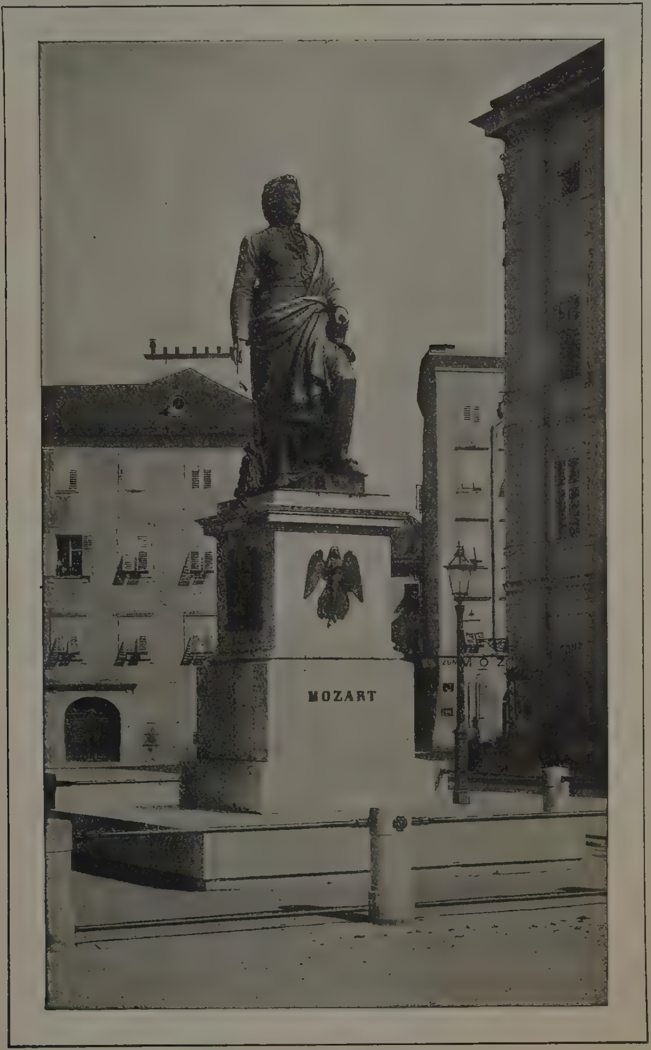
Mozart stands before us like an embodiment of childish joy in life, amiable benevolence, and unpretentiousness. He was able to conduct his "Magic Flute" in Schikaneder's "board theater" without compromising his artistic dignity. Could he look down on us, he would surely say: "Ye modern masters, why all this commotion? Why clothe yourself with this mail of outward dignity? It does nothing for your art; it merely kills genuine human feeling, which is the real life of art."

Though Mozart was not esteemed at his true value while he lived, posterity has placed him in its pantheon as one of the greatest masters of all times. If, therefore, in discussing him and his relation to our time, I

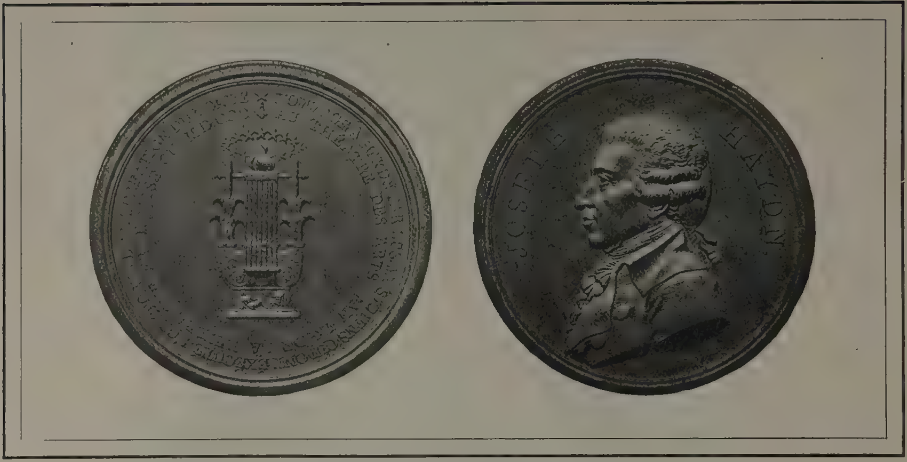
INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. GIUSTINA AT PADUA.

In this church Mozart played the organ in 1765, and was, on account of his performance, commissioned to compose an oratorio, presumed by Jahn to have been op. 118.

have intimated that he is not yet esteemed as he ought to be, I repeat that my remarks are aimed only at that class of modern musicians who have both the power and the capacity to produce his greatest works in a superior style in the theaters, and who nevertheless do not do it. Beethoven is more fortunately situated. The new romantic school has deified the triumvirate Bach, Beethoven, Wagner in its catechism as an article of faith. This leaves Mozart short of his deserts, but a considerable time will probably elapse before neoromanticism will resolve to add him to its pantheon. The young band of neoromanticists reminds me, in its blind one-sidedness, of Andersen's fairy-tale "The Snow Queen," in which we are told of a magic mirror with which a flock of demons flew through the air. Up there they indulged in all sorts of pranks, and finally in their wantonness let the mirror drop to the earth, where it broke into a million fragments. One of these pieces flew into the eye of a good little boy, and resulted in his seeing everything distorted, physically and mentally. The beautiful seemed to him ugly, the great small, while his healthy senses were disordered by precocious knowledge, finicalness, and a hypercritical spirit. One might almost fancy that many of our influential young musicians have a piece of that magic mirror in their eyes, which prevents them from seeing the beauty of Mozart in its full light. May their fate, then, be like that boy's! A lucky accident removed the fragment. The goblin of precocity disappeared, and the child spirit again took up its abode in his soul.



MOZART'S MONUMENT AT SALZBURG.



MEDAL (MADE BY N. GATTEAUX) GIVEN TO HAYDN BY THE MUSICIANS WHO PLAYED AT THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "THE CREATION" IN THE THÉÂTRE DES ARTS IN 1800.

JOSEPH HAYDN

BY

ANTONIN MARMONTEL

I. THE YOUNG HAYDN

OF the men of genius who have made the history of music illustrious, posterity—in the opinion which has gradually been formed during the nineteenth century — has established a rough classification. Some, like Mozart, seem to float high above us in the tranquillity and serenity of an apotheosis. Others — for example, Gluck and, among the moderns, Berlioz — appear stormy, tumultuous, surrounded by lightnings, but more human, more near. There are some, finally, of an aspect less harsh who are familiar at first sight. Their rôle has been brilliant. They have connected their names with some one of the great periods in the evolution of music. They rank with the illustrious; but their genius has retained a certain reassuring bonhomie. We can approach them without trepidation. We visit them often; we sound their depths without feeling either trouble or disquiet; they are lovable and easy of access.

Franz Joseph Haydn is in the first rank of these smiling figures with their reposeful welcome. There is no one to-day who has any acquaintance with the history of music who does not picture to himself the Viennese patriarch, "the good Haydn," in his official costume, under the massive perruque of the kapellmeister, with indulgent lips and a quiet look, happy in living and writing six hours a day near his dusty harpsichord, full of gratitude toward the Author of "the creation" and the Distributer of "the seasons," who had provided him with such magnificent subjects for oratorios. He produced, he directed, he taught; nothing was wanting to his happiness, neither devoted protectors, nor a respectful public of judicious dilettanti.

He is thus evoked by Anton Rubinstein in one of the most interesting pages of his musical notes: "Haydn! Cordial, gay, naïve, without care — an amiable old man with his pockets full of musical dainties for the children, — that is, the public, — yet always ready to address a reprimand to spirits too turbulent; a loyal subject, a faithful functionary, an affable but severe professor, a good shepherd, a noble citizen; in a powdered and clubbed wig, a cravat long, large, and adorned with a jabot, lace cuffs, and buckled shoes." All this Rubinstein heard in Haydn's music. And he called up also the old-time audience — grand ladies, scarcely able to move in their stiff dresses, who nodded their heads gently while applauding with the tips of their fans, and gentlemen who exclaimed, while tapping their snuff-boxes: "No, really, no one can equal our old Haydn!" We, too, hear all this, and our admiration for the Father of Symphony, for the indefatigable producer whose inexhaustible fecundity ranked him very near Bach and Handel, is doubled by the pleasure of finding one of the most lofty figures in the German gallery so familiar and approachable.

Such is the impression that the physiognomy of Haydn makes upon all those who endeavor to become acquainted with his tranquil genius; but it should be added that this estimate applies particularly to the kapellmeister, to the composer in his mature years, almost in his old age. Nothing could be less romantic or more calm than the autumn and the early winter of Haydn's life; but the end became almost tragic, and the beginning was hard, without exceeding the ordinary measure of the trials imposed by fate on most vocations.

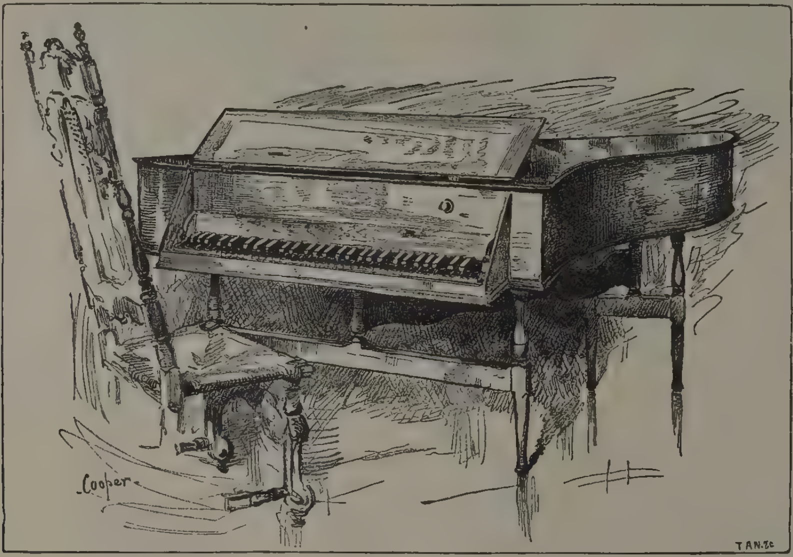
Franz Joseph Haydn was born of a plebeian family, March 31, 1732, at Rohrau, a market-town on the Austro-Hungarian frontier, fifteen leagues from Vienna. His father was a veritable *gagne-petit* in the fashion of the German artisans in an epoch when work had not yet been specialized. A jack-of-all-trades in Rohrau, Mathias Haydn added the occupation of wheelwright to that of sacristan; when wanted he took the organ, and in case of need he sang, having a tenor voice. His wife, Anna Maria, was also musical; and on Sunday the family found its recreation in organizing private concerts, when Mathias accompanied his wife upon the harp. One can see this picture, so patriarchal and so German, and so charming in its touching ingenuousness. During the week existence for the Haydn household rolled along quiet but busy; it was in the midst of one of those little towns where the only events are marriages, baptisms, and burials. The father multiplied his functions in the shop, the church, and even the Hôtel de Ville, for Mathias Haydn was, when needed, a local magistrate. The mother applied herself to domestic cares, which were no sinecure. A German mama in the year 1732 was at once baker, cook, and laundress for the family, and could get no assistance in the labors which good housekeeping imposed. Sunday arrived: the morning was filled with duties; in the afternoon a concert performance reunites family and friends, and is prolonged till the hour for supper. Such were the Sunday amusements in the middle of the eighteenth century in a market-town like Rohrau, the citizens of which enjoyed a relative happiness, and where every household was raising many children without fear for the future, and deputing to Providence the care of providing for them.

The little Haydn, while yet very young, must have felt the benefit of that musical atavism the influence of which one finds so very marked in the development of the musical dynasty since Bach. At five years of age he took part in the Sunday concerts. Lacking an instrument with which to accompany the singers, he marked time with two sticks with such precision, with such a precocious feeling of rhythm, that a conductor visiting Rohrau (his cousin Frankh, a teacher in Hainburg) was struck by his talent, offered to charge himself with his musical education, and took him away to his school. There he passed three years; the apprenticeship was rough, in spite of the evident good will of the scholar. The pedagogy of the good old times — the cuffs and the ferules — was in full force, and harmonized better than we can imagine with the patriarchal customs of the Austrian bourgeoisie.

Haydn, emancipated, recounts without bitterness, and as the most natural thing in the world, having received from his cousin more floggings than goodies. He did not retain any resentment against Frankh of Hainburg. On the contrary, he attributed his rapid progress to the multiplicity and the repetition of these striking arguments — a progress so rapid that in less than three years he had become a good reader and singer at sight, a good violinist, and acquainted with the principles of the harpsichord. Frankh had even added some literary instruction to the necessary professional teaching, notably the elements of Latin, which were, however, indispensable to a future organist or kapellmeister who is to be a commentator upon sacred books.

This education had a practical end in view. Neither Haydn's family nor his benevolent instructor intended to keep him a long time in charge. One of the numerous free institutions which were of necessity always renewing their childish personnel was the economical apprenticeship marked out for the future kapellmeister. So when chance conducted Reutter, the kapellmeister of Saint-Etienne in Vienna, to Hainburg on a recruiting tour, Frankh made haste to have him hear his cousin. Joseph Haydn passed through the customary trial of reading with remarkable readiness; but, to Reutter's surprise, the child did not know how to trill. "How do you suppose I could know how to do what you ask?" said he, ingenuously. "My cousin himself does not know how." Reutter gave him a lesson at once, and Haydn caught the trick with such rapidity that he performed a trill in the course of that interview.

Engaged as chorister, Joseph Haydn entered the school of Saint-Etienne, and enjoyed there much more liberty than at his cousin Frankh's. The regular work never exceeded two hours a day during the eight years that the son of the wheelwright of Rohrau was with Reutter. He used the time thus gained to perfect his musical studies, but at first in a singularly indirect and slow manner, by listening to the organ every time it was played in the Vienna cathedral. At thirteen he was seized by the fever of production, and, at the risk of repenting it, wrote a mass which he took to Reutter. The kapellmeister received it roughly and jeered at his scribbling: "It is necessary to learn before composing. Go to school; listen to the masters in order to become a master in thy turn. Until then thou art only a child in the chorus; thy place is upon the bench."



A SPINET OF HAYDN'S TIME.

A brutal lesson, but it does not seem to have left a scar in Haydn's ingenuous soul. On the contrary, he heeded the essential and truly useful part of it, and understood the necessity of professional instruction. But where was he to find it? Reutter was nothing but an exploiteur. After the fashion of many choir-masters of his time, he considered only the beautiful soprano voice of his chorister, and, believing that he had done his full duty by him in providing him with his daily

A PORTRAIT OF HAYDN.
From the Royal Library, Berlin.

bread, did not trouble himself about his education in harmony and as a harpsichordist. Haydn could not dream of paying for lessons from other professors. He had recourse to more economical methods, and, thanks to some paternal subsidies obtained under the pretext of repairing his modest wardrobe, bought two treatises then in vogue: the "Gradus ad Parnassum" by Fux, and "Der Vollkommene Kapellmeister" by Mattheson. These were his helpers; but he studied them with a liberty of spirit, an independence, and a clear-sightedness truly admirable in so young a lad. He discarded the scholastic trash, did not stop except for incontestable principles, and applied thus early to his personal use the rule of all profitable instruction: "Tradition is a mighty river; the strong may cross it by swimming, the weak drown therein."

This purely theoretical education, of which the biographies of great musicians, notably that of Handel, present other examples, was continued for four years. When it was terminated, Haydn, laden with harmony and counterpoint, reached the crisis of his career. The change came in his voice when he was just seventeen. Reutter, who did not trouble himself with scruples, and who also seems to have had an envious presentiment of the brilliant future of his chorister, took advantage of some school-boy jest (the lad had cut off a companion's queue) to throw him brutally into the street one November night, without money and almost without clothes. The young man took refuge with a wig-maker, Keller, who was, like Haydn's father, a musical enthusiast,—a *gagne-petit*,—and poorly lodged, but who offered him a garret on the sixth floor and undertook to board him during the first weeks of independence.

It was in this garret that Haydn, under the spur of necessity, that goad of great talents, that true encourager of genius, found the right path by familiarizing himself with the sonatas of Emanuel Bach, which he played upon a rusty harpsichord. These many months of study in an icy garret must have left an ineffaceable impression, which he translated later with his habitual bonhomie in saying: "Those who truly know me find that I am under great obligations to Emanuel, that I have loved his style, and that I have studied it with care, and I have the author's own compliments on this head."

The horizon commenced to clear around him. He gave lessons; he took the part of first violin at the Pères de la Miséricorde, and the organ in the chapel of Count Haugwitz. Here came a brief romance—the voluntary domestication of Haydn with Porpora.

Correr, the Venetian ambassador at Vienna, had a mistress, the beautiful Wilhelmina, with whom the old and fantastic composer had domesticated himself. Upon the recommendation of Metastasio, another lodger in the house where the wig-maker Keller lived, Correr took Haydn to the baths of Mannersdorf. Thus he found himself near Porpora, who had accompanied Wilhelmina; but it was not easy to make the acquaintance of the old Italian master. The concertist, in the pay of the ambassador, could obtain lessons only by attaching himself to the musician's person, and by lavishing upon him menial attentions. At this price he was admitted to Porpora's intimacy, and assisted in the singularly arduous performance of the Neapolitan composer's cantatas.

When Haydn returned from Mannersdorf he had learned from Porpora all that he was ignorant of before—the secrets of the bel canto—the art of vocalizing—a slender little science and finical, which seems to us to-day quite negligible, but which then had an incomparable value. At the same time he assured himself of the confidence of the ambassador, who proposed to become responsible for his salary on his return to Vienna. The salary was a meager one,—six sequins a month, about a thousand francs a year,—but Haydn had never before known such security. It was another thing than loans, which were sometimes long in being repaid, from the wig-maker Keller. Also, the lessons multiplied, and, however small the sum they added to the revenue, they had indirect and very advantageous consequences. Realizing fully the insufficiency of the books on theory, and of the models which he had assimilated to satiety at Reutter's or in his garret swept by all the winds of the faubourgs of Vienna, Haydn was constrained to compose the exercises for his pupils himself. He wrote, with a facility which up to his last day never left him, sonatas for the harpsichord and other little pieces. His compositions were in demand throughout the city, whether they were printed by rapacious publishers, who turned to advantage the absence of all regulation of rights in artistic property, or circulated in the manuscript state. One of these pieces was noticed by a great lady, a musical enthusiast, the Countess of Thun, who took a fancy to know the author of music so new and yet so respectful of the old forms. She put her servants on his track. They were at some trouble to find the composer in the garret where he still continued to live. Once discovered, it was necessary to present him; but Haydn, tiny, shabby, dark-complexioned, did not cut a great figure. When he appeared before the noble lady, she thought they had mistaken the person. "But I asked for Monsieur Haydn." "It is I, madame." "But Monsieur Haydn, the composer of this sonata." "It is truly I." This interview, the incidents of which Haydn recounted with infectious good humor to his pupil Pleyel, terminated better than it had begun. The countess deigned to excuse the wheelwright's son for not possessing the physique of his genius, appointed him her singing- and harpsichord-master, and brought him a clientèle of other women of quality.

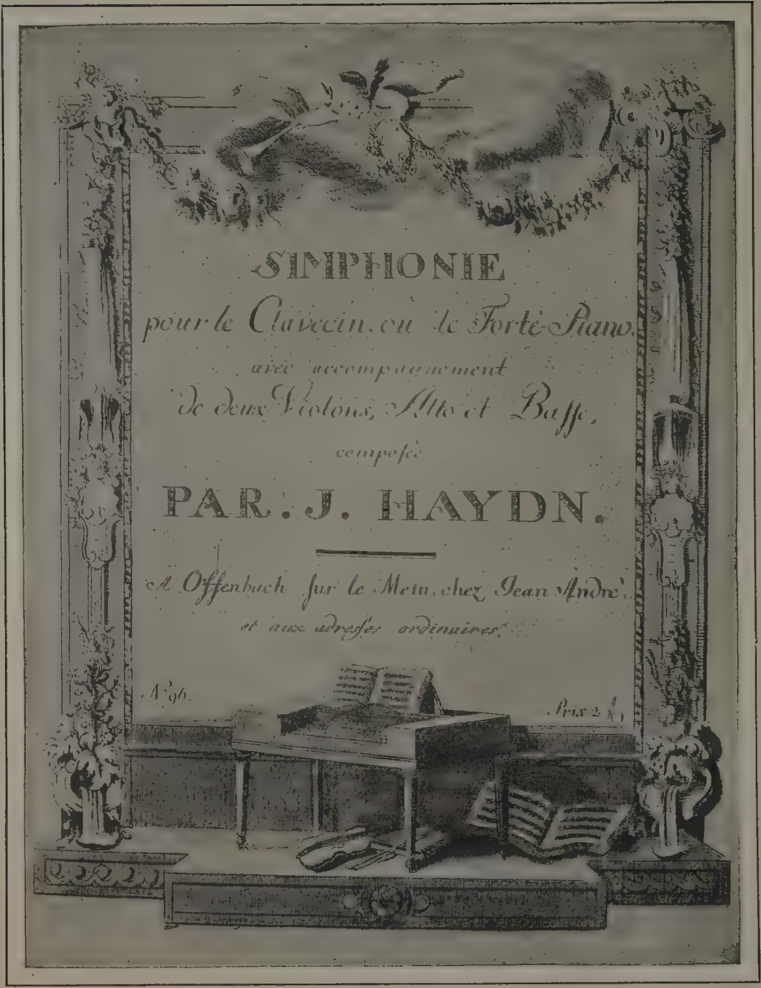
II. HAYDN'S CREATIVE PERIOD

The brief romance of Haydn is finished; he has bidden farewell to his adventurous life. He has powerful protectors — the ambassador of Venice, the Countess of Thun, the Baron von Fürnberg, who had a small estate in Weinzierl. For the last-named, at whose house he found performers of the first rank, he wrote his first elaborate compositions — his first violin quartet, his first six trios for two violins and bass. The chance of a serenade performed in the open air put him into relation with the celebrated comic actor Kurz, director of the Stadttheater, who intrusted him with the libretto of a comic opera, "Der neue krumme-Teufel." For this Haydn improvised a score which was played at once, favorably received, and which brought him in some money. He now became composer *à la mode* and multiplied piano and concerted pieces. It was neither glory nor yet fortune; but Haydn enjoyed the ample liberty of work almost independent of every material preoccupation.

To realize every ambition permitted to a musician in the eighteenth century Haydn lacked nothing but official standing — a permanent position in the employ and attached to the household of some great dignitary. This consummation, without which neither the family nor the pupils of Haydn would have regarded him as *un homme arrivé*, was long in coming. He was already twenty-seven years old when, in 1758, the Bohemian Count Ferdinand Maximilian Morzin attached him to his household as second kapellmeister. In 1759 he wrote for the count the First Symphony in D major. Prince Esterhazy assisted at the performance, applauded, and demanded that Count Morzin should give him his kapellmeister. Haydn was transferred thus by word of mouth, without his presence; but Prince Esterhazy forgot to demand him, and Haydn, notwithstanding his desire to enter this noble house, which was a patron of art, stayed some months longer with Count Morzin. Finally Friedberg, director of the orchestra for the prince and a great admirer of Haydn, advised him to write a symphony to be performed at Eisenstadt on the birthday of Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy. Haydn wrote for this occasion the Fifth Symphony, so brilliant in character, so characteristic in composition. It was played at Eisenstadt before the court of the Magyar assembled in the great *salle des fêtes*. In the middle of the allegro the prince stopped the musicians and asked who was the author of this work. "Haydn," said Friedberg. "But he belongs to my house. How is it that I have not seen him yet?" "He is here." And Friedberg pushed the composer, trembling with emotion, before the great Hungarian lord. Now occurred a repetition, but an intensified one, of the scene with the Countess of Thun, and Haydn recounted the story of this presentation with less cheerfulness than that of the first, notwithstanding his devotion to the Esterhazy family, whose servant he was for thirty years.

Where the noble lady had showed discreet surprise, the Magyar was seized with a violent fit of laughter before this little man with the dark-colored face. "Is the music truly by this Moor? Well, well, blackamoor, from this day thou dost belong to me. But I do not like to see thee thus. Thou art a dwarf; thy face is piteous. Dress thyself like a kapellmeister: get a new suit, a buckled wig, red band, and red heels; and take care that the heels are high, because thy stature should correspond with thy merit. Go; my steward will provide thee with everything." On the day following, March 20,1760, Haydn possessed the title and wore the costume of second kapellmeister, but familiarly and up to the death of the first kapellmeister, Werner, whom he replaced, he was known as the chamber musician, not forgetting the sobriquet of "Moor," which his jealous confrères were careful should not fall into disuse.

Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy was not destined to applaud the music of his "blackamoor" for a long time. In 1761 he died, and Haydn found a less brutal protector in the person of Nikolaus Esterhazy, himself a virtuoso and fond of the barytone or *violoncelle d'amour*, a melancholy instrument, to which, nevertheless, the composer assigned the principal rôle in the fifty pieces written for this music-loving prince. Haydn saw that his future was secure, and he believed the time was come to fulfil a moral obligation to the Keller family and to marry one of the daughters of his host in years of trial. This union was not happy. Anna Keller carried to the house of the kapellmeister a quarrelsome disposition, a narrow spirit, a provincial and unintelligent piety. Tradition asserts that she forced the "virtuous Haydn" to look for consolation to a singer attached to the court.



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As for the legitimate ménage, that did not last long. They separated amicably, and public opinion was on Haydn's side, as he secured pecuniary advantages to the daughter of his old benefactor which were relatively considerable. After this date nothing was more calm, more uniform, than Haydn's existence. There was no adventure, no stepping aside from the ordinary, but only an uninterrupted production to which method gave force, abundance, and continuity. The honorable treatment which the Esterhazy family gave its kapellmeister, and the material advantages inherent in his position, raised him above need and even made his life broad and easy. His rare evenness of temper — a disposition which neither Beethoven nor Handel possessed — spared him all disputes with his confrères. A type of perfect discipline and exemplary conduct, with the principal virtues of a situation which restricted him to an almost ecclesiastical way of life, he was everywhere regarded with respect.

At Esterhazy, at Eisenstadt, where the great Magyars resided alternately, life rolled on, monotonous and sumptuous with its receptions and fêtes; but if the afternoons were devoted to the duties which could not be evaded by one of the principal figures of the princely court, Haydn retained his liberty during the mornings and employed them entirely in work. Up at six, he composed regularly for five hours. He never exceeded this time for labor; before noon he laid down the pen and left the harpsichord; but, spread over thirty years, the time thus methodically spent in production amounts to a total of fifty-four thousand hours. Thus Haydn's work comprises nearly a thousand numbers: operas, cantatas, oratorios, masses, symphonies, sonatas, trios, quartets, minuets, caprices, and *airs variés*. When his composing was finished he took up his duties as director of the prince's music, presided at a daily concert, and superintended the rehearsals of the pieces in the princely repertory. Twice a week operas were given at Eisenstadt, and Haydn conducted the performances. On other evenings his official duties ended at seven o'clock.

Many years passed away thus, devoid of all incident. Haydn continued to produce with the happy fecundity of geniuses which have never known a painful birth. Every manuscript contained, below the signature of the composer, the grateful formula, "Laus Deo!" But not all of these works remained in the penumbra of the house of Esterhazy. The most important began to have a circulation in the world at large: the first symphonies had been engraved in Paris in 1766, and performed. In 1784 the artists of Les Concerts de la Loge Olympique obtained from Haydn six symphonies in eleven parts: those in G minor, in B, in E flat, in B flat, in D, and in A, catalogued as Opus 51. In 1785 he composed "The Seven Words of Christ" for a canoness of Cadiz ("Musica instrumentate sopra le 7 ultime parole del nostro redemtore in croce sicuo 7 sonate, con un introduzione ed al fine un terremoto a 17 parti"). Finally, after the death of Prince Nikolaus, yielding to the pressing invitation of the violinist Salomon, Haydn decided upon a journey to England.

The kapellmeister was engaged by the managers of the Hanover Square Rooms for twenty concerts, at fifty pounds sterling for each performance. This first sojourn, which lasted a year, was triumphant. Haydn returned in 1793, and received a welcome no less enthusiastic. Fêted by the British aristocracy; the Prince of Wales; the King, George III, who committed in his favor an infidelity to the memory of Handel, he composed in London: (1) Six great symphonies in sixteen parts, Op. 80, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 — among others the Military Symphony, which is so remarkable for the delicacy of its finale, and which has been put in the repertory of our grand Sunday concerts; (2) six great symphonies, Op. 91, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 — among these the symphonies in D, in B flat, and in E flat; (3) a selection of original Scotch songs, arranged for three voices, the harmony by Haydn, and three suites of English songs and ballads. He even began the score of an opera, "Orpheus," for the Haymarket; but, repelled by such a task, he broke it off, left London, gave a series of concerts in Germany, and returned in 1794 to Eisenstadt.

The son of the wheelwright of Rohrau, hailed throughout all Europe as the master of symphony, brought back from London glory and what was almost a fortune,— thirty thousand florins,— the proceeds of his concerts and of the liberality, something entirely new to him, of the English publishers. He was then sixty-two years old, and felt the necessity of rest in order to crown his career by a supreme effort of production. He asked for and obtained his dismissal from the Esterhazy family, and withdrew to a home with a garden in the suburb of Gumpendorf, on the road to Schönbrunn. It was here that he wrote "The Creation," "The Seasons," and the last quartets. His strength now began to leave him. The last quartet is unfinished, the concluding part being replaced by the melancholy phrase: "My strength has departed from me; I am old and weak." He had an attack of giddiness when at his harpsichord, and his doctor forbade him any sustained work. Soon he was confined to his hermitage, and did not leave it except to be present at a solemn performance of his "Creation" organized by Prince Lobkowitz. They carried him there in his arm-chair, and the aristocratic public who filled the hall received him with enthusiastic acclamations; but he could not support the emotions called forth by this apotheosis, and had to leave the palace in the middle of the concert, after blessing the orchestra with his trembling hands.

Haydn survived, however, for some years in a state of somnolence, in which he was attended by the memories of his glorious period of production. The force of habit would take him to the harpsichord or to the work-table. He would sit down as if to play a prelude to some improvisation, and then would fall asleep. He woke in the night of May 10, 1809, when the shells of the French army fell upon the suburb of Gumpendorf, and vehemently exclaimed to his terrified domestics: "Why do you tremble? No evil can happen to you where Haydn is." This excitement was followed by syncope. On May 26 he had himself carried to his piano, and repeated the refrain of "God save the Emperor Francis." This brought on a severe attack of suffering, and on May 31, at the age of seventy years and two months, he expired. The old chorister was buried almost clandestinely in the cemetery of Gumpendorf. The following month the "Requiem" of Mozart was performed in his memory in the Scotch church. In Paris Cherubini had "Un chant funèbre sur la mort de Haydn" performed in the Conservatory. The official honors, the definite apotheosis, could but come very much later.

III. HAYDN'S CREATIVE WORK

HAYDN'S work is enormous. First of all, we must salute him as the creative genius who will always retain in the history of music the title of the "Father of the Symphony." No one will dispute the fact that Haydn created the modern symphony, the real symphony, such as we understand it to-day, a musical drama living its own life, with its own color effects and harmonic equilibrium.

We recognize that, from a technical point of view, Haydn had predecessors, notably Sammartini, whose name has been evoked and whose work has been resuscitated by Weckerlin in some curiously interesting pages. Joseph Haydn enjoyed such a celebrity during his lifetime that all the little illuminations in the honor of many talented composers, his predecessors or contemporaries, disappeared in the brilliancy of the patriarch of Eisenstadt, as did Adam later in the aureole of Auber. Jean Baptiste Sammartini (or San Martini) had the ill luck to be Haydn's contemporary; he was even in advance of him, the works of the German master not appearing till 1750, while Sammartini, born toward the end of the seventeenth century, had been widely known since 1725 or 1730. In 1734 the orchestra at Milan, his native city, was usually made up, for the performance of Sammartini's symphonies, of a quartet of stringed instruments, two hautboys, and two horns; consequently Sammartini had given to them the title "Sinfonia per camera." His was an enrichment of string trios and quartets.

Many symphonies of Sammartini have been recovered. Weckerlin himself, however, after having conscientiously gone through them, writes:

> Every one of the pieces is composed of three parts (three different movements). The first is always a little the longer — I would like to say the most developed, but it is not really a development; the other two are generally very short, and do not have what we would to-day call a symphonic character, being rather divertissements. In a word, there is nothing in them of which the glory of Haydn should be jealous.

The rivalry of Gossec, of which Adolphe Adam has written in the "Souvenirs of a Musician," was more serious.

> Gossec comprehended that however pretty detached airs might be, whatever interest the fugued morceau which was called an overture might have, there was a more important rôle for the orchestra. He wished to create, and did create, concerted music. It was in 1754, after three years of trials and studies, that he brought out the first symphony, which was followed by many others. But it was not till twenty years later that these immortal works were known in France. During this period Gossec reigned without a rival, and the throne of the king of symphony was his without dispute.

It must be owned that though Gossec has retained his historic rights, he has disappeared, and ought to have disappeared, in the brilliancy of Haydn's incontestable superiority. The naturalness, the simplicity, the charm, the color, the variety of episodes, the perfect ordering of the motives, the art of composition, everything, is on Haydn's side. "No one," said Mozart, "has more grace in badinage and more tears in emotion than Joseph Haydn. He alone has the secret of making me smile and of affecting me to the depths of my soul." A hundred and eighteen symphonies, short and long, are his work — a

A MINUET.

work far too great to analyze. We shall only call to mind that beside his great works the patriarch of Eisenstadt did not disdain writing droll fantasies such as the "Symphony of the Extinguishers" ("Des Eteignoirs") and the "Symphonie Burlesque," and also simple little amusettes,— for example, the symphony for two violins and bass with children's toys, little trumpets, Nuremberg birds, etc.,— the relaxations of a genius.[1]

IV

HAYDN'S RELIGIOUS CREATIONS

The religious compositions of Haydn form such a considerable ensemble that they occupy more than two columns in the Fétis catalogue. It is better to put the church music properly so called by itself. There are masses in great number — low masses, masses for war-time, solemn high masses; also many "Stabats" of which the scores for four voices and orchestra are published in Leipsic; a grand and a short "Te Deum"; four offertories; two "Salve Reginas" and one "Salve Redemptor"; German hymns; a "Lauda Sion" for four voices; fifty-six graduals; and motets, choruses, "The Commandments," and ten canons for many voices. All this part of the master's work appears to have been relatively neglected, even by his contemporaries.

Haydn, without making innovations where he would encounter formidable rivals, showed in these various productions a tranquil authority and a majestic power which never left him. His church music conformed to the ideas of the time; it has more style than

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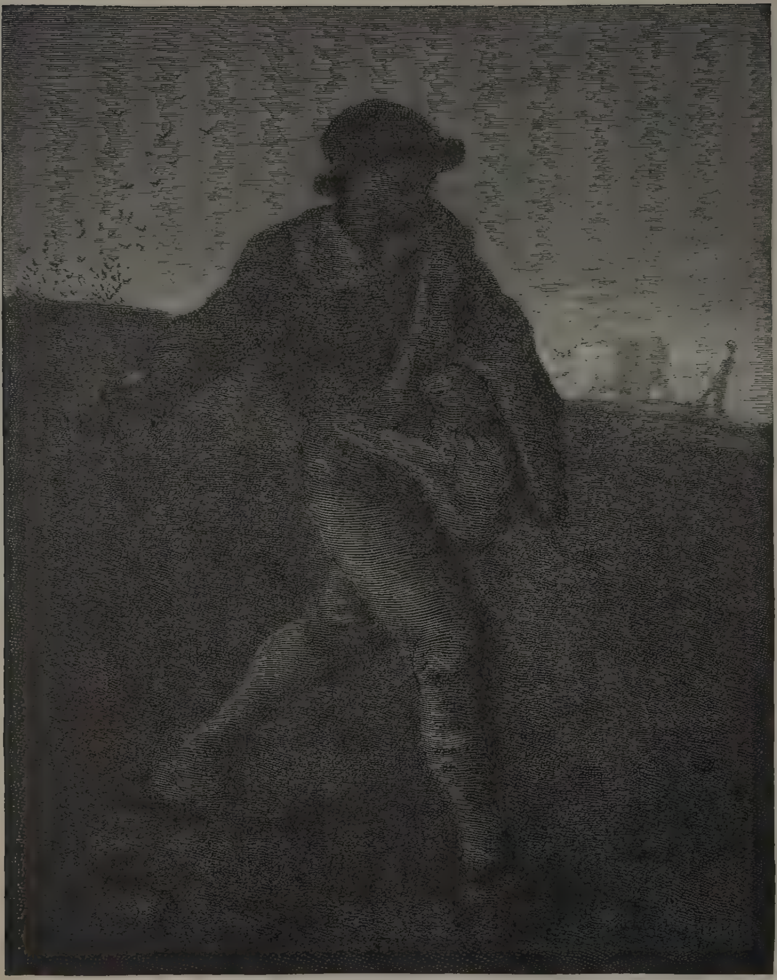
[1] Let us add to Haydn's productions of instrumental music fifty divertissements, sextets, quintets, thirteen concertos for different instruments, four concertos for the organ and harpsichord, thirteen cantatas for three and four voices, forty-four sonatas for the piano with or without accompaniment, three concertos for the violin as the leading instrument with accompaniment of quartet, three concertos for the violoncello with accompaniment, a concerto for the flute with accompaniment, a concerto for the horn, two symphonies concertantes for two horns, a concerto for the clarinet, a concerto for the organ and orchestra, five concertos for the piano with accompaniment of quartet and orchestra, and a symphonie concertante for hautboy, violin, and violoncello with accompaniment of two violins, alto, bass, two hautboys, and two horns.

Contemplating this colossal production, we cannot but repeat with ever growing admiration that Joseph Haydn was the Columbus of a new world of music.



THE SOWER.

From a painting by Jean-François Millet. Engraved by T. Cole.

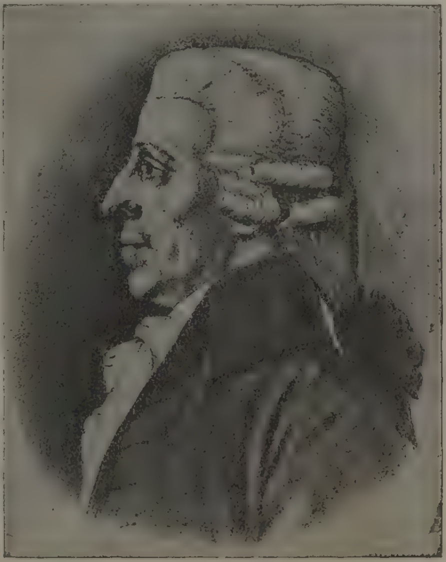
character, more manner than originality; and the idealized flights, the mystical sense, are almost completely wanting. From this special point of view, Haydn is below Palestrina and Marcello, and far removed from Handel and Bach. A romantic breath never traverses these placid compositions, so noble in arrangement, so broadly and masterfully written, but so deliberately thought out. Masses, motets, offertories could have disappeared, victims of a neglect which has deprived us of so many of the productions of the old masters, without leaving anything wanting in the history of the evolution of religious music in the nineteenth century.

In the domain of oratorio and cantata we shall find the true Haydn again, equal, if not superior, to the greatest. "Il ritorno di Tobia" should be regarded as a youthful attempt, almost a school exercise. It was commenced in 1763, put aside, then finished in 1775, retouched in 1793, and often modified without Haydn's being able to put into it, in the course of its successive transformations, what was wanting at the start—inspiration and force. The "Seven Words of Jesus" mark a decided progress. This work has a curious history. Haydn wrote it in 1785. It was then a symphony, and was published in Paris in 1787. Later it was Johann Michael Haydn, a musician of worth but lost in the brilliancy of his inspired brother, who completed the score, added a text, and made it an oratorio — a respectable work, evidently conformed to the intentions of the author, and which gave full value to the grand divisions of the score.

The "Seven Words" are composed upon a plan of perfect simplicity — seven lamentations of Christ upon the cross, seven adagios, seven grand prayers. There is little art in the transitions, almost no effort to vary the emotion of the hearer, always that noble facility, that academic grandeur, from which Haydn does not voluntarily depart even to portray the human anguish of a Saviour dying for humanity. But, almost in spite of himself, in many passages, and notably in the second word, "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise," and in the third, "Woman, behold thy son!" he breaks the narrow confines of the ancient rules, and rises to the highest point of inspiration. His winged muse soars and floats above the commonplace formulas of a school.

"The Creation" marked the apogee of Haydn in oratorio. It should be saluted as a masterpiece, but with this very important reservation, that it is not a mystical masterpiece. Haydn, who said of Handel, "It is he who is the father of us all," was far inferior to him in the religious point of view. Nevertheless, he had faith; but it was an untroubled faith, exempt from fever and aspiration — an undisturbed confidence. He had found in religion solid foundations upon which he rested without wishing to leave this assured shelter. It was for him, as for the faithful, an asylum of complete repose, far away from all tempests, and he never dreamed of raising the romantic cry: "Levez vous orages désirés."

That which dominates in "The Creation," and in which lie its value and special characteristic, is its descriptive quality; there is also a touching optimism which recalls our Bernardin de Saint-Pierre in those joyous effusions, the hymns of gratitude of the "Etudes de la Nature." Haydn did not try to discover anything disquieting in the work of the Creator; he admired it in perfect serenity; he adored; he was thankful; his fervor and ecstasy were translated into alleluias. He had retained an extraordinary youthfulness of heart and spirit when he wrote the oratorio, at the age of sixty-three. No trace of bitterness was left from the distant years of trial; in him, as around him, everything was calm and clear. And, moreover, he believed he was paying a debt of gratitude in writing this delightful work, so full of charm and ingenuous grace, of which we can say, as Robert Franz said of Bach's cantatas:



JOSEPH HAYDN.

From an original miniature-portrait.

> Read them without mental reservation, and I do not doubt that the inspiration with which they overflow will come to animate you. Approach the great master in simplicity of spirit, and the charm pervading his work will find its way to your heart. When you are wrapped in his style as in a garment he will captivate your soul.

Ideal purity of thought, simplicity of means, simple and wise orchestration, all contribute to the freshness and ingenuousness of effect. Certainly modern criticism is correct in saying that the painting of Chaos in the introduction is wanting in local color — that is to say, in extremes — and also in the picturesque. The "Chaos" of Haydn appears to modern composers well ordered and quite discreet; but the genius of the Viennese composer reserved itself to animate other pages of incomparable sublimity — the dream of the archangel Raphael, the "Fiat Lux," the canticle of the angels, the duo of Adam and Eve. In all these passages, in which the inspiration does not weaken for an instant, the dominant note is always joy, thankful joy, an outpouring of gratitude and love from the created to the all-powerful Master who has drawn them from nothing and placed them in the magnificent frame of the universe. Haydn revived primitive speech, a language of tenderness, which he lends to all the inhabitants of Paradise, to all the beneficiaries of the work of six days naïvely catalogued,— the budding flowers, bleating lambs, singing birds,— culminating in the first human couple, the crowning masterpiece of the creation.

Haydn began the score of "The Creation" in 1795 on the text of Baron van Swieten, the librarian of the Emperor Francis; he finished it in the beginning of 1798, and the work was performed some weeks later at the palace of Prince Schwarzenberg, with the composer as leader, under the auspices of an amateur society. Its success was very marked. The first edition appeared at Vienna in 1800. It was not long before the oratorio gained a world-wide celebrity; but the most interesting performance took place in the opera-house at Paris, on the 3d Nivôse in the year IX (December 24, 1800).

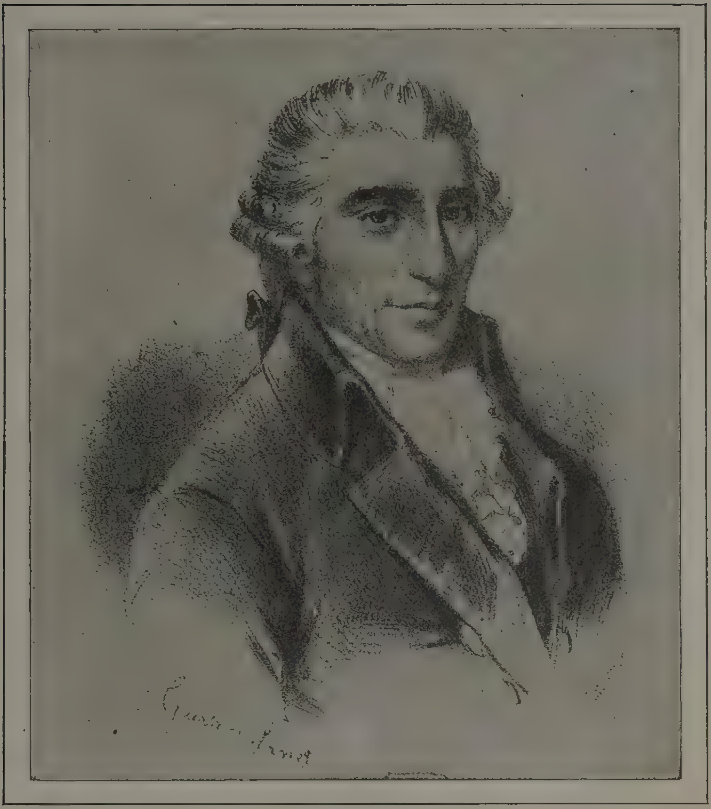
The learned Théodore de Lajarte has related, under various captions, a great number of details of this memorable evening. The bill of the opera, then established in the Rue de Richelieu upon the very site of the Square Louvois, in the old hall of La Montausier, which was demolished after the assassination of the Duc de Berry, read:

> Theater of the Republic and of the Arts. To-day the oratorio of Haydn, entitled "The Creation," parodied [*sic*] and put in French verse by Citizen Ségur, junior, translated from the German, and the music arranged by D. Steibelt. The introduction depicts Chaos [*sic*]. First part: God creates light, he separates the elements. Chorus of Angels, who extol the glory of the Eternal. Second part: God, people, the elements. Creation of man and woman. Adam and Eve praise the power of God and show forth their gratitude. Third part: Admiration of Adam and Eve for the works of God. They sing of their love and of the benefactions of the Superior Being. Final chorus of angels.

It was added that Citizen Steibelt would play the piano to lead the orchestra. The vocal parts were: *Uriel*, Citizen Garat; *Gabriel*, Madame Walbonne-Barbier; *Raphael*, Citizen Cheron; *Adam*, idem (Citizen Lays had refused the rôle as unworthy of his talent); *Eve*, Madame Walbonne-Barbier. For the instrumental parts: Leader of the orchestra, Citizen Ray. As for the translator, Citizen Ségur, junior (who was really named Joseph Alexandre, Vicomte de Ségur), he asked the indulgence of the public in these ingenuous terms:

> To put the thoughts of a foreign poet in verse, to set them to a sublime music whose meaning one is afraid of disarranging in the least, are such close fetters as need to be felt to be appreciated. Verses of nine and eleven syllables will be found in the work, which are unknown in our poetry. I have preferred to commit this fault rather than to run the risk of breaking the musical phrases of this celebrated man, whose score I have studied with profound admiration.

At half-past eight Citizen Ray took his place in the arm-chair of the leader of the orchestra. A chorus of a hundred and fifty and an orchestra of a hundred and fifty-six were arranged around him. The hall was filled, the receipts amounting to twenty-four thousand francs. The performance of the first part made a great impression, scarcely marred during the adagio by a heavy noise coming from the street and resembling the echo of a distant discharge of artillery, and also by the entrance of First Consul Bonaparte, accompanied by Generals Lannes and Bessières, who were soon followed by Josephine, and afterward by Mademoiselle Beauharnais and Madame Murat. But during the entr'acte news came of the explosion of a barrel filled with grape-shot, placed in the Rue Saint-Nicaise, upon the road of the First Consul, and of the results of the outrage — five dead, fifteen wounded, and houses



HAYDN.

in ruins. The crime, attributed to the Jacobins, somewhat injured the performance of the last two parts of "The Creation." The public was more interested in the behavior of the occupants of the consul's box than in Citizen Garat and Madame Walbonne-Barbier, who were, nevertheless, applauded with some warmth. The press was divided. The "Journal des Débats" was equally favorable to the work and to its interpretation. The editor of the "Journal de Paris" distinguished himself, on the contrary, by pedantic self-conceit of the worst kind:

> In general, the poetic part has been sacrificed to musical learning; the greater part of the choruses are in fugue [!] style, which necessarily excludes all grace; also in the chorus of angels there is more of the Gothic than of the angelic. . . . If this work is judged on the poetic lines laid down by Gluck, its regulation is faulty, or better, there is none at all, and there is not one point which could escape a just criticism. The riches of musical composition exist in very great number, but those of sentiment are rare. The orchestra is the most important part, and it played with a perfection which would give great character even to mediocre music.

As for the rest, ill will predominated. The exasperation of the feuilletonists rose to its highest point when the musicians of the orchestra voted a medal to Haydn, and sent it to him at Vienna through the ambassador of France. The entire musical press cried out at the scandal.

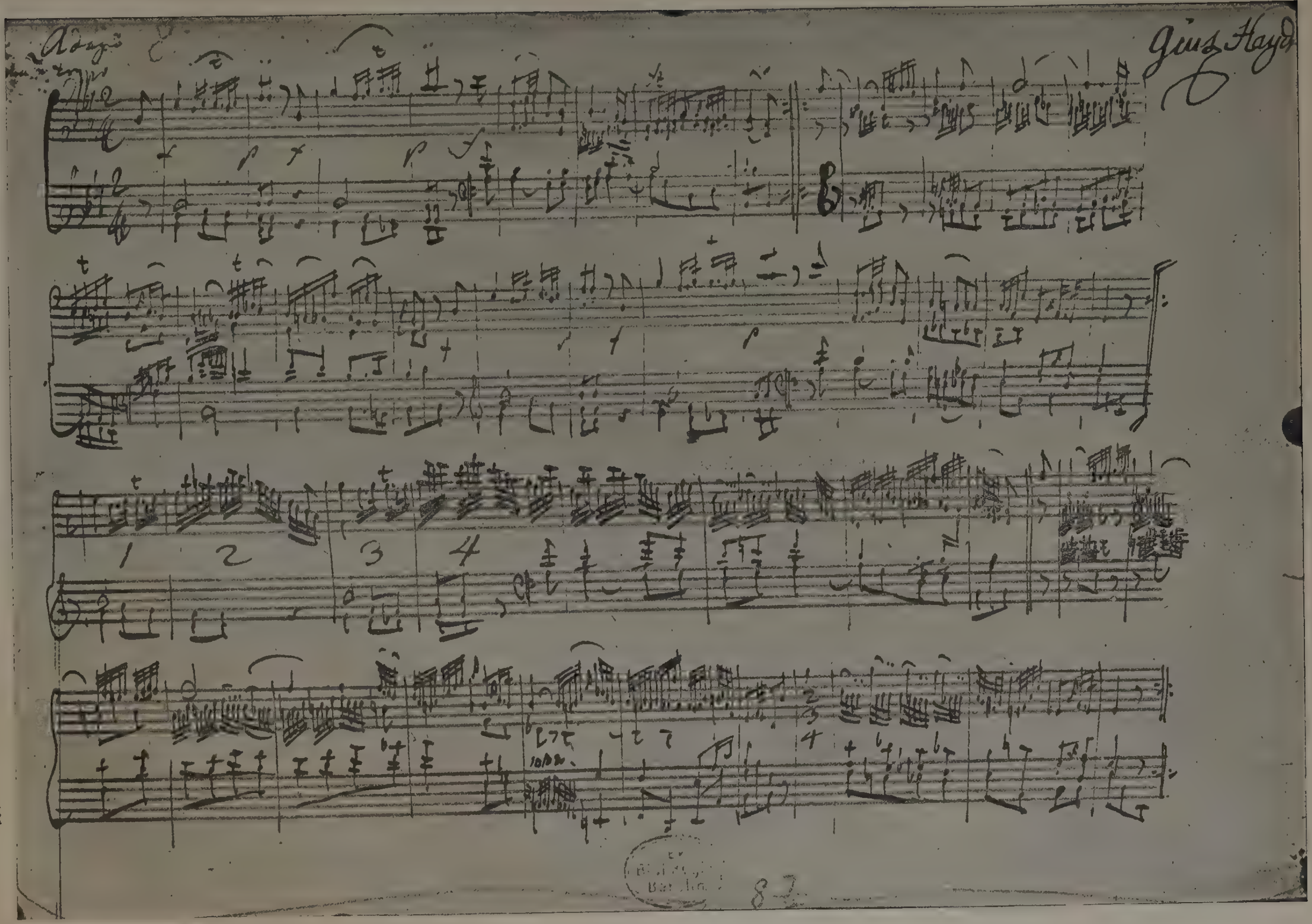
The oratorio was performed only twice. The attempt of the Rue Saint-Nicaise had done it an irreparable injury. It was paid for by the arrest of some fifteen Jacobins, who were transported. Forty-five years later "The Creation" took a glorious revenge in the superb festival organized by Baron Taylor, on November 1, 1845, for the benefit of the association just founded by the artists-musicians. Théodore de Lajarte had reconstituted and equalized the orchestra (80 violins, 30 altos, 36 violoncellos, 30 contrabasses, 8 flutes, 8 hautboys, 8 clarinets, 8 horns, 8 bassoons, 6 trumpets, 7 trombones, 4 ophicleides, one pair of cymbals), and there were two hundred and twenty in the chorus. The solos were by Duprez, Roger, Baroilhet, Levasseur, Harmann Leon, Mesdames Damoreau, Dorns-Gras, and Dobre. Habeneck directed the festival, and this time there were no conspiracies to trouble the street, even though there had been already more than fifteen attempts to assassinate the king, Louis Philippe. Nothing happened to distract the attention of the lovers of symphonic music. The triumph of the oratorio of Haydn and its interpreters was brilliant, and it was repeated in the musical press without a discordant note.

V. "THE SEASONS"

To Baron van Swieten, the prolific librettist and fervent admirer of Haydn, belongs the credit for the poem of "The Seasons." The reception accorded to "The Creation" had decided the librarian of the Emperor Francis to try the experiment of a new libretto, but this time he did not draw his inspiration from the Bible. He borrowed from Thomson the subject of the oratorio, or, better, cantata, as it does not enter into any strictly defined category, but belongs simply to program music. In fact, the plan in its extreme simplicity seduced Haydn; he received the proposition of Baron van Swieten with enthusiasm. The score was completed at the end of 1800; the master, after the enthusiasm of the inception was over, attained the complete success of this last artistic effort with difficulty (he was already sixty-eight years old); but the fundamental idea of the poem would itself sustain it. The general theme of the poem, developed according to the indications given by Thomson, harmonized admirably with that grateful optimism which had already found expression in "The Creation" in an outburst of gratitude toward the Lord which had become second nature to the composer. In order to comprehend the genesis of this late production it is necessary to take into account the exact state of Haydn's soul in the dawn of the nineteenth century, before the storm broke which was to shake the Austrian monarchy and darken the last years of the kapellmeister. He had left behind the trials of a début, and he was enjoying an authority universally recognized. His old age resembled the blooming of a flower, and he possessed the treasure of gratitude toward an indulgent Master who had given him these glorious seasons of rest. Thus "The Seasons" may be defined as a descriptive hymn.

Slowly, minutely,— because Haydn possessed, together with a genius lofty and serene in its production, an over-scrupulous taste, an imagination under control,— the composer considered all the details essential to his subject. He depicts the country and the people like a man who has had a near view of rural life and has followed the evolutions which are inseparable from the march of the calendar; the passages of his cantata are leaves from an album, and after every one of these pages which evokes, in its turn, tillage, sowing, harvest, vintage, the chase, Haydn praises and thanks the Lord. This master, so profoundly German, is truly "vieille Allemagne"— ingenuous, adoring, believing. His spirit is simple; his heart is pure, his faith naïve; he did not trouble himself about any of the theories put into circulation by the philosophers of the eighteenth century. For him, as for his ancestors, the Creation had been achieved with man in view as center of the universe and king of the world. If the earth is fertile, if the cattle fatten on the meadows, if the deer abound in the thickets, it is all to nourish man; if the sky is blue, if the flowers perfume the shrubbery, it is for his enjoyment and to lead his thoughts from time to time to the Author of all these good things.

It is the characteristic of the cantata of "The Seasons," thus treated by Haydn, that it is at the same time idealistic and realistic: realistic through the abundance and exactitude of details, idealistic through its lyric flights toward God. This duality of inspiration, which results in the strong unity of the ensemble, permits "The Seasons" to take a high place in the classification of the com-



A MANUSCRIPT OF HAYDN.

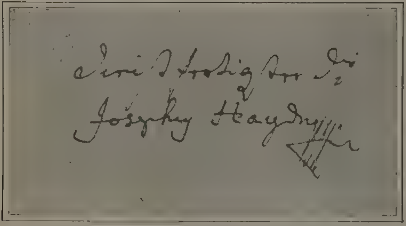
FROM THE ROYAL LIBRARY, BERLIN.

poser's works—certainly below "The Creation," but not very far from it. It contains pages which are grand in style. In the first part the awakening of nature on the threshold of springtime is exquisite, as are also the song of the laborer and the chant of joy. In the "Summer" the air "Sun, thy burden is too heavy" is justly celebrated. In the third part one should notice also the "Chase," into which Haydn has put a real coquetry in order to render its principal episodes, the vintage and, notably, the vintagers' chorus, almost Rabelaisian in effect. As for the "Winter," Haydn owes to it his most affecting inspirations. Nothing is more touching than *Jeanne's* cavatina and the humming of the wheels during the winter vigils; nothing is grander than the last page of the work, the salutation of the aging composer to approaching death, a song of philosophic resignation and also of rejoicing that the day is finished. A modern breath is felt here; we have already the Lamartinian lyric:

Alors j'entonnerai l'hymne de la vieillesse,
Et, convive enivré du vin de ta bonté,
Je passerai la coupe aux mains de la jeunesse,
Et je m'endormirai dans ma félicité.

Then I will sing the hymn of old age,
And, a guest intoxicated with the wine of thy bounty,
I will pass the bowl to the hands of youth,
And I will fall asleep in my happiness.

Haydn composed also a certain number of vocal pieces; an "Ariadne ad Naxos"; a cantata for a single voice with orchestra; a chorus with orchestra; "La Tempête," a cantata for a soprano solo; a cantata for barytone and orchestra; the lamentations of Germany upon the death of Frederick the Great; songs and romances; and the prayer, with piano accompaniment, "May God preserve the Emperor Francis!" which he murmured when dying. But these works, like his theatrical compositions, have remained in obscurity; nevertheless, a number of the latter are extant. Haydn, without dreaming of applying to them formulated principles, after a fashion improvised them for the amateur theater at Esterhazy. In response to friends, who were astonished to see him consecrate two years to "The Creation," he replied "I am working a long time on it because I desire it to endure a long time." He attributed little importance to his theatrical music. The symphony itself was for him the musical drama *par excellence*,—in its essence, apart from all foreign aids, independent of all auxiliaries,—moving by its own force and in its own freedom; and it is as the Father of Symphony that he, one of the most prolific geniuses of one of the grandest epochs of art, will be venerated throughout the coming ages.



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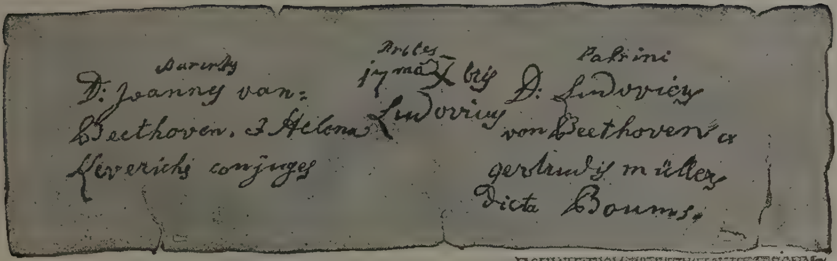
Joseph Haydn

AN AUTOGRAPH OF HAYDN. FROM THE ROYAL LIBRARY, BERLIN.

BEETHOVEN AND HIS FRIENDS



Parentes
D: Joannes van:
Beethoven. & Helena
Keverichs conjuges

Proles
17ma Xbris
Ludovicus

Patrini
D: Ludovicus
von Beethoven &
gertrudis müllers
dicta Baums.

FACSIMILE FROM THE BIRTH-REGISTER AT BONN

THE RECORD OF BEETHOVEN'S BIRTH.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

BY

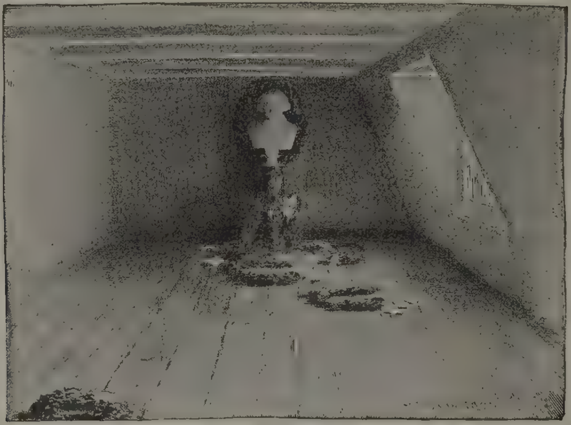
EUGEN D'ALBERT

WHO has not perused the chronicle of Beethoven's life, admired the greatness of his nature, thoroughly grasped his personality? Unassailable, spotless, immeasurably strong in the depths of his spirit, he stands alone. In his unfathomableness and sublimity he is like the ocean. See it well forth from its deepest depths, breaking into foam and calling with a voice of thunder; then, soft and gay as a little child, smoothing itself out before our delighted eyes. Such was Beethoven's elemental nature, such his pure and beautiful soul.

How other composers dwindle and dwarf beside him! None—not Bach himself—is his peer. Bach, monumental as he is, lacks fierceness and passion. Shakspere is Beethoven's closest fellow in literature; but Beethoven's nature, his creative strength, are most allied to that giant among sculptors, Michelangelo. In him Beethoven finds his equal. The Ninth Symphony and the "Missa Solemnis" spring from the same creative spirit to which we owe the "Moses" and the dome of St. Peter's.

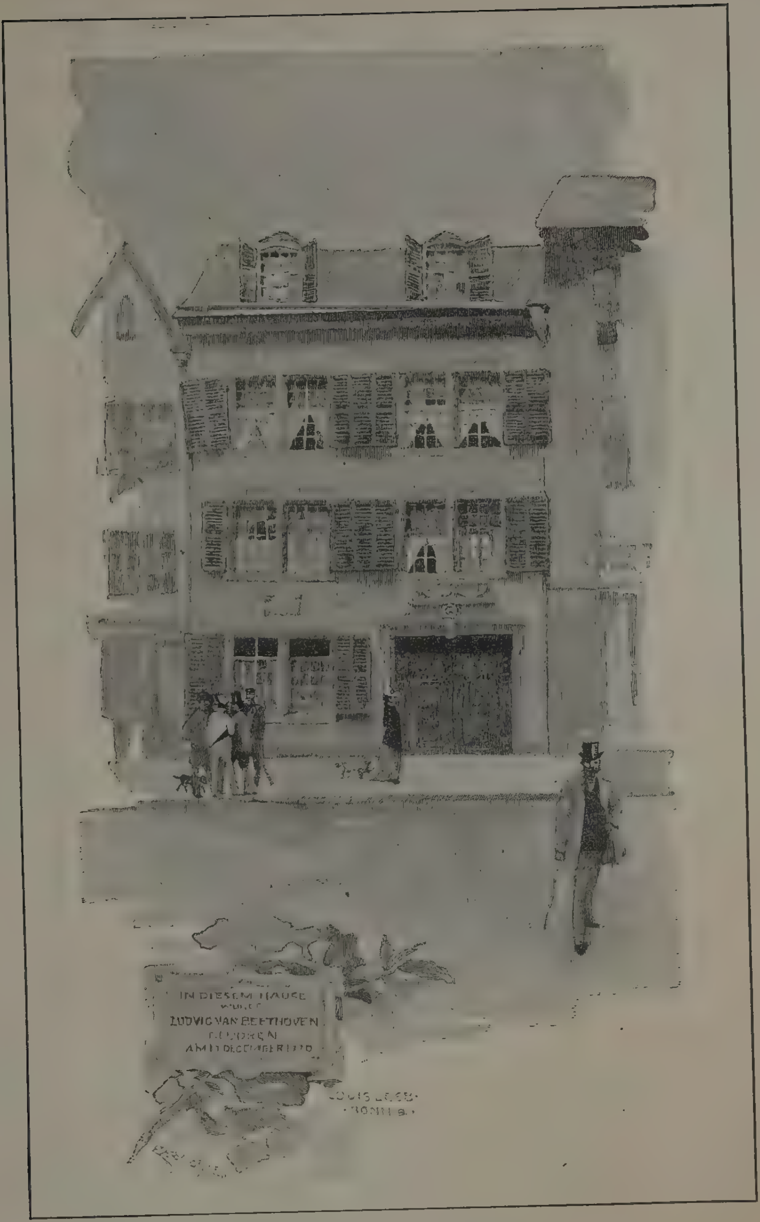
Many traits in Michelangelo's character are fellowed by Beethoven's thoughts and ways. Both men were wild, spontaneous, and pitilessly regardless in the expression of their opinions, their sympathies, and their antipathies. Both were unassailable in their morality, frugal in their habits, and economical and practical in their pecuniary affairs—the last the result in each case of none too brilliant means of subsistence. Many a page of the stormy passages that too often characterized Michelangelo's service with Julius II is a vivid reminder of Beethoven's similar experiences with his patrons. Many a pathetic incident of self-sacrifice in the musician recalls the family feeling and sterling principle shown by the great sculptor.

Schumann gave the name of "frozen music" to sculpture. We may be more precise and call Michelangelo's work "Beethoven music frozen," for the statues of Day and Night in the Chapel of the Medici and the masterly "Slave" in the Louvre call up the moods of Beethoven's symphonies. The deep suffering of the "Pieta" can be expressed in music only by a Beethoven adagio. Michelangelo and Beethoven were literally supernatural: they tower heaven high above other mortals, they are guiding stars for posterity, part and parcel of eternity.



THE GARRET ROOM IN WHICH BEETHOVEN WAS BORN.

How can we express our reverence for Beethoven? Unfortunately, only by the interpretation of his works. I say "unfortunately" because interpretation is the occasion of sins many and heavy against the master. There is anything but veneration to be seen in the modern performances of Beethoven's compositions. His orchestral works, particularly the symphonies, fare the worst. These sublime monuments of thought have been desecrated into objects of experiment for every would-be director, coming or full-fledged, who conceitedly believes himself to be inspired and faultless. Each considers his own conception of the work as the only correct one, and exploits himself by composing into it as much of his own personality as possible. The more distortions of tempo, the more subtle dynamic marks that can be injected into it, the greater the public jubilation. One conductor vauntingly exclaims, "Have you heard my Ninth Symphony?" Another causes the opening measures (in 6–8 time) of the Ninth Symphony to be played behind the podium, as if coming from a distance. Almost all conductors regard the opening measures of the Symphony in C Minor as genuine puzzles. Each hears Fate's knock on the door differently. It is a sorrowful fact that Beethoven's works are very rarely played unembellished and just as the composer himself has



BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

thought them out, and it is highly improbable that they would suit the spoiled taste of our public if they were. I go so far as to say that the art of correct delivery in Beethoven's own manner is perhaps altogether lost.

THE COURTYARD, BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

But few possess the key to the secret of reproducing Beethoven's music in its purity and greatness. Bülow belonged to these chosen ones, notwithstanding the lamentable errors which have arisen from misunderstanding his artistic effects. Everything was felt truly and correctly by this acute thinker and gifted master. Granted that he fell into many exaggerations, degenerated into many mannerisms, none of them sprang from a desire to thrust his own personality into the foreground before the work itself, as is customary to-day; the artistic longing of an artist soul, profound, honorable, and great, for sincere and truthful musical expression is responsible for Bülow's own characteristics. He was conscious that his conception sometimes bordered on mannerism; but the harm of which he has unfortunately been the source has arisen from the adoption of his mannerisms by imitators without the slightest conception of the greatness of his spirit. Bülow inaugurated an actual rage for interpretation. One no longer hears a movement of a Beethoven symphony without "breathing pauses" or "additional instrumentation." The public watches for this precise species of art, and is visibly disappointed when a symphony is played to the end pure and plain, without personal *zuthaten.* The greatness of the conception of Beethoven has been lost by such perfumery, such small wares; and regard for its artistic value has suffered sensibly, because it is brought to knowledge piecemeal. When I hear a Beethoven symphony under one of these progressive conductors I am always reminded of a picture, old and once valuable, which has been repainted.

The great public is led astray and deceived about the one thing which raises the musical artist above the daily repeated battle for life and lends value to empty existence, about the purity of the art of the greatest of our masters. Michelangelo can obtain from all a consecrated, pure reverence, because his work as a sculptor stands before us protected from desecrating hands, untouched, just as he created it. Luckily, in our own case the mistake is only temporary, and the art work just as created by the composer remains for the delight and edification of cultivated masters and connoisseurs. I do not agree with those Philistines who, from false piety, wish to preserve typographical errors. My warning is purely against exaggerations — "conceptions"— discovered frivolously to gratify personal vanity, and principally, perhaps, to captivate the public, always eager for sensation, and thus to obtain good receipts at the box-office.

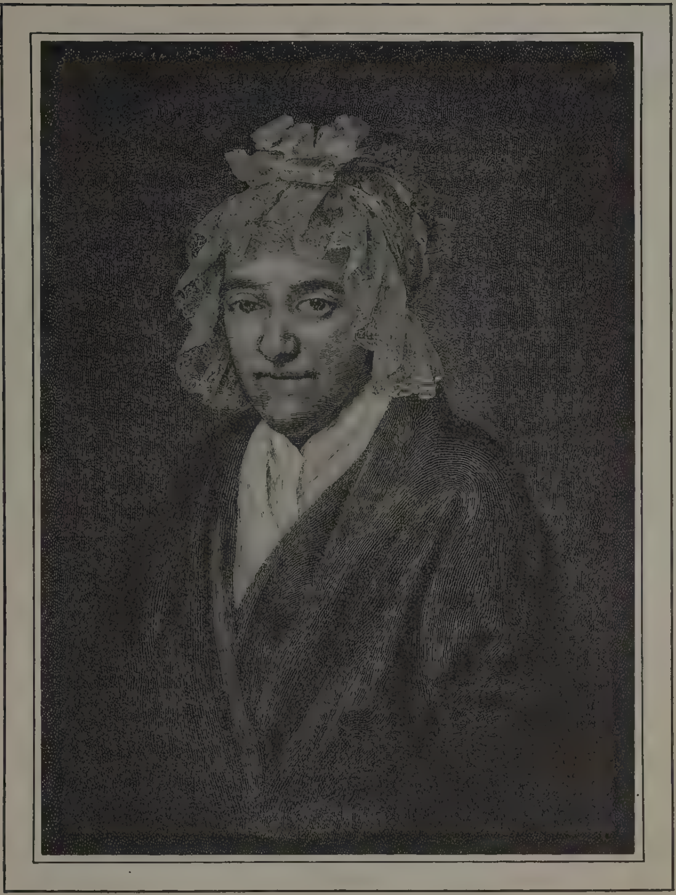
Certain modifications of the original works are obviously necessary, but Richard Wagner in his "Ueber das Dirigeren" defined the line which should not be transgressed. His suggestions are offered with great reverence; and, primarily, he *understood* Beethoven. To-day every fledgling from the conservatory feels himself justified in correcting valve-horns and trumpets into Beethoven scores. The improvement of metal instruments allows these Hotspurs free play; they believe they can *instrumentiren* better than Beethoven himself, and recognize no laws either of style or esthetics. Beethoven's spirit is sinned against in the most outrageous way in an endless variety of the instrumental effects used. On Wagner's mere suggestion, entire paraphrases are made. The fact that Beethoven did not think in the language of modern instrumentation, and that the interpretation of such effects is absolutely contrary to his style, is forgotten. The gaps in the scales of Beethoven's horns and trumpets were natural; these instruments were not built otherwise. In Brahms, on the contrary, there is a certain affectation in refraining from the use of modern technical acquisitions; this is the place for additional instrumentation.

Beethoven's instrumentation is altogether richer in tone-quality than is Brahms's. Beethoven's powerful thoughts afford a rich kernel for instrumentation, but Brahms wished to work by means of the intellectual meaning only, when he would have succeeded much better if he had sometimes thought more of the color of the garment of his fancies.

The solo performances of virtuosos are usually more free from the errors cited above; but a mischievous freedom prevails here also. This can be remedied only by a deep penetration into Beethoven's art works, an intimate acquaintance with his spirit, an abstention from all personal feeling. It should be recognized that Beethoven was himself modern, and needs modernization as little as does Raphael or Michelangelo. I cherish the hope that the writing-desk virtuoso of our day and this craving for a highly spiced Beethoven will disappear together, and that with the return of the conductor to his earlier position of interpreter between composer and public there will come times less selfish and more artistic. Such an unhealthy artistic trend as that of most of our modern interpretation can last as little as can virtuosity when founded upon purely instrumental grounds.

It is surprising that "Fidelio," Beethoven's single dramatic work, has been spared the innovations that beset the orchestral stage — probably because the concert-hall, with its conductors hungry for personal laurels, is the foundation of such evils. As an art creation it must be ranked higher than the operas of Wagner, for it is the product of a pure form of art. Our modern singers, who are not nearly as skilful in pure singing as was the case in Beethoven's time, usually leave much to be desired in the presentation of "Fidelio." Its pitiful fate on its first appearance before an audience mostly made up of French soldiers, and the way in which Beethoven took its failure to heart, still sadden us; fourteen years elapsed before this grandiose dramatic opera reached appreciation, and Beethoven never wrote another dramatic work. The years immediately succeeding the composition of "Fidelio" were rich in the creation of other splendid compositions; but my fancy cannot escape the vision of what Beethoven might have done for the drama had the first presentation of "Fidelio," his ideal work, been more successful. It has never attained the universal popularity of, for example, "Der Freischütz"; but in its splendid music nothing mars our enjoyment. It remains our most perfect, most effective pattern. Even the ear spoiled by Wagner rejoices in its sublime feeling and admires the simplicity of its artistic method. Beethoven liked to write for the stage, and was always busy

BEETHOVEN AS A YOUNG MAN.

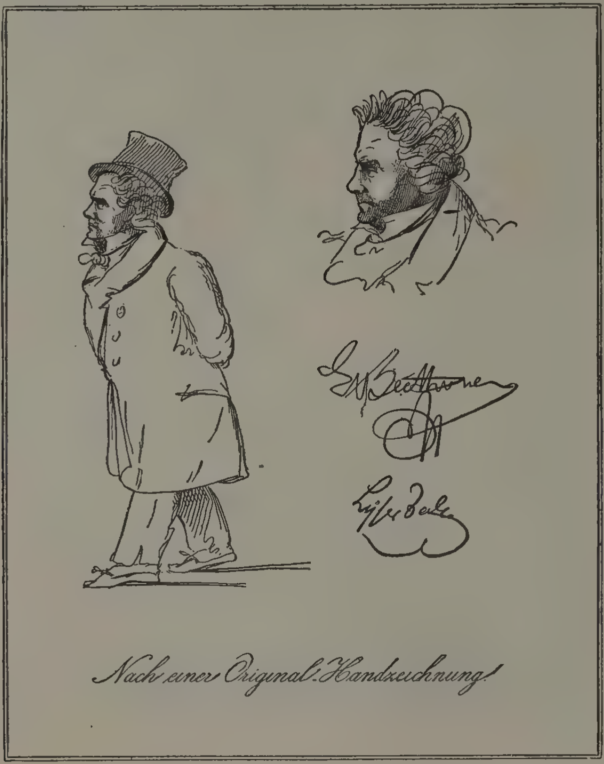


BEETHOVEN'S MOTHER.

After a painting by Caspar Benedict Beckenkamp. Engraved by E. Heinemann.

with new material. He had thought of a "Romulus." There is a letter written to the singer Mildner Hauptmann, January 6, 1816: "You would do a great service to me and the German theater if you would beg Baron de la Motte Fouqué in my name to find a subject for an opera which would be suitable for yourself. I should like to write something of this kind for the Berlin theater; for, with our niggardly management, I shall never be able to bring out a new opera here." What splendid pictures the thought of a second opera by Beethoven conjures before us! German art possesses great treasures among its works, but "Fidelio" will always be the greatest.

A comprehensive review of the condition of our modern dramatic stage does not reveal any recent advance, and in one respect — singing — it has obviously retrograded. We have no singers in the real meaning of the word, for which we must undoubtedly thank the Wagnerian school. Our young singers no longer value the thorough cultivation of the voice. They believe it sufficient to be able to bellow out the music, accent sharply, and use a peculiar declamatory speaking-voice. We very rarely hear a good cantilena. In Beethoven's time, actual singing — *il bel canto* — was all-important. It is not necessary to degrade the orchestra into, as Wagner put it, "a guitar accompaniment," but it is against all art to degrade the human voice, which nature intended to carry the melody, into a plain instrument, and even an accompaniment "to fill in."



SKETCHES OF BEETHOVEN BY LYSER.

Every great innovator is sometimes willing to shoot beyond the mark. Wagner forced his great idea of the reformation of dramatic art into extremes. He despised the bounds prescribed by the laws of beauty, not indeed in every work,— the "Meistersinger" and parts of "Tristan and Isolde" are exceptions,— but in his strivings, his principles. These have become the laws of his school, for it is the rule that pupils imitate the weaknesses and mannerisms of their master.

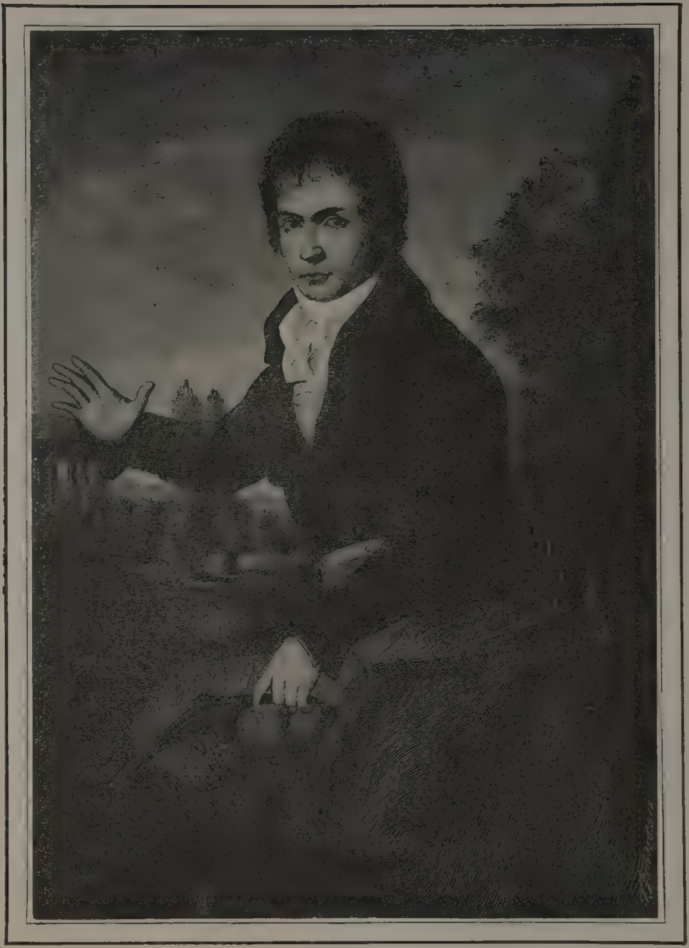
A CORNER OF
THE GARDEN, BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

A review of the operatic productions of the so-called North German school makes it distressingly apparent that the Master of Bayreuth has had an unfavorable influence upon his followers. It was with intention that the great dramatist made small demand upon the principle of drama. His apostles immerse themselves in reflections, aromas, and turns of speech, but utterly lose the ability to see the dramatic situation. In this they faithfully imitate more than one of their master's works, such as "Rheingold," "Die Walküre," and parts of "Siegfried," in which, splendid though they be, the dramatic treatment is very faulty. The Wagnerian school believes lengthiness advantageous, and "cuts" in any form to be acts of depravity. That is why the German public drew a long breath when the Italian school set before it its lighter wares and practical dramatic situations. Even the cultivated classes will finally turn from the products of the "Wagner method"; for the theater should provide refreshment as well as education and spiritual enlightenment.

Wagner's own son, Siegfried, is conscious of the evil, and in order to obtain public success, and, like the Italians, not despising trivialities, has returned to lighter music. Unfortunately, his intention is too apparent, and this extremely talented young man lacks much in originality and force and misses his mark.

The German music-theater is forever in a ferment; it lacks clearness and well-understood aims. Wagner did not create real men. His figures were all superhuman. The highest aim would be reached in the endeavor to place the truly human upon the musical stage. Beethoven felt this truth deeply. He chose a creative scheme closely related to human life, and made music for it which penetrates all hearts. It is entirely practicable to return to Beethoven's conceptions of the music-drama, while retaining both our enlarged modern means of expression and the dramatic form which Wagner discovered with the authority of genius.

Beethoven's greatest concert works are to be found in the domain of symphony. What he accomplished here is so splendid, so sublime, that he seems to have fully exhausted the vein; symphonies since his day are superfluous. There is nothing new to be created; not Schumann, not



BEETHOVEN IN HIS THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

Engraved by T. Johnson, after a copy of the portrait by W. F. Mähler in the possession of Mrs. Jabez Fox, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

even Brahms, has contributed anything new in this direction. The Ninth Symphony called a halt to further development. Our North Germans feel this instinctively, and endeavor to bring their labors to fruitage in the form of the symphonic poem created by Liszt. The most active and successful in this genre is undoubtedly Richard Strauss, but this is not the place to investigate his art and his achievements. It is conceded that the form of the symphonic poem authorizes and is highly favorable to the development of fancy. Its danger lies in the road, all too wide, which program music opens, and the consequent degradation of music to a rôle possibly hurtful to the art.

The Lorenzetti, especially Ambrogio, show to what unholy results leads the new effort to make painting express the greater concrete ideas—program painting, in short, can degrade the art. The expressive power of music is gigantic. If this is united with a visible exposition, and therefore with action, so that the music illustrates specific scenes or motions, and the listener receives the desired impression without becoming conscious of the intention, the attempt is to a great degree justified, and is capable of being brought into agreement with the esthetic laws of art. An instance is the musical drama of "The Fall." But if music must illustrate an invisible event according to the fancy of the hearer, or rather according to his speculations, which afford free play to the most contradictory suppositions, it is forced into the rôle of interpreter, in which, be-

BEETHOVEN IN HIS FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

Engraved by R. A. Muller, after a drawing by Louis Latronne in 1812.

cause it is necessarily too high and too sublime, it becomes inartistic and unsatisfactory in conveying the desired impression. Such symphonic poetry as this should at least be accompanied with an explanatory stereopticon.

We often read that Wagner and his creations exhausted dramatic art. This is an error. Wagner was the first to give an impulse to a free dramatic form which has the completest justification in art; but this form is still in the early stage of its evolution and is capable of great development. Absolute music was lamentably exhausted much before this; it has actually nothing new to say. The genre of program music, on the other hand, is a makeshift in one aspect and a two-edged sword in another. Our enormous progress in the art of instrumentation, our brilliant virtuosity and its ravishing effects in the treatment of the orchestra, just now dazzle the public. But sooner or later there must be a reaction. The invention of the themes which lie behind these exteriorities is often too unmeaning, too inadequate to possess endurance. The gaily painted drapery skilfully hides the dry skeleton, but cannot do so long.

Even at this, these works are far preferable to our present examples of absolute music, so called. They are not stupid, at least — and of all faults stupidity is the worst. Neither Bruch nor Bargiel is important as far as the development of music is concerned; neither they nor any other zopf-master had the slightest inkling of Beethoven's greatness. They imitated the form, but did not grasp the contents.

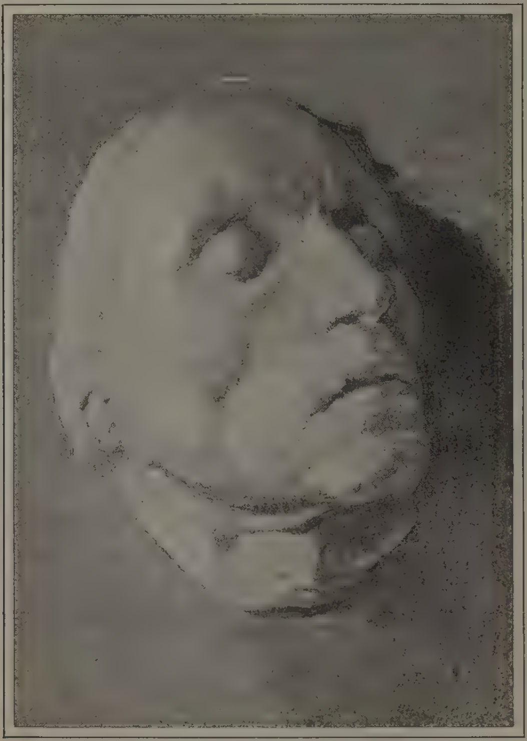
It is a great mistake to think that Beethoven really wrote absolute music in the sense in which these dry masters have written. A poetic idea suggested the music of all, or very nearly all, his compositions. It would hardly occur to any true musician to compose for the purpose of writing down music, without any other impulse. There is a great difference between composing incited by a poetic thought and composing according to a set program, expressing in each measure of the music an event or a feeling. True, the program method is almost mechanical, and materially lightens the labor of composition. Liszt stops short of this. Led, like Beethoven, by a poetic idea, unlike him, he always named the suggestion of his inspiration to lead his listener to enter into his mood. But if we may believe Schindler, a poetic idea where it is little suspected is no less the frequent foundation of Beethoven's music. According to Schindler, for instance, Graf Moritz Lichnowsky had fallen in love with an opera-singer and desired to marry her. His family, proud of their rank, placed so many hindrances in his way that there was a long contest between love and expediency, and only after waiting faithfully for many years was the count able to marry his beloved. Beethoven was acquainted with his patron's love story. When the count came into possession of the Sonata in E Minor, dedicated to himself, he guessed its connection with his troubles. Beethoven owned to him that he had wished to set the love story of the noble couple to music, and added that if they wished a superscription, he might write over the first movement "Battle between head and heart," and over the second "Conversation with the Beloved."

THE LIFE-MASK OF BEETHOVEN.

Affairs of the heart played a particularly vital part in the conception of Beethoven's sonatas. The "Moonlight" owed its origin to his affection for the Countess Julie Guicciardi, that in F Sharp Major, Op. 78, to his engagement to the Countess Therese von Brunswick. Beethoven even had an idea of printing his sonatas in a collection, with superscriptions, but was prevented from carrying it out by disagreements with his publishers. Beethoven's sonatas and Bach's Well-tempered Clavichord are the foundation pillars of piano literature. Bülow used to call the latter "the Old" and the former "the New Testament." The great cultivation requisite to the comprehension of Bach's works renders them inaccessible to the multitude; but the speech of Beethoven's sonatas moves every heart, and always gives pleasure. Such speech of the heart was first made intelligible by Beethoven. His predecessors, Haydn and Mozart, rocked themselves in childlike joy and innocent gaiety. Far was it from them to give expression to mighty depths of feeling. In Beethoven our troubled, passionate inner life first welled forth. What a flood of passion, pain, and stormy defiance breaks out in the "Appassionata"! The gayer side of life, too, spoke no less clearly through Beethoven. Such an utterance is the sonata dedicated to Count Waldstein.

The secret of interpreting Beethoven's sonatas lies in discovering the conditions of their origin in order to place one's self in the same mood in which Beethoven composed them. This is the only way to interpret in them the meaning of the composer. A performance dry, correct, academic, but cool, should be specially guarded against. Fingers should have less part than heart in the delivery. The very small number of piano virtuosos who succeed in throwing themselves into the mood of the composer is proof enough of the difficulty of understanding Beethoven's sonatas. It is not wise to follow Bülow's edition too absolutely, excellent, masterly though it be. The impression resulting from literal observance is stiff and unpleasant. Study first from an edition entirely free from enlargements and remarks (the large edition of Breitkopf and Härtel is the only one of the kind at present), and later take up Bülow for supplemental helps and corrections. Do not use a commentary till you have gained a thorough knowledge of the work.

The sonata form was practically exhausted by Beethoven. Liszt is the only one who has had something more to say in it. His B Minor Sonata will always remain a brilliant example of imagination and strength of feeling. It is perhaps his most beautiful work. Brahms's sonatas are examples of architectural building, but they afford but little that is new; to him the variation form was more congenial. But beautiful as are the works of Beethoven in the latter somewhat narrow form, his sonatas rank much higher. He attained an unearthly beauty in the last of these and in the last quartet, but to these distant spheres only the elect may follow him.



THE DEATH-MASK OF BEETHOVEN.

What painful regret overwhelms us that such a genius was robbed of the very one of his senses that he could least spare! Fear was turning to the certainty that he was becoming deaf when he wrote the "Waldstein" and the "Appassionata." The "Appassionata" owes its origin to Bee-

BEETHOVEN'S PRACTICE PIANO.

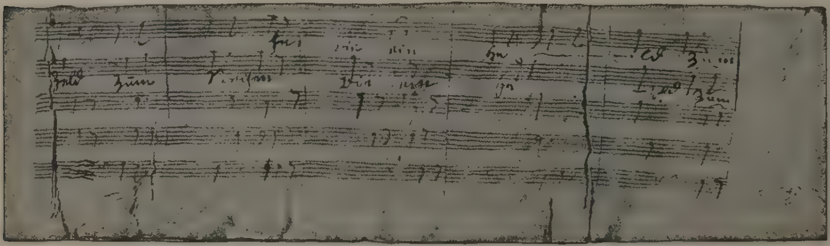
thoven's agony when the frightful conviction forced itself upon him. Gradually he withdrew from gay company, from life in common with others, and buried himself in the studies for which alone he lived. Originally he was tired neither of the world nor of men; but only art remained to yield the consolation he so sorely needed. To his frightfully sad doom we owe the magnificent works which his spirit evoked, and which were created in the deepest agony of a torn heart. Beethoven has touched the whole scale of emotions, from inmost love to the mighty suffering of despair; he felt them all himself, and knew as no one else how to give them back to us. But in spite of the fact that his heart was always occupied, Beethoven's life was joyless and lonely, because his inclinations invariably led him to people whose social rank made them unable to forget the poor musician in the great genius, and who could never make up their minds to join hands with him for life.

This loneliness impelled him to take his good-for-nothing nephew so much to heart, to enrich him with careful love, although he was well aware of his constant and complete unthankfulness. It is pathetic to read in his many letters how Karl's every need, spiritual and bodily, troubled him, and how he shared his last dollar with him. His correspondence shows that he provided his nephew's clothing garment by garment, and supplied each need by the most careful planning. His pecuniary troubles, into which he often fell, were the outcome of his self-sacrifice: heart free of Karl, he could have lived free of care. The sum allowed him by his patron would, in the simple style of living of his day, have sufficed his own wants without worry. He was always struggling with his nephew's expenses, and with the unreproved deceits of domestics; and never once during his life was his bitter burden lightened by the full recognition of his genius.

During the latter part of Beethoven's career he was almost forgotten. Rossini had so won all hearts in Vienna with his flowing melodies, so easily understood, that not till the master's last illness brought him close to death did people recollect that they possessed a Beethoven. One of the saddest things about an artist's life is the realization of how hard it has been for the beautiful, the earnest, the sublime in music to break their way, and how far easier come fame and a ringing reward to the composer à la mode.

ONE OF BEETHOVEN'S EAR-TRUMPETS.

To this day some of Beethoven's works are not universally understood. The "Missa Solemnis" is performed in every great music circle, but is always regarded as one of the most difficult subjects of the director's art. Beethoven himself considered this as his best and ripest work, and to all musicians it is the highest offering of mortal spirit in the world of music. The work of no other composer betrays such an absorption in art, such an absolution from the world, such a freedom from all that is earthy. It towers to heaven, a very temple, an indestructible monument for eternity.



FRAGMENT OF THE FINALE OF THE CHORAL SYMPHONY.

Ludwig van Beethoven

AUTOGRAPH.

BEETHOVEN IN HIS STUDY
From the Painting by Karl Schloesser

MEDAL STRUCK IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ERECTION OF THE SCHUBERT MONUMENT, MAY 15, 1872, IN VIENNA.

FRANZ SCHUBERT

BY

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK[1]

ON January 31, 1897, a century had elapsed since Franz Schubert was born, and sixty-nine years since he died. He lived only thirty-one years, yet in this short time—or, more accurately, in eighteen years—he wrote more than eleven hundred compositions. This fact, in itself sufficiently astounding, becomes more so when we consider the conditions of his life as described by his biographers—his poverty and privations, from his early years, when we find him suffering from hunger and cold, and unable to buy music-paper to write down his inspirations, to his last year, when typhoid fever ended his career and left his heirs about ten dollars, not enough to pay for his funeral expenses—and no wonder, since even in his last years twenty cents was considered pay enough for some of those songs on which many publishers have since grown rich.

Surprise has often been expressed that the Viennese (among whom he lived) and the publishers should not have appreciated him more substantially; yet it is not difficult to find reasons for this in the circumstances of the case. While a pianist or singer may find immediate recognition, a composer, especially if he has so original a message to deliver as had Schubert, has to bide his time. We must bear in mind how very young he was when he died. Dr. Hanslick has urged, in defense of the Viennese, that only seven years elapsed between the publication of Schubert's first works and his death, and that during his lifetime he became known chiefly as a song-composer; and songs were at that time not sung at public concerts, but only in the domestic circle. Moreover, Rossini on the one hand, and Beethoven on the other, overshadowed the modest young Schubert. It is significant that Beethoven did not discover his genius till the year of his own death. As regards Schubert's orchestral works, we must remember that orchestras were not at that time what they are to-day. The best Viennese organization, the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, found the Symphony in C "too long and too difficult" at the rehearsal, and substituted an earlier work. This was in 1828, the year of the composer's death. Ten years later the zealous Schumann discovered the great Symphony in C and took it to Leipsic, where the equally enthusiastic Mendelssohn secured for it a noteworthy success. In Vienna, however, although it was again taken up in the following year, only two movements were given, and these were separated by a Donizetti aria! Three years later Habeneck attempted to produce this symphony in Paris, but the band rebelled over the first movement, and, two years later still, when Mendelssohn put it in rehearsal for a Philharmonic concert in London, the same result followed. These things seem strange to us, but they are history, and help to explain why Schubert, with all his melody and spontaneity, made his way so slowly to popular appreciation. He was young, modest, and unknown, and musicians did not hesitate to slight a symphony which they would have felt bound to study had it borne the name of Beethoven or Mozart.

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[1] The coöperation of Mr. Henry T. Finck in the preparation of this article is hereby acknowledged.

Schubert's fame has grown steadily from year to year, and will grow greater still in the twentieth century. Rubinstein has, perhaps, gone farther than any one else, not only in including him in the list of those he considers the five greatest composers—Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Glinka—but in exclaiming, "Once more, and a thousand times more, Bach, Beethoven, and Schubert are the highest summits in music."[1] I am asked whether I approve of this classification. Such questions are difficult to answer. I should follow Rubinstein in including Schubert in the list of the very greatest composers, but I should not follow him in omitting Mozart. Schubert and Mozart have much in common: in both we find the same delicate sense of instrumental coloring, the same spontaneous and irrepressible flow of melody, the same instinctive command of the means of expression, and the same versatility in all the branches of their art. In their amazing fertility, too, they were alike; and herein lay, and still lies, one of the greatest impediments to their popular appreciation. The longer I live the more I become convinced that composers, like authors, usually follow the impulse and write too much. There are a few exceptions, like Berlioz and Chopin—not to forget Wagner, who condensed all his genius into ten great music-dramas. Had Rossini written ten operas instead of forty, Donizetti seven instead of seventy, would it

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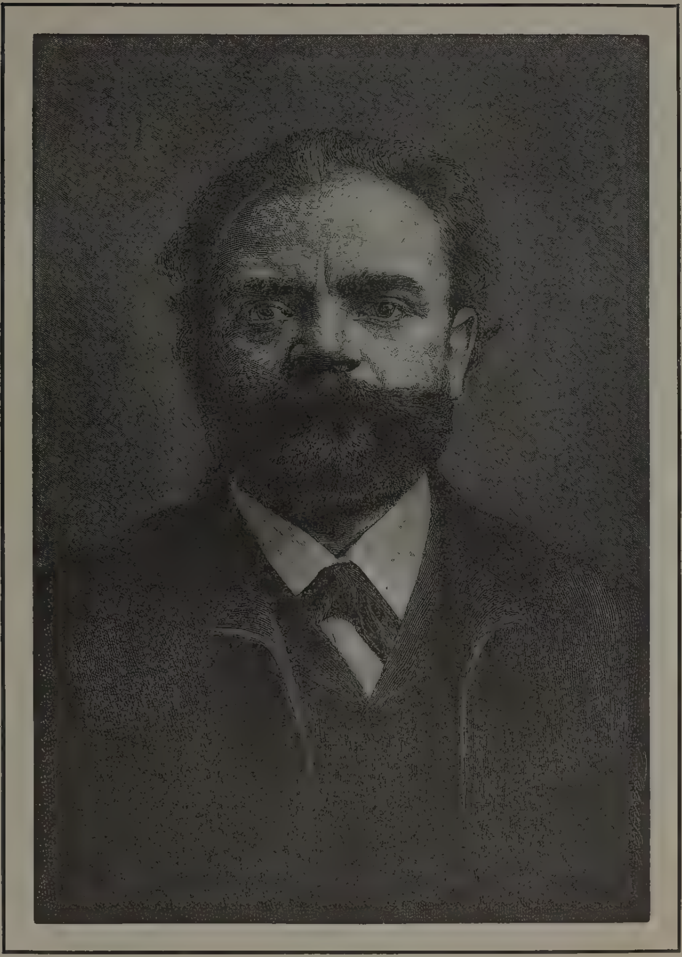
[1] "Die Musik und Ihre Meister," p. 50.



ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK.

Engraved by T. Johnson.

not have been better for their immortality and the perpetual delight of mankind? Even Bach's magnificent cantatas would have had a better chance of appreciation if there were not quite so many. The first thirty-four volumes of Bach's collected works contain one hundred and sixty, for all that, we should be sorry to lose a single one of them. If we are often amazed at the prevailing ignorance and neglect of many of the great works of the masters, we are at the same time obliged to confess that they themselves are largely to blame: they have given us too much. However, it is easier to give advice than to follow it. There is in creative minds an impulse to write which it is difficult to curb, and this was

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SCHUBERT MONUMENT IN VIENNA.

especially the case with Schubert, whose genius was like a spring which nothing but exhaustion could stop from flowing. Fortunately, the works of the great masters have at last been made accessible in complete editions: all of Schubert's works are now printed by Breitkopf and Härtel. The edition contains many gems unknown to the public, or even to the profession; and it now behooves artists and conductors to select from this embarrassing wealth what most deserves revival.

Schubert contributed to every form of his art; he was, as I have said, as versatile as Mozart, with whom he shares so many points of resemblance. But in one respect these two masters differ widely. Mozart was greatest in the opera, where Schubert was weakest. Schubert's attempts to exercise his genius and improve his fortunes by writing operas came at an unpropitious moment—a time when Vienna was so Rossini-mad that even

Beethoven was discouraged from writing for the stage. It took several rebuffs to discourage Schubert; indeed, though all his attempts failed, he is said to have had further operatic projects at the time of his last illness. He was always unlucky with his librettos, which are, without exception, inadequate. There were other untoward circumstances; yet the chief cause of his failure lay, after all, in the nature of his genius, which was lyrical, and not dramatic, or, at any rate, not theatrical. When Liszt produced "Alfonso und Estrella" at Weimar in 1854, it had only a *succès d'estime*, and Liszt himself confessed that its performance must be regarded merely as *ein Act der Pietät*, and an execution of historic justice. He called attention to the strange fact that Schubert, who contributed such picturesque and expressive accompaniments to his songs, should in this opera have assigned to the instruments a rôle so subordinate that the effect was little more than that of a pianoforte accompaniment arranged for the orchestra. At the same time, as Liszt very properly adds, Schubert influenced the progress of opera indirectly, by showing in his songs how closely poetry can be wedded to music, and how it can be emotionally intensified by the impassioned accents of song. Nor must we overlook the fact that there are in these Schubert operas not a few melodies, beautiful as such, which we can enjoy at home or in the concert-hall. These melodies were too lyrical in style to save the operas; they also lacked the ornamental brilliancy and theatrical dash which enabled Rossini to succeed temporarily with poor librettos and with a dramatic instinct less genuine than Schubert has shown in some of his songs, such as the "Erl King" and especially the "Doppelgänger," where we come across chords and modulations that affect us like the weird harmonies of *Ortrud's* scenes in "Lohengrin."

Besides the opera there is only one department of music in which Schubert has not in some of his efforts reached the highest summit of musical achievement. His sacred compositions, although very beautiful from a purely musical point of view, usually lack the true ecclesiastic atmosphere,—a remark which may be applied, in a general way, to Haydn and Mozart. To my mind, the three composers who have been most successful in revealing the inmost spirit of religious music are Palestrina, in whom Roman Catholic music attains its climax; Bach, who embodies the Protestant spirit; and Wagner, who has struck the true ecclesiastic chord in the Pilgrims' Chorus of "Tannhäuser," and especially in the first and third acts of "Parsifal." Compared with these three masters, other composers appear to have made too many concessions to worldly and purely musical factors — of course, not without exceptions. One of these exceptions is Mozart's "Requiem," especially the "Dies Iræ," which moves us as few compositions do, and attunes the soul to reverence and worship. Such exceptions may also be found among Schubert's sacred compositions. "Miriam's Song of Victory" is a wonderful work, as are some of his masses. In the Psalms, too, he has achieved great things, especially the one for female voices in A flat major, which is celestial without worldly admixtures. It must not be forgotten, also, that the notions as to what is truly sacred in music, like the sense of humor, may differ somewhat among nations and individuals. To the Viennese contemporaries of Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert, the masses by these composers probably did not seem too *gemüthlich*, as the Germans say — too genial and sentimental. As for Schubert himself, he was thoroughly convinced of the truly devotional character of his church music. We know this from a letter he wrote to his parents in 1825, and in which occurs the following passage: "Surprise was also expressed at my piety, to which I have given expression in a hymn to the Holy Virgin, which, as it seems, moves every one to devotion. I believe that this comes of the circumstance that I never force myself into a devout attitude and never compose such hymns or prayers unless I am involuntarily overcome by religious feeling; but in that case it usually happens to be the genuine spirit of devotion."

Schubert's chamber music, especially his string quartets and his trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, must be ranked among the very best of their kind in all musical literature. Of the quartets, the one in D minor is, in my opinion, the most original and important; that in A minor the most fascinating. Schubert does not try to give his chamber music an orchestral character, yet he attains a marvelous variety of beautiful tonal effects. Here, as elsewhere, his flow of melody is spontaneous, incessant, and irrepressible, leading often to excessive diffuseness. Like Chopin and Rossini, Schubert has frequently shown how a melody may be created which can wonderfully charm us, even apart from the harmonic accompaniment which naturally goes with and enriches it. But he was accused by his contemporaries of neglecting polyphony, or the art of interweaving several melodious parts into a contrapuntal web. This charge, combined with a late study of Handel's scores, induced him shortly before his death to plan a course of study in counterpoint with Sechter. No doubt his education in counterpoint had been neglected. It is not likely, however, that this would have materially altered his style, which was too individual from the beginning to undergo much change. For Schubert did not outgrow his early style so noticeably as, for example, did Beethoven and Wagner. Besides, Schubert had no real need of contrapuntal study. In his chamber music, as in his symphonies, we often find beautiful specimens of polyphonic writing,— see, for instance, the andantes of the C major quintet and of the D minor quartet,— and though his polyphony is different from Bach's or Beethoven's, it is none the less admirable. Mendelssohn is undoubtedly a greater master of polyphony than Schubert, yet I prefer Schubert's chamber music to Mendelssohn's.

Of Schubert's symphonies, too, I am such an enthusiastic admirer that

I do not hesitate to place him next to Beethoven, far above Mendelssohn as well as above Schumann. Mendelssohn had some of Mozart's natural instinct for orchestration and gift for form, but much of his work has proved ephemeral. Schumann is at his best in his songs, his chamber music, and his pianoforte pieces. His symphonies, too, are great works, though they are not always truly orchestral; the form seems to hamper the composer, and the instrumentation is not always satisfactory. This is never the case with Schubert. Although he sometimes wrote carelessly, and often too diffusely, he was never at fault in his means of expression, while mastery of form came to him spontaneously. In originality of harmony and modulation, and in his gift of orchestral coloring, Schubert has had no superior. Dr. Riemann asserts with justice that both Schumann and Liszt are descendants of Schubert in their use of harmony; Brahms, too, whose enthusiasm for Schubert is well known, has perhaps felt his influence; and as for myself, I cordially acknowledge my great obligations to him.

I have just observed that mastery of form came to Schubert spontaneously. This is illustrated by his early symphonies, five of which he wrote before he was twenty. The more I study them, the more I marvel. Although the influence of Haydn and Mozart is apparent in them, Schubert's musical individuality is unmistakable in the character of the melody, in the harmonic progressions, and in many exquisite bits of orchestration. In his later symphonies he becomes more and more individual and original. The influence of Haydn and Mozart, so obvious in his earlier efforts, is gradually eliminated. With his contemporary, Beethoven, he had less in common from the beginning. He resembles Beethoven, however, in the vigor and melodious flow of his basses; such basses we find even in his early symphonies. His "Unfinished Symphony" and the great one in C are unique contributions to musical literature, absolutely new and original, Schubert in every bar. What is perhaps most characteristic is the song-like melody pervading them. He introduced the song into the symphony, and made the transfer so skilfully that Schumann was led to speak of the resemblance to the human voice (*Aehnlichkeit mit dem Stimmorgan*) of these orchestral parts.

Although these two symphonies are by far Schubert's best, it is a pity that they alone should be deemed worthy a place on our concert programs. I have played the sixth, in C major, and No. 5, in B major, a dozen times with my orchestral pupils at the National Conservatory; they shared my pleasure in them, and at once recognized their great beauty.

It was with great pleasure and feelings of gratitude that I read not long ago of the performance in Berlin of the B major symphony by Herr Weingartner, one of the few conductors who have had the courage to put this youthful work on their programs. Schubert's fourth symphony, too, is an admirable composition. It bears the title of "Tragic Symphony," and was written at the age of nineteen, about a year after the "Erl King." It makes one marvel that so young a composer should have had the power to give utterance to such deep pathos. In the adagio there are chords that strikingly suggest the anguish of *Tristan's* utterances; nor is this the only place wherein Schubert is prophetic of Wagnerian harmonies. And although in some degree anticipated by Gluck and Mozart, he was one of the first to make use of an effect to which Wagner and other modern composers owe many of their most beautiful orchestral colors — the employment of the brass, not for noise, but played softly, to secure rich and warm tints.

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STROLLING-PLACE OF THE VIENNA MASTERS.

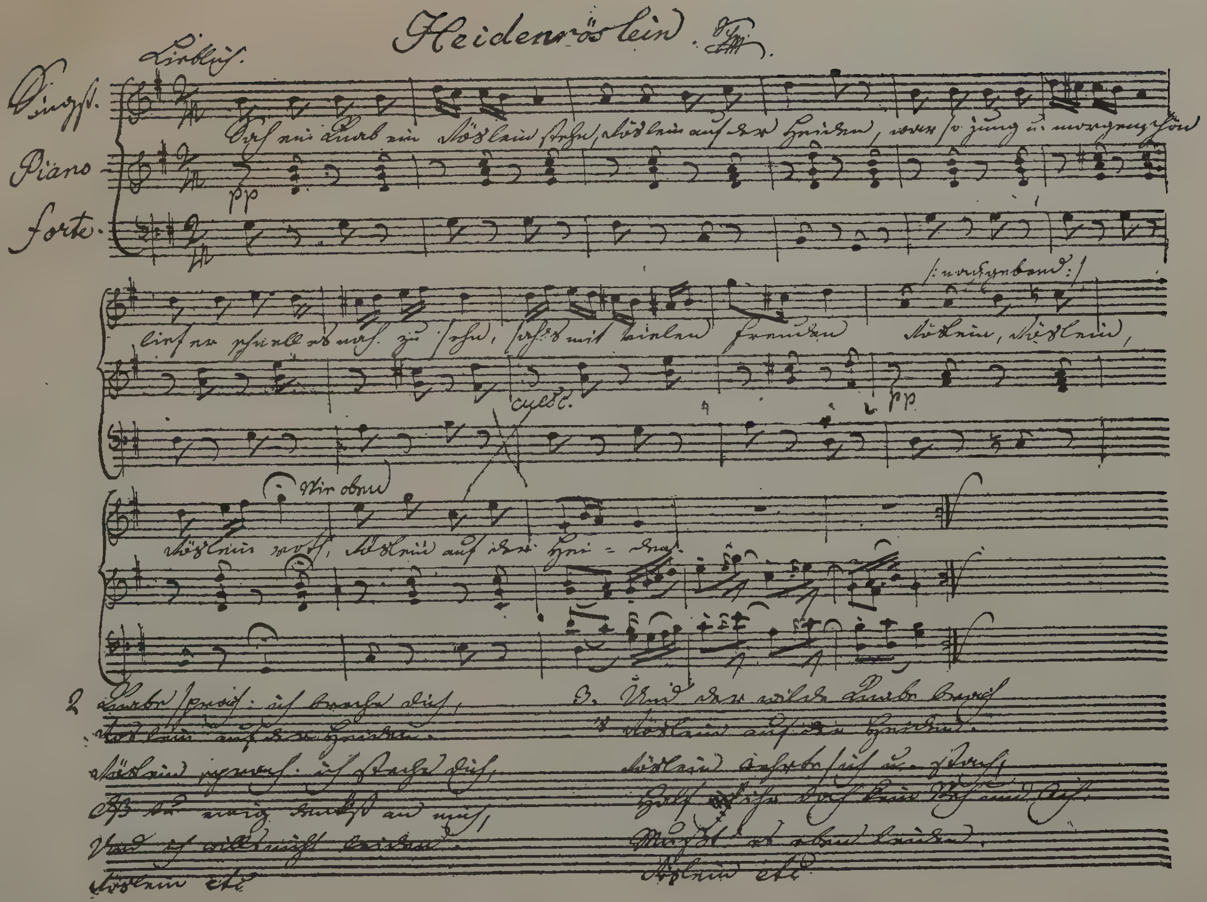
The richness and variety of coloring in the great Symphony in C are astounding. It is a work which always fascinates, always remains new. It has the effect of gathering clouds, with constant glimpses of sunshine breaking through them. It illustrates also, like most of Schubert's compositions, the truth of an assertion once made to me by Dr. Hans Richter —that the greatest masters always reveal their genius most unmistakably and most delightfully in their slow movements. Personally, I prefer the "Unfinished Symphony" even to the one in C; apart from its intrinsic beauty, it avoids diffuseness.

If Schubert's symphonies have a serious fault, it is prolixity; he does not know when to stop; but, if the repeats are omitted, a course of which I thoroughly approve and which, indeed, is now generally adopted, they are not too long. Schubert's case, in fact, is not an exception to, but an illustration of, the general rule that symphonies are made too long. When Bruckner's eighth symphony was produced in Vienna last winter, the Philharmonic Society had to devote a whole concert to it. The experiment has not been repeated elsewhere, and there can be no doubt that this symphony would have a better chance of making its way in the world if it were shorter. This remark has a general application. We should return to the symphonic dimensions approved by Haydn and Mozart. In this respect Schumann is a model, especially in his B flat major and D minor symphonies; also in his chamber music. Modern taste calls for music that is concise, condensed, and pithy.

In Germany, England, and America, Schubert's instrumental works, chamber and orchestral, have long since enjoyed a vogue and popularity which have amply atoned for their early neglect. As for the French, they have produced two Schubert biographies, but it cannot be said that they have shown the same general sympathy for this master as for some other German composers, or as the English have, thanks largely to the enthusiastic efforts of my esteemed friend, Sir George Grove. It is on record that after Habeneck had made an unsuccessful effort (his musicians rebelled at the rehearsal) to produce the great Symphony in C at a Conservatoire concert, no further attempt was made with Schubert's orchestral compositions at these concerts for forty years.

This may help to explain the extraordinary opinion of the eminent French critic, Fétis, that Schubert is less original in his instrumental works than in his songs, the popularity of which he also declared to be largely a matter of fashion! The latter insinuation is of course too absurd to call for comment to-day, but as regards the first part of his criticism I do not hesitate to say that, greatly as I esteem Schubert's songs, I value his instrumental works even more highly. Were all of his compositions to be destroyed but two, I should say, Save the last two symphonies.

Fortunately we are not confronted by any such necessity. The loss of Schubert's pianoforte pieces and songs would indeed be irreparable. For although much of their spirit and substance has passed into the works of his imitators and legitimate followers, the originals have never been equaled in their way. In most of his works Schubert is unique in melody, rhythm, modulation, and orchestration, but from a formal point of view he certainly is most original in his songs and his short pieces for piano. In his symphonies, chamber music, operas, and sacred compositions, he follows classical models; but in the *lied*, the "Musical Moment," the "Impromptu," he is romanticist in every fiber. Yet he wrote no fewer than


Heidenröslein.
Lieblich.
Singst.
Piano
forte.
pp
Sah ein Knab ein Röslein stehn, Röslein auf der Heiden, war so jung u. morgenschön
lief er schnell es nah zu sehn, sah's mit vielen Freuden Röslein, Röslein,
:wiederhohlend:
cresc.
pp
Röslein roth, Röslein auf der Hei = den.
2 Knabe sprach: ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden.
Röslein sprach: ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein etc.
3. Und der wilde Knabe brach
's Röslein auf der Heiden.
Röslein wehrte sich u. stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Musst' es eben leiden.
Röslein etc.

MANUSCRIPT OF A SONG BY SCHUBERT.

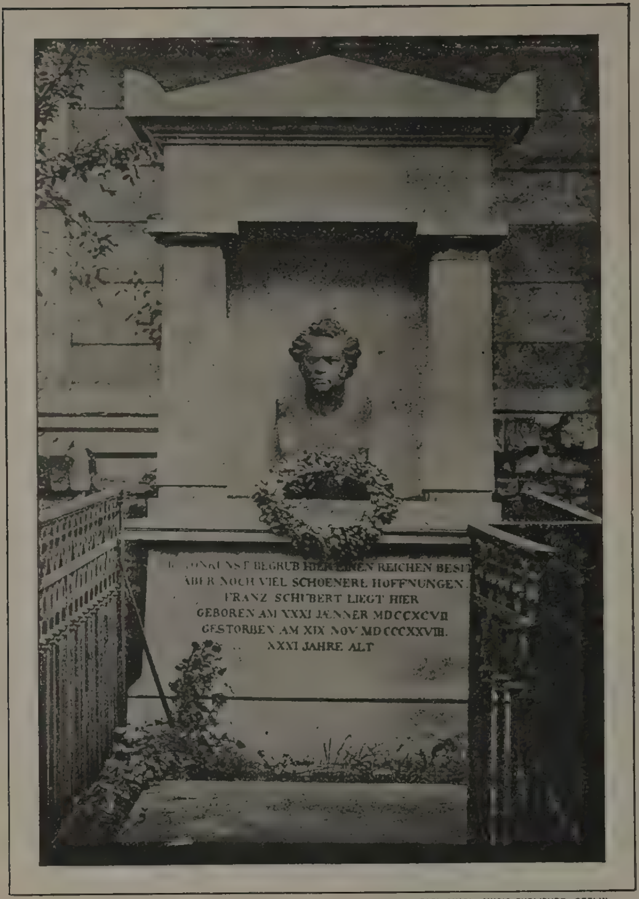
FROM THE ROYAL LIBRARY, BERLIN.

twenty-four sonatas (in which he follows classical models) for pianoforte for two or four hands. We can trace the influence of Beethoven's style even in the three which he wrote in the last year of his life. This seems strange when we consider that in the *lied* and the short pianoforte pieces he betrayed no such influence even in his earliest days. The "Erl King" and "The Wanderer," written respectively when he was eighteen and nineteen, are Schubert in every bar, whereas the piano sonatas and symphonies of this period are much more imitative, much less individual. One reason for this, doubtless, is that just as it is easier to write a short lyric poem than a long epic, so it is easier for a young composer to be original in short forms than in the more elaborate sonata and symphony; and we must remember that Schubert died at thirty-one.

But there was another reason. The tendency of the romantic school has been toward short forms, and although Weber helped to show the way, to Schubert belongs the chief credit of originating the short models of pianoforte pieces which the romantic school has preferably cultivated. His "Musical Moments" are unique, and it may be said that in the third "Impromptu" (Op. 90) lie the germs of the whole of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." Schumann has remarked that Schubert's style is more idiomatically pianistic (*claviermässig*) than Beethoven's, and this is perhaps true of these short pieces. Yet it can hardly be said that either Schubert or Schumann was in this respect equal to Bach or Chopin, who of all composers have written the most idiomatically for the piano. I cannot agree with Schumann in his rather depreciatory notice of Schubert's last sonatas (he speaks of "greater simplicity of invention," "a voluntary dispensing with brilliant novelty," and connects this with Schubert's last illness). I should not say that Schubert is at his best in these sonatas as a whole, but I have a great admiration for parts of them, especially for the last one in B flat with the exquisite andante in C sharp minor. Taking them all in all, I do not know but that I prefer his sonatas even to his short pieces for the piano. Yet they are seldom played at concerts!

Just as the "Impromptus" and "Musical Moments" were the source of the large crop of romantic short pieces, so Schubert's charming waltzes were the predecessors of the Lanner and Strauss dances on the one hand, and of Chopin's waltzes on the other. There is an astounding number of these Schubert dance pieces. Liszt has given some of them a brilliant setting for the concert-hall, but they are charming as originally written. In this humble sphere, as in the more exalted ones we have discussed, historians have hardly given Schubert full credit for his originality and influence.

In Schubert's pianoforte music, perhaps even more than in his other compositions, we find a Slavic trait which he was the first to introduce prominently into art-music, namely, the quaint alternation of major and


TONKUNST BEGRUB HIER EINEN REICHEN BESIT
ABER NOCH VIEL SCHOENERE HOFFNUNGEN.
FRANZ SCHUBERT LIEGT HIER
GEBOREN AM XXXI JÆNNER MDCCXCVII
GESTORBEN AM XIX NOV MDCCCXXVIII.
XXXI JAHRE ALT

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SCHUBERT'S GRAVE, VIENNA.

minor within the same period. Nor is this the only Slavic or Hungarian trait to be found in his music. During his residence in Hungary, he assimilated national melodies and rhythmic peculiarities, and embodied them in his art, thus becoming the forerunner of Liszt, Brahms, and others who have made Hungarian melodies an integral part of European concert music. From the rich stores of Slavic folk-music, in its Hungarian, Russian, Bohemian, and Polish varieties, the composers of to-day have derived, and will continue to derive, much that is charming and novel in their music. Nor is there anything objectionable in this, for if the poet and the painter base much of their best art on national legends, songs, and traditions, why should not the musician? And to Schubert will belong the honor of having been one of the first to show the way.

Perhaps the luckiest accident in Schubert's life was his acquaintance and friendship with the famous tenor Vogl. This was brought about deliberately by his friends, in order to secure for his songs the advantage of that singer's artistic interpretation. Vogl at first pretended to be "tired of music," and showed some indifference to his modest young accompanist's songs; but this soon changed to interest, followed by genuine enthusiasm. Thus it came about that these songs were gradually made familiar in Viennese social circles. Schubert himself sang, though only with a "composer's voice"; but he must have been an admirable accompanist. In a letter to his parents he says: "I am assured by some that under my fingers the keys are changed to singing voices, which, if true, would please me greatly." This, written only three years before his death, illustrates his great modesty. In some recently published reminiscences by Josef von Spaun[1] it is related how, when Vogl and Schubert performed together at soirées in Vienna, the ladies would crowd about the tenor, lionizing him and entirely ignoring the composer. But Schubert, instead of feeling annoyed or jealous, was actually pleased. Adoration embarrassed him, and he is known to have dodged it by escaping secretly by the back door.

Little did the Viennese dream that the songs thus interpreted for them by Schubert and Vogl would create a new era in music. Of the *lied*, or lyric song, not only is Schubert originator, but no one has ever surpassed him. Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven did indeed write a few songs, but merely by the way, and without revealing much of their genius or individuality in them. But Schubert created a new epoch with the *lied*, as Bach did with the piano and Haydn with the orchestra. All other song-writers have followed in his footsteps, all are his pupils, and it is to his rich treasure of songs that we owe, as a heritage, the beautiful songs of such masters as Schumann, Franz, and Brahms. To my taste the best songs written since Schubert are the "Magelonen-Lieder" of Brahms; but I agree with the remark once made to me by the critic Ehlert that Franz attained the highest perfection of all in making poetry and music equivalent in his songs.

In the best of Schubert's songs we find the same equivalence of poem and music, and it was lucky that Vogl was an artist who, as Spaun says, "sang in such a way as to interest his hearers not only in the music, but also in the poem," which so few singers do. In the absence of singers who could imitate Vogl in this respect, Liszt was justified in arranging these songs for the pianoforte, whereby he greatly accelerated their popularity. To hear the real Schubert, however, we must have the voice and the poem, too, so that we may note how closely the poem and the music are amalgamated, and how admirably the melodic accent coincides with the poetic. In this respect, Schubert marks a great advance over his predecessors. He was almost as averse to word-repetitions as Wagner, whom he also resembles in the powerful emotional effects he produces by his modulations, especially in his later songs.

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[1] "Classisches und Romantisches aus der Tonwelt," von La Mara. 1892.

Schubert's melodic fount flowed so freely that he sometimes squandered good music on a poor text, as is shown in his operas and in some of his songs. Usually, however, the best poems evoked the best music from his creative fancy. His fertility is amazing. It is known that he composed as many as eight songs in one day, and ninety-one in one year (1816), while the whole number of his songs exceeds six hundred. The best of these songs are now so universally known, and have been so much discussed, that it is difficult to offer any new comment on them.

There is only one more point to which attention may be called here—Schubert's power of surrounding us with the poetic atmosphere of his subject with the very first bars of his *lieder.* For such a stroke of genius recall his song "Der Leiermann," the pathetic story of the poor hurdy-gurdy player whose plate is always empty, and for whose woes Schubert wins our sympathy by his sad music—by that plaintive, monotonous figure which pervades the accompaniment from beginning to end, bringing the whole scene vividly before our eyes and keeping it there to the end. Before Schubert no song-writer had conceived such an effect, after he had shown the way, others eagerly followed in his footsteps.

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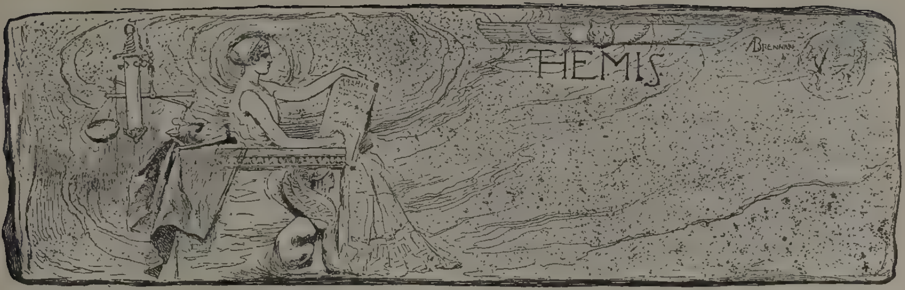
THE GRAVES OF BEETHOVEN, MOZART, GLUCK, AND SCHUBERT IN VIENNA.



CARL MARIA VON WEBER

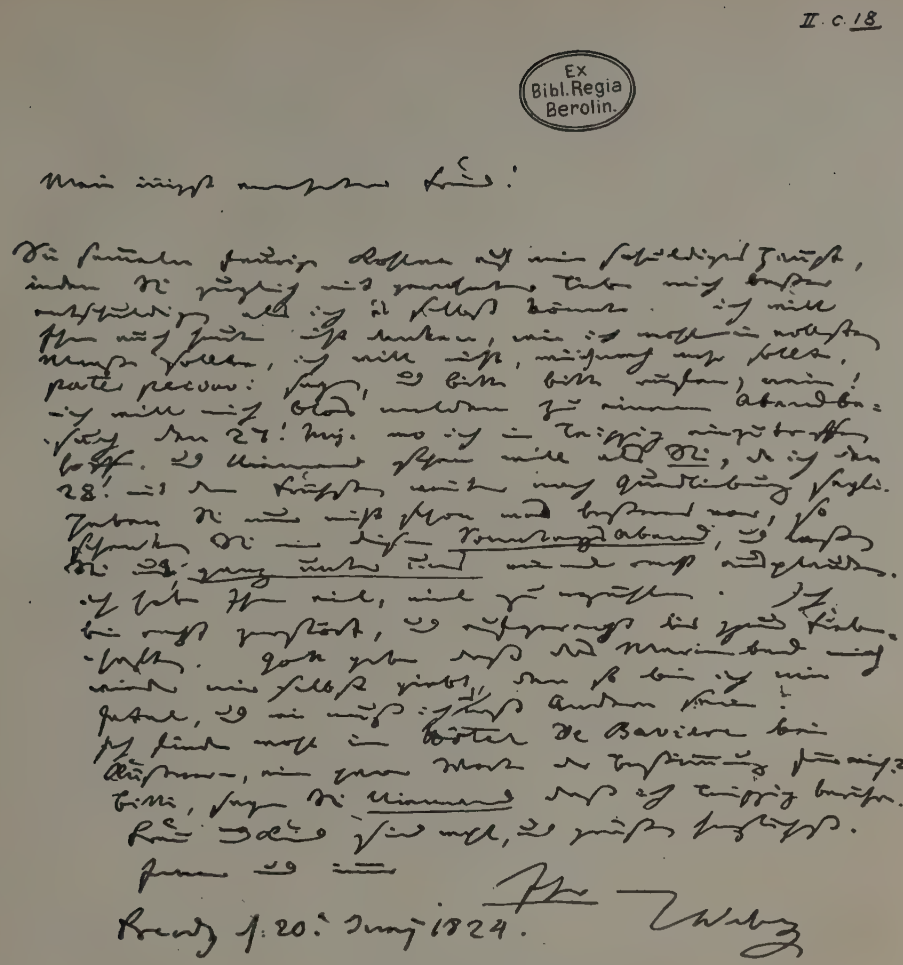
BY

ERNEST NEWMAN

IT is a comparatively rare thing now, in the experience of any amateur of music, to find a work of Weber set down for performance in the concert-room or the theater. His "Freischütz" still keeps the stage, his masses are occasionally heard in the churches, and now and then one may hear the "Concertstück" or one of the overtures; but, on the whole, it may be said that Weber has practically disappeared from our programs. This would seem to indicate that his music is now obsolete. Such, however, is by no means the case. The intelligent amateur can still find a very real pleasure and a quite modern interest in it; while the student who looks at Weber's historical relations to the music that preceded and the music that came after his, discovers him to be, in fact, one of the permanent seminal forces of the art. Like Tschaikowsky, he worked in almost every musical form it is possible to mention, and did enduring work in them all. The most interesting feature of this many-sided activity, however, is the extent to which his suggestions bore fruit in later musicians, who, though they may have surpassed him in point of actual achievement, at the same time found that he had anticipated their speech in many ways. Take away his piano works, for example, and there is lacking the last link in the chain that connects the classic pianism of Beethoven and the romantic pianism of Schumann, Chopin, and the moderns, not only as regards technic and the feeling for the true piano color, but as regards the quality and range of the emotions expressed. In the song, again, one thinks of him as the necessary precursor of Schubert, Schumann, and Franz; — nay, he is the spiritual ancestor of Brahms himself, for the volkslied of Brahms is only the volkslied of Weber brought to shining glory and perfection. Simple as Weber's little lyrics may be, they generally suggest his successors much more than his contemporaries. Finally, his influence on the opera cannot be disputed. It is shown not only in the work of the modern men who cultivated opera without reference to the Wagnerian ideals, but also in the music of Wagner himself. As one reads through the scores of the "Freischütz," "Euryanthe," and "Oberon," one is surprised at the frequent anticipations of both the Wagnerian principle and the Wagnerian idiom. So that, even though the music of Weber may now have been outdistanced in every direction by the later men, who each took one corner of the field where Weber labored so feverishly and spasmodically, and cultivated it to surer perfection, yet the bulk of his work has still the seed of life in it. For it has not happened to him, as it so often happens in musical history, that when the later men took his forms and improved upon them, his own light suffered extinction. Gluck and Wagner killed almost every one who worked in the same medium with them; Beethoven, by sheer weight and energy, trod out of existence almost all his competitors in instrumental music; the great moderns, each in his own line, have made most of the music of their predecessors seem pale and ineffectual. But Weber still survives,—still says something to us that is not to be found in any of his successors.

Born in 1786, the son of an eccentric father of fifty-two and a mother of eighteen, and afflicted with a disease of the hip-bone from childhood, the lad was delicate and highly strung from his birth. His nervous spirits and his strange paternal heredity account for the feverish energy of his musical life, as well as for the dissipation of his early years, which, though it may not have done him much harm in other ways, undoubtedly weakened his physique and thus affected his mental powers—the overwrought brain is evident in numerous passages of his works. His wandering, busy life, again, while it brought him experience and knowledge of men, wore him out prematurely, and he died in 1826, with the consciousness of what he could do in music only just coming to birth in him. In "Oberon," the work of almost his last days, there are visible both an emotional beauty surpassing anything he had achieved before, and a great development in the technic of the art and in the mastery of its language. But the premature termination of his life prevented him from ever understanding clearly the bent of his own powers. All his work fluctuates uncertainly between two styles. Had another twenty years been given to him, he might, if not by solid thought, at least by constant practice and discontent with what he did, have evolved a greater unity, and found a form, whether in the field of the opera, or the orchestra, or the piano, wholly suitable to his peculiar ideas.

Certain of his earliest characteristics clung to him to his latest days; and the astonishing thing is how entirely successful he was in circumstances where other men have broken down completely. In much of his work he was far more modern than Beethoven, who, as a whole, seems to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A LETTER OF VON WEBER'S.

From the Royal Library, Berlin.

belong to the eighteenth century, while Weber belongs to the nineteenth. But crossing the modernity of his nature was a vein of naïveté that appears at times to derive from the most infantine epoch of musical art. In spite of this incongruity, Weber's simplicity rarely raises a smile, even in this day, after all the huge developments of music in the last century; while Beethoven's naïveté is frequently suggestive of pure childishness. Weber, in fact, had the genius of simplicity in as full measure as Mozart or Schubert. "There never was a more *German* composer than thou," said Wagner of him, most truly, in his speech upon the occasion of the removal of his remains from London to Dresden in 1844. It was this pure, undiluted Germanism that gave him so much strength within his simplicity, that added just the one little touch of permanence to his most artless melodies. For the Teutonic volkslied has this preëminence among folk-songs, that in its simplest, most primitive form it can still hold the attention of later and more sophisticated generations. Nothing could surpass in pure naïveté some of the songs of Weber; yet they still remain a delight to ears that have been filled with all the complicated music of the latest days. Look, for example, at the "Einsam bin ich nicht alleine," from "Preciosa." It would be impossible to imagine a more restricted harmonic scheme than that of the accompaniment here; it is simple to the verge of baldness. Yet Weber entwines with it a precious little melody that, somehow or other, refuses to let us regard it as naïve, that makes a constantly winning appeal to us. So again with the mermaid's song in "Oberon," — "O wie wogt es sich schön auf der Fluth," — where the extreme artlessness of the melody, harmony, and rhythm never becomes banal until the last two bars. In the second subject of the third piano sonata (in D minor) one detects here and there a faint odor of the commonplace, as if the simplicity were about to lose that indefinable something that bestows vitality and grace on the smallest things; but half a dozen little touches redeem the situation just where it appears to be hopelessly lost. This power of being simple without banality, artless without affectation, is a rare gift above all in music, where the caprices of time play havoc with even the more complex expressions of bygone generations. The psychology of music is painfully obscure; but the fact seems to be that almost every musical strain is the offspring of some experience or other, and the superior vitality of certain old melodies is perhaps due not to some merely formal perfection in them, but to their giving accurate voice to the deeper-seated, elemental moods in us. It is probably to this that the moral grandeur of Beethoven is due; he seems to deal with the eternal verities of the emotional life, to be intuitively familiar with the problems that have vexed men, in varying shapes, in every age. And on lower ground it may be true that the simpler melodies that survive, like some of Weber's, do so because they also, in their way, speak of the things that are common to all the generations of men,—perhaps express some deep-rooted, inextinguishable aspiration of the grown man toward a life more innocent, less subtle, less sophisticated. In this manner they may be a kind of moral tonic, bringing strength and permitting repose to nerves that have become overstrained.

Some such explanation must be sought for the undying charm of Weber's more artless melodies. It seems to be true, moreover, that the art and literature of any epoch will live for the widely different men of a later epoch, so long as the expression is heartfelt, sincere, and free from affectation or sentimentality. In point of sheer, simple honesty, of thorough belief in their own ideals, no workers could surpass those of the early German romantic movement. One finds the best parallel to the permanence of Weber's simpler music in parts of the immortal "Undine" of La Motte Fouqué, whose naïveté would be the extremity of fine art were it not so wholly artless. One is reminded of it again by the simplicity of imagination — nay, even of the life itself — of Novalis; and by the ever-delightful stories of Chamisso and Hoffmann. All that generation, in fact, cultivated simplicity, not as an artistic amusement, but as the best and most natural medium of expression of what they felt. For these broad and unaffected natures there could not be a more suitable mode of utterance than the volkslied, and it is the volkslied that sings through all the best of Weber's music.

As the "Freischütz" was and is the most popular of all his works, so it is the one most suitable for examination, if we want to understand what the man's brain was like; for in the "Freischütz" we really have all his qualities. We see in some of the choruses, like the Huntsmen's Chorus and the famous "Jungfernkranz," and in the introduction to the third act, the simplicity of his generation in its most innocent and most charming form. We see all the signs of an artistically immature people in the feebleness of the general dramatic scheme, the inability to choose between what is really human and essential and what is absurd and unnecessary. Then, again, we have Weber at his best — the folk-song raised to its most strenuous expression, yet always eloquent of its popular origin, as in the "Leise, leise" and the "Und ob die Wolke sie verhülle." Some of the dramatic scenes, such as the trio and chorus in the first act and the scene in the Wolf's Glen, seem to be so far separated in manner and content from the simpler strains of the opera that one finds it difficult to believe that both orders of music could find a home in the same brain. Two things are generally noticeable: first, that fresh and charming as Weber can be in his least sophisticated moments, it is in the scenes of deepest feeling that his melody becomes refined to its purest; and second, that the best passages of all, in which he seems more than anywhere else to reach out to the moderns, are those thoroughly dramatic ones that, by providing him with a definite scheme to work upon, give his imagination the direct stimulus it always seemed to require. For his temperament was essentially dramatic, and not only found voice more easily where human action was concerned, but instinctively imported the human element into music which he had begun by trying to make non-dramatic.

We see this very clearly in his piano sonatas. The reason why the sonata-form has been evolved to what we now have is that this is, on the whole, the best medium in which to express the mainly abstract ideas to which the older musicians sought to give voice. The sonata pure and simple may here and there become poetic or dramatic or pictorial or anything else; but it is mostly concerned with a mood that unconsciously avoids definite characterization, that is content to remain vague and general. It was out of feelings of this kind that the "first-movement" form was evolved; and only to feelings of this kind is that form entirely suited.

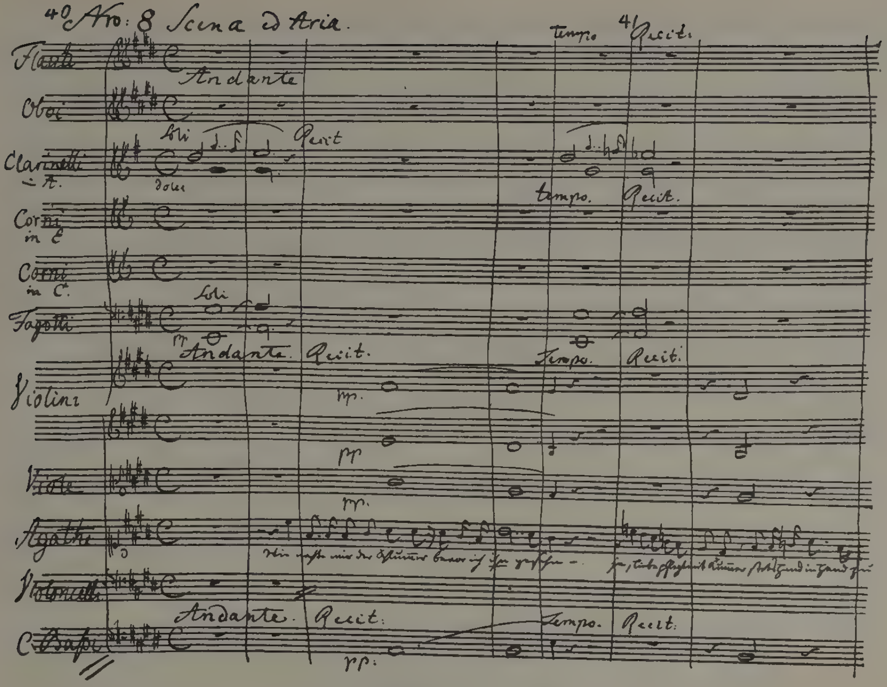
The modern conflict between the classics and the romantics, between the absolute symphonists and the program musicians, has shown how inadequate the old form is to any ideas but those that gave it birth, and how a different mental picture requires another handling, another manner of focussing, before it can make its proper effect. This struggle between two incompatible forces — the dramatic idea and the non-dramatic form — is frequently to be observed in Weber's work. He was probably unaware of it himself, for it was a hard thing in those days for a musician to regard the established form as anything but sacrosanct and above profane criticism. Yet he must have felt, at times, a dissatisfaction with the structure of his piano sonatas which he would find it difficult to explain. He can always invent themes,—indeed, looked at purely as "subjects," few sonata themes have such vivid, clear-cut expression, such an instantaneous power to burn themselves upon the brain. Nor is there any lack of the ability to handle the themes themselves, to draw new significances from them by alterations in treatment. Where one most feels that Weber is ill at ease is in the transitions from one mood, one picture, to another. His big movements seem to come suddenly to an end two or three times; a more or less mechanical transition is made, and one begins again with a story quite as interesting as the first, but somehow not inevitably connected with it. A frequent device with him was a scale passage that bridged over the awkward ground between the two forces that are supposed to coöperate, but which are really, in his case, very much more like rivals that refuse to come too near each other. Look, for example, at the brilliant and striking allegro of the first sonata. All goes well until the time for the advent of the second subject, which is led up to, somewhat perfunctorily, by a scale. Another scale serves to introduce, later on, the first subject on its reëntry; and yet another scale prepares the way for the repeat of the second subject. Weber, of course, always had a passion for scale passages, which he has sometimes treated very effectively; and even in this first sonata one feels that the pianism of the thing is rather clever. Still it is evident that there are two or three breaks in the picture, which Weber has been unable to do more than patch up with runs. The connecting tissue is not organic. "Cut these words and they would bleed," says Emerson of Montaigne's "Essays"; "they are vascular and alive." One ought to be able to say that of the true symphonic movement. The circulation should be continuous. What one feels in a movement like this of Weber is that certain of the less obtrusive organs are wanting, and have been replaced by artificial manufactures, the body enjoying excellent health on the whole, but showing a little awkwardness in movement, a slight failure in the adaptation of means to ends.

One notices something similar in some of the scale passages of the first movement of the second sonata,—though here they are more of a piece with the general development. This movement is, indeed, wrought with more mastery than anything else of Weber's. But in the allegro of the third sonata we feel that the transition from the first to the second subject is again a little awkward, inorganic, and over-abrupt. In the "Menuetto Capriccioso" of the second sonata we have Weber's most successful treatment of this scale-method of transition. Here the leading up to the final reëntry of the first theme is so skilfully done as to seem quite natural; and there is no such break in the sense of this movement as we feel in almost every other movement of Weber's sonatas. But in the rondo of this same sonata we more than once become conscious of that mechanical joining of the main masses which is so evident in the allegro of the first sonata.

The explanation of this peculiarity in the structure of Weber's piano music seems to be this: that his imagination ran spontaneously into the dramatic rather than the abstract or decorative mold. He could invent themes, because they sprang Minerva-like from his brain whenever he looked at human character and human movement; he could vary and develop them, because every dramatic idea that is fairly related to life is capable of infinite variation. But when he came to combine his ideas in the same picture, when he had to face the problem of setting these disparate things in the one atmosphere, of showing the all-embracing unity that underlay and reconciled their diversity,—which is the secret of the successful structure of a symphonic or sonata movement by Beethoven,—his powers deserted him. He could not carry the one mental picture over into the other, could not blend them so harmoniously as to hide the edges of juncture. So that while a Beethoven movement seems to be one great scene, always unified, always homogeneous, always perfectly balanced in composition, a movement of Weber more resembles two or three fine paintings set arbitrarily in the one frame. He illustrates, in fact, the conflict between the form that has been born and bred from music pure and simple, and the idea that comes from the infusion into music of poetry or drama or the plastic arts.

We know that he himself more than once consciously wrote to a program, as in the case of the "Concertstück," the poetical idea of which is thus given by Sir Julius Benedict, who had it from Weber himself: "The *Châtelaine* sits all alone on her balcony, gazing far away into the distance. Her *Knight* has gone to the Holy Land. Years have passed by, battles have been fought. Is he still alive? Will she ever see him again? Her excited imagination calls up a vision of her husband lying wounded and forsaken on the battle-field. Can she not fly to him and die by his side? She falls back unconscious. But hark! what notes are those in the distance? Over there in the forest something flashes in the sunlight — nearer and nearer. Knights and squires with the cross of the Crusaders, banners waving, acclamations of the people; and there,— it is he! She sinks into his arms. Love is triumphant. Happiness without end. The very woods and waves sing the song of love; a thousand voices proclaim his victory." Some such definite guide to his imagination as this Weber almost always needed; and if he failed to supply himself with it, his music frequently suffered. And it is curious to note how instinctively his utterance became dramatic, or pseudo-dramatic, even in movements where he began with the opposite intention. As a rule, his andanti are the weakest, because in these he felt himself compelled to adhere to the conventional manner; and even his natural charm of melody cannot give the majority of them the appearance of life. But wherever his subject allowed it, he always drifted unconsciously into the dramatic or the pictorial. This is clearly evident in the slow movement of the first sonata, which ceases to be abstract and becomes dramatically rhetorical as soon as the musician warms to his work. In the andante of the second sonata, again, he begins with the mood of deep, indefinite feeling that is proper to the symphonic slow movement, but soon forgets all this and begins painting pictures, so that at times the movement is really a processional march. The result of his having neither a dramatic theme to begin with, nor the chance of converting his subject into drama as he goes along, is seen in the andante of the third sonata, which is for the most part trifling and vapid.

In the fourth sonata we have, as in the "Concertstück," a definite scheme, though here it is made to spread over four movements, instead of one only, as in the latter piece. According to Weber himself, as quoted again by Benedict, the first movement "portrays in mournful strains the state of a sufferer from mixed melancholy and despondency, with occasional glimpses of hope, which are, however, always darkened and crushed. The second movement describes an outburst of rage and insanity; the andante is of a consolatory nature, and fitly expresses the partly successful entreaties of friendship and affection endeavoring to calm the patient, though there is an undercurrent of agitation—of evil augury. The last movement—a wild, fantastic tarantella, with only a few snatches of melody—finishes in exhaustion and death." The whole sonata, says Benedict, is intended to depict "the struggle of the reason against the demon of insanity." A cursory examination of the work shows that it is free from those defects of structure which are evident here and there in the other sonatas. The first movement, for example, hangs together perfectly. There is none of the customary awkwardness in moving from one subject to another, because the composer's mind has a solid dramatic scheme to guide and support it. We are not perplexed, as in some of the other sonatas, by the frequent intrusion of passages that seem to have been taken bodily from an opera and grafted upon the milder substance of abstract music. Spitta has remarked that "his pianoforte style shows, within reasonable limit, a leaning to the orchestral. For instance, in the finale of the Sonata in D minor he must certainly have had the cello and



A MANUSCRIPT OF VON WEBER'S.

From the Royal Library, Berlin.

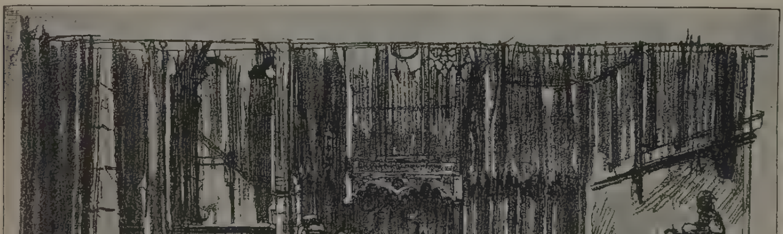
clarinet in mind when he wrote the *cantabile* and the still more beautiful counter-subject. Again, in the first movement of the Sonata in C, his mental ear has evidently been filled with the sound of the orchestra from bar 4." In numerous other passages we feel not only that the themes have been conceived orchestrally, but that they are phrased—it may be unconsciously—to words. We feel that the passage marked *con dolore*, in the second sonata, has not only been associated, in Weber's mind, with the oboe color, but that the human voice and human speech have had something to do with the conception of this essentially vocal phrase. The marks of the drama and the orchestra are evident also in the *con duolo* passage that precedes the reëntry of the first subject. Time after time, in the piano works, we have the impression that the proper setting for this or that theme is the theater.

We arrive at the conclusion, then, that it was in the direction of the drama that Weber's gift impelled him. Yet his dramatic work, curiously enough, suggests that he himself never thoroughly realized this. When we look at his operas, where, free from the limitations imposed on him by the forms of abstract music, we would expect him to be completely, unmistakably dramatic, we observe that here again the curious dualism of his nature asserts itself. He does not, that is, throw himself into the opera with that fiery energy, that complete absorption that characterize the man who feels that this, and this alone, is the form in which nature intended him to write. The really great musical dramatists have been men who, like Gluck and Wagner, felt all their instincts urging them to the opera and away from everything else, and who therefore rarely sought expression in other musical forms. One has the feeling, here as elsewhere, that Weber lacked a proper understanding of himself. His dramatic sense was always fine, and continually increased in excellence as he grew older. But this was simply the natural growth of a musical faculty that instinctively understood dramatic expression. He never seems to have reflected upon the essentials of the opera as Gluck and Wagner did,—as every predestined innovator must do,—in pain and endless travail of spirit.

He was, to begin with, far too careless about the text of his operas—a curious defect in a musician with such strong literary characteristics as Weber. But his offense in this respect becomes less when we reflect that a certain naïveté, a certain failure to get to close quarters with the realities of human life, ran through the work of most of his contemporaries, literary as well as musical. There was no better blend of the romantic and the real in those days than Hoffmann, the strange, fantastic creature who was half novelist and half musician; and if we look at Hoffmann's esthetic *ideas* alone, we do not find much to add to them even in these days. In his story of "The Poet and the Composer," for example, we have the best of Wagner's "Opera and Drama" foreshadowed. But when Hoffmann comes to apply his own ideas, the trail of the naïve romanticism of his day is over him. One of his characters outlines the plot of a story by Gozzi, which he complacently regards as the model for a really sane, intellectual opera; and as one reads this somewhat primitive performance, one begins to have some sympathy with Weber, and to understand how he could be satisfied with such a libretto as "Euryanthe."

Further, his dramatic sense was general rather than particular,—by which I mean that his conceptions were of types rather than of individuals. Except in one or two rare instances, I have never been able to feel that his *dramatis personæ* are clear-cut, sharply defined studies of character, like Wagner's men and women and deities, for example. Weber's personages seem to be not so much individuals as symbols of a multitude of similar beings. His *Max* and *Agatha*, for example, do not stamp themselves upon our mental vision like *Wotan* or *Isolde;* we do not feel that they are persons whom we could recognize among a crowd as soon as they began to speak. Nor do we notice any great psychological differentiation between *Adolar* and *Euryanthe*, or between *Eglantine* and *Lysiart.* What we can say of all these characters is that they are more true to humanity in general than to any particular individual. *Agatha* is the type of the loving maiden who remains constant through adversity; we feel that every *Agatha* in the world would express herself just in this way, and that she is therefore a correct epitome of them all. But we cannot think of her as an individual without reference to the class of which she is a type. It goes without saying, of course, that there are differences of a kind between his characters. *Agatha* is not like *Aennchen*, *Max* is not like *Cuno*, *Euryanthe* is not like *Eglantine*. Differentiation of this sort is essential and inevitable; it is to be found in the works of opera-writers with practically no dramatic gift. What we do not get is a sense that Weber's *Agatha* or *Max* or *Adolar* is a person created for us by the musician alone, a character distinct from any one else who might be placed in the same circumstances. And just as in each opera he merged the individual in the type, so he spread a uniformity of tint over all the characters of the particular work he had in hand. All the characters, all the scenes, all the atmosphere of "Euryanthe" are different from the characters, the scenes, and the atmosphere of the "Freischütz"; but within the frame of each particular opera the drawing and the coloring of every character are very much the same. We step into a different world in each opera. Weber was peculiarly influenced by external surroundings and by literary suggestions, so that when he conceived a work he set about the execution of it with the color of every character and every detail determined in advance by his general vision of the world in which the opera is placed. Thus the whole of "Euryanthe" vibrates with a loftier passion than "Der Freischütz"; though a scene here may be as simple as one in the earlier work, it has the simplicity of a knightly court and of high breeding, not the simplicity of German rustic life. The same remark holds good of "Preciosa" and of "Oberon." It all suggests that when we speak of Weber as a dramatist we mean something quite different from what we mean when we apply the term, for instance, to Wagner. He is less a dramatic poet than a dramatic painter, he does not so much create character as suggest the general range of psychology among the people of a certain epoch or a certain locality. Hence his unfailing power wherever he is called upon to be pictorial,—not merely in the painting or suggestion of external things, as in the famous scene in the Wolf's Glen, but in the more delicate, more intimate limning of the inner life. Herein he is helped by his intuitive insight into the possibilities of the orchestra. In "Euryanthe," in particular, the rôle of the commentator is played by the orchestra with an efficiency beyond anything we meet with in other pre-Wagnerian work. There is a delicacy, an accuracy, a penetration here, not only as regards mere color, but in the suggestion of the psychological atmosphere of a scene or an act, that always makes Weber's work seem quite modern to us.

Finally, what keeps Weber's music still alive is above all his sincerity, his pure naturalness, his freedom from any sophisticated attempts at subtlety or profundity. Everything he wrote has the stamp of having come straight from the heart. He was one of those peculiar types who are always young in animal spirits, round whom the darker shadows of the world may close for years almost unnoticed. Such a temperament has its defects, and we can see them fairly well in Weber. His constant freshness of outlook, his perpetual joyousness of heart even in illness and adversity,—for his moments of despair were comparatively few,—served him in good stead in some respects. But they also prevented him from assimilating some of the richer food and wine of life. It is not good for an artist to be always younger in temperament than in intellect; if he is to draw near to the world's great heart and hear "the still, sad music of humanity" in all its fullness, he must grow old in spirit and a little weary. We feel that Weber's buoyant disposition closed against him the doors of the darker rooms of life. In the long run it is the men who have wrestled with the moral life and been thrown, like Bach, like Beethoven, like Wagner, who can arrest us when and where they will, as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest. It is just this last touch of moral struggle that is lacking in Weber's work; though we have to remember that he died just when, for men of his temperament, the corroding bitterness of the mental life is beginning to destroy and re-create the soul. Though this final ingredient is usually wanting in his music, we feel that it would have come had he lived a few years longer. But among those who are the children of light rather than of darkness there is no one stronger or more thoroughly human than he. So far as his powers and his circumstances allowed him, he tried to understand life, and faithfully and sincerely represented what he knew of it; and his work is always inspired by life, always eloquent of real things, which will keep it fragrant and individual for many generations to come.



PSALM·100,2·DIENET·DEM·HERRN·MIT·FREUDEN
KOMMT·VOR·SEIN·ANGESICHT·MIT·FROHLOCKEN

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THE ONE-HUNDREDTH PSALM.

From the painting by W. Spatz.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

BY

CARL REINECKE

Wen die Götter lieben
Dem Geben sie Gleichmass
In allen Dingen;
Zu der Phantasie
Die Erde und Himmel umfassen will
Den wägenden Verstand
Der sie gefesselt hält
Im einfach Schönen.

WHEN Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy wrote his "Paulus" he was everywhere recognized as the most famous living composer; publishers strove with each other to obtain his compositions; youthful artists thronged around him; the public bought, sang, and played his works rather than those of any one else; and, most indicative of his standing, the greatest contemporary composers recognized him without envy as their leader. Those who yielded Mendelssohn this place — Robert Schumann, Ludwig Spohr, Franz Lachner, Niels W. Gade, William Sterndale Bennett, Wilhelm Taubert, and Ignaz Moscheles — were no mean composers. But how changed it is to-day, though little more than a half-century has elapsed since the master closed his eyes forever! Then one of the noblest in the kingdom of music, Robert Schumann, dedicated with heartfelt reverence his three string quartets, Op. 44, to his friend Mendelssohn; now many a youthful artist who has struggled

HOUSE WHERE MENDELSSOHN WAS BORN.

No. 14 Grosse Michaelis Street, Hamburg.

a little with simple counterpoint thinks he may shrug his shoulders compassionately whenever Mendelssohn is spoken of. The musical press has alluded to the "tedious" Piano Concerto in G minor, and in the very sanctuary of Mendelssohn's most famous works—in the Leipsic Gewandhaus-Concerts—his name stands upon the concert programs less often than that of any one else; indeed, it almost seems as if his works were performed more with regard to his position as former director of this concert-institute than in grateful consciousness of his incontestable standing as composer.

How has it happened that in such a comparatively short time the popularity of Mendelssohn has waned to such a degree? Was he immoderately overestimated by his contemporaries? I cannot take this view. The most glowing admirer of Mendelssohn would not maintain that he equaled Bach as a church composer, Beethoven as a symphonist, or Franz Schubert as a song composer; but, on the other hand, can the coldest critic justly deny that he elevated the taste of his contemporaries, which had been noticeably lowered by the predominance and overgrowth of virtuosity? When Thalberg's fantasias were bought by the thousand, and the duos for piano and violin by Herz, Lanfont, Osborne, and De Bériot were the order of the day, and when Proch's hypersentimental songs with violoncello obbligato were everywhere sung with delight, then arose Mendelssohn, who by his own works opened up to the understanding of the multitude our great classics, till then greatly misunderstood. Thus his productions formed a bridge to the works of Bach and Beethoven, till then neither fully appreciated nor sufficiently cultivated. Haydn excepted, what successor of Handel had written a biblical oratorio of real importance and lasting worth before Mendelssohn's "Paulus" entered upon its triumphant march? Can any one seriously bring forward as such Graun's "Tod Jesu," Schicht's "Ende des Gerechten," Schneider's "Weltgericht," Bernhard Klein's "Jephtha," "Jacob" and "Hiob," or Spohr's "Die Letzten Dinge," "Des Heilands Letzte Stunden," "Der Fall Babylon's"? All these oratorios have vanished, to be sought out but occasionally as curiosities, because Mendelssohn's "Paulus" and "Elias" are the conquerors that overcame them all; and if any one affirms that Mendelssohn does not in his choruses show the mighty strength exhibited in the best of Handel's, let him also confess that in Mendelssohn's oratorios there are no such made-to-order solo numbers as so frequently appear in Handel's music. Indeed, Handel's solos are almost always shortened nowadays, if not left out altogether.

F. Mendelssohn

THE BOY MENDELSSOHN.

We ask further who, since Mozart and Beethoven, has created piano concertos in which the solo instrument and the orchestra are in just relationship, so that the latter takes an important and interesting part without drowning the piano? With all reverence to Weber, Hummel, Ries, Moscheles, Field, and others, we must honor truth and confess that Mendelssohn was the first to accomplish this. Granted that several of Chopin's piano concertos were written at the same time as Mendelssohn's, with all due honor to the Polish master, it is obvious that Chopin treated the orchestra as secondary and found difficulty in giving it importance. This is true of Spohr's violin concertos. If Spohr and Chopin have set tasks which are more specifically interesting to the virtuoso, the Mendelssohn concertos stand indisputably higher, as works of unmixed art, because Mendelssohn does not treat the orchestra as an accompaniment merely, but gives it individuality, and always makes it take part, either alternating, supporting, or in counterpoint.

When David played Mendelssohn's violin concerto in the Gewandhaus-Concert on March 13, 1845, from the manuscript for the first time, under the composer's personal conducting, Schumann affectionately clapped the player, who was being rewarded by a roar of applause, upon the shoulder with the words, "Seest thou, lieber David, *that* is indeed the concerto which thou hast always wished to compose thyself!"

How many artists would be glad to have composed the six Piano Fugues, Op. 35, conceded to be the most remarkable piano fugues written since the day of Johann Sebastian Bach! August Alexander Klengel has been named as Mendelssohn's rival; but Klengel's fugues are really only studies in counterpoint thoroughly worked out so that the value lies in the workmanship; but in Mendelssohn's fugues the poetic, artistic whole addresses itself to the comprehension much more than the workmanship.

If we ask further, who, since Beethoven, has written sonatas for piano and violoncello which to-day can claim an honored place in current literature, Mendelssohn alone can be named — and he was but fourteen years old when he wrote a piano quartet (Op. 3 in B minor) which when composed was the only one which approached the works of Mozart and Beethoven. And, as to string quartets and piano trios, Mendelssohn alone can be classed with Franz Schubert and Cherubini. He must have far surpassed all contemporary followers of the classics, because the works of Onslow, Spohr, Kuhlau, Reissiger, and Fesca have since then, almost without exception, sunk into disuse.

All that I have said above but slightly indicates Mendelssohn's relative and historical importance; and if I be answered that though he did stand next to the classics, he has since been surpassed by others, I allow it in a qualified sense only, and with reference but to particular branches of literature.

It must be conceded unconditionally as to symphonies that, although the A Minor Symphony is full of romantic enchantment and charming melody, and the A Major Symphony (the so-called Italian) is an entirely lovely work full of youthful freshness, there is in neither of them the inward grandeur which we admire so much in Beethoven's work, and which other masters like Schumann and Schubert, and also Brahms and Volkman, have here and there approached. In the string quartets, too, the composers just named are Mendelssohn's dangerous rivals; but who was the first to write an octet for string instruments — one which up to our time has never been equaled? It was the sixteen-year-old Felix Mendelssohn, who, a year later, in the overture to Shakspere's "Midsummer Night's Dream," created a thoroughly characteristic work which no one else could have written, and which even his bitterest antagonists, though unwillingly, recognize as a masterpiece. What real strength and what real classical humor shows itself beside the elfin enchantment! And how the four chords at the beginning and end bind it so completely together that it is like a chain of rings in which not a single member is wanting! A masterpiece is a composition in which nothing can be altered without injuring it; which is an organic whole; which is created, not made. How simple are the means which the young master employed! Except the ophicleide, with which *Nick Bottom* is so drastically drawn, he had only the little Mozart orchestra to work with, while nowadays one can hardly get along

THE GARDEN-HOUSE IN LEIPSIC STREET, BERLIN,

Where Mendelssohn lived while producing his earlier works.

without a triple allowance of wood, trumpets, harps, and small instruments.

The younger sister of this overture, "The Hebrides," would very nearly equal it if, besides its entrancingly romantic contents, it had afforded such a happy contrast as occurs so naturally between the clowns and the elves. But Fingal's Cave is one of nature's solemn wonders, and he who would depict its feeling in music may not set glowing and smiling colors upon his palette.

Though neither "A Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" nor "The Tale of the Beautiful Melusine" stands upon quite the same height as the "Midsummer Night's Dream," it must be unconditionally conceded that Mendelssohn is almost unrivaled in his four concert overtures.

Schumann and Schubert have given us no overtures of importance; and if in this connection Brahms, with his academic "Fest-Overture" and his "Tragischen," may be named as the sole rival of equal dignity, yet the writer of these pages believes he is not alone in the opinion that neither of the above-named works belongs to the latter master's best efforts, because in the first he did not succeed in overcoming the triviality of the excessively gay students' song, "Was kommt dort von der Höh'?" and make it fit for concert uses, and in the other he does not attain to the tragic burden of Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus" or the "Manfred" overture of Schumann.

The works above named, however, do not by any means include all those which attest the positively high importance of Mendelssohn as a composer. Besides his two great choral works, "Paulus" and "Elias," which are often performed, there are many smaller; especially "Die Walpurgisnacht" and the 114th Psalm ("Als Israel aus Egypten zog"), for eight chorus parts and orchestra, which should be named as masterpieces of the first rank; while, on the contrary, the "Lobgesang" ("Symphonie-Cantata," Op. 52) seemed even in its time somewhat weak on account of its perceptible likeness to Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," notwithstanding several splendid numbers: for example, the magnificent chorus, "Die Nacht ist vergangen," and the preceding recitative, "Hüter, ist die Nacht bald hin?" According to the personal judgment of the writer, it would improve this work if the choruses were performed without the symphonic parts; for, apart from the fact that the latter are not to be considered as the master's happiest efforts, they rob the listener of the freshness and sympathy needed to enjoy the vocal parts, which, almost without exception, are replete throughout with the most beautiful invention and skilful workmanship.[1]

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[1] Robert Schumann was certainly right when he said, in his musical "Haus und Lebensregeln," "It should be regarded as something frightful to alter or to leave out anything from the pieces of a good musician;" but if it is to be reckoned "frightful" to cut out a part of a great work, the "Springtime" or "Autumn" from Haydn's "Seasons" should not, strictly speaking, be played alone. Schumann himself, however, produced scenes from Gluck's "Orpheus" in a concert in Düsseldorf.

In the domain of music *a cappella* there is no modern who has excelled or even equaled Mendelssohn's motet for an eight-voiced chorus, "Mitten wir im Leben sind von dem Tod umfangen." But who knows this work? Who brings it out? With all the respect due to Rheinberger, Albert Becker, and others, it is incomprehensible that, while the church choruses of the masters named are, at least in Germany, so warmly cultivated, Mendelssohn's work is hardly ever heard.

Turning now to secular music, the song for mixed chorus is Mendelssohn's own original creation. The old madrigals are in quite a different style. And are not his "Lieder im Freien zu singen" unsurpassed to-day, and full of charming, noble melody, the finest harmony, and wonderful management of the voice? Moreover, they are so singable that wherever there is a group of singers they are sure to choose these lovely songs. It can likewise be said that Mendelssohn's songs for two women's voices were the first remarkable ones of that *genre*. The works of Methfessel, Bianchi, and others in this style are not to be compared with them.

The male choruses, whose general standard he raised much higher, are in the same category—their impressive melodies are not only the property of the German people, but are sung the world over. For example, the song "Wer hat dich, du schöner Wald" has become a folk-song. Of like popularity are the "Lied für die Deutschen in Lyon" and Eichendorff's "Wem Gott will rechte Gunst erweisen."

The popularizing of a song is of course a quite peculiar thing. That a trivial melody which is almost always fused out of several phrases of long standing should be sung and whistled awhile by the crowd, and then, after a short time, should make place for some other country ballad, is nothing wonderful, and is not much to the composer's honor; but the noble, distinguished melody which lives on in the hearts of the people is a great rarity; that it does so live attests the unusual melodic strength of the composer. Franz Schubert himself hardly ranks with Mendelssohn in this respect. Robert Schumann has not achieved it, and the moderns, such as Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Liszt, Richard Strauss, and others, cannot be cited at all. But Mendelssohn won such a throw with his one-voiced song, "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath." It is scarcely ever missing in Germany when a loved one is accompanied with music to the grave.

In estimating Mendelssohn's one-voiced songs in general, we concede, without saying anything further, that Franz Schubert is far richer in sentiment and in fine and original forms of accompaniment; that Schumann, especially in his cyclus "Frauenliebe und Leben," knew how to bring out heart-stirring and touching tones: but it would be unjust not to recognize that there are many pearls to be found in Mendelssohn's songs, which, alas! are to-day much too seldom sung. This is so much more incomprehensible as they are all written advantageously for the voice (something to be extremely thankful for), which certainly cannot be said of the over-refined songs of a Hugo Wolf or a Hans Herrman that are frequently heard in concerts. Singers will find themselves rewarded if they will turn back to Mendelssohn's songs, particularly to the earlier, almost forgotten book, Ops. 8 and 9. This contains the touching "Es ist ein Schnitter, der heisst Tod," set like an old church song, which, it may be added, plays an important rôle in a novel by August Kahlert.

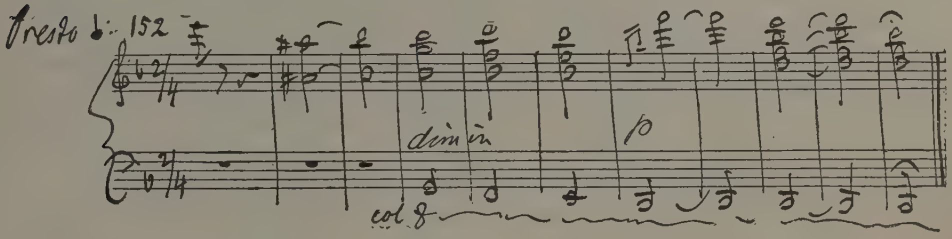
MENDELSSOHN.

From an early painting.

We have already discussed the piano compositions of our master, and his concertos and fugues; but we have not spoken of what had in his own time such an unheard of success, namely, his "Songs without Words." In these he created a remarkable form for his lyric piano pieces, and chose for them an entirely new and extremely expressive name. Neither the "Notturnos" of Field or Chopin, nor the "Bagatellen" of Beethoven, nor the "Moments Musicals" of Schubert, nor other kindred matter, may, notwithstanding their frequently cantabile contents, be compared to the "Lieder ohne Worte." The first part of Beethoven's "Sonata quasi una Fantasia" in C sharp minor might be cited as their only forerunner if it were not that here the melody is much more instrumental than vocal.

On the other hand, this *genre* of Mendelssohn's creation has had so many imitators that almost every piano composer has written "Lieder ohne Worte." Mendelssohn himself published six volumes, and among the six-and-thirty numbers in the same style there are many of less importance mixed in with the others. Far greater, however, is the number of those which are so remarkable that they inevitably impress every one who hears them so deeply that they are never again forgotten. Vol. I, No. 1; Vol. II, No. 1; Vol. IV, Nos. 1 and 2, are remarkable for their inward melody, strength, and deep earnestness; Vol. IV, No. 5; Vol. V, No. 3, for most lovely graciousness; and the "Venetian Gondolier's Song," the so-called "Spring Song," "Spinning Song," Vol. VI, No. 6, and Vol. I, No. 3, for youthful freshness and gaiety.

This is the reason why, to-day, in every home circle where music is loved these "Lieder ohne Worte" belong to the necessities. In public they are certainly seldom heard since Rubinstein closed his eyes. The "Variations Sérieuses" rejoice in the frequent notice of the virtuosos of our day — and with perfect right, as they are not only a brilliant and grateful task for the player, but also one of the finest sets of variations for the piano which we possess. That Bach's "Chaconne" suggested this work is evident, and will be disputed by few. It is, however, noteworthy that such an eminently practised musician as was Mendelssohn should have made a slip in the notation at the end of the work. Without any doubt those measures should be as follows:



REPRODUCED FROM DR. REINECKE'S MANUSCRIPT.

The prescribed ritardando is not sufficient of itself to indicate the intention of the composer.

Of Mendelssohn's other compositions for the piano I will name, as much too little known, only the Sonata in E major, Op. 6, with its very original recitatives in fugue style.

We have sufficiently indicated in the foregoing review the positive and great productions of Mendelssohn, and shown that his importance is not merely relative. Let us seek the reasons why the present concerns itself with Mendelssohn less than is good and desirable. These arise partly from the nature of Mendelssohn's works themselves, partly from the point of view at present prevailing in art, partly from the trend of taste, and finally from some incidents the consideration of which in this connection will help to explain the facts.

These different causes, however, are so connected that they are separated with difficulty. Among them the more remote cause must be counted that soon after the master's death his contemporaries felt compelled to bring out all his posthumous works, which, for the most part, were of his early youth. Mendelssohn cherished the principle, "Nulla dies sine linea"—that is, he permitted no day to pass without producing something, it might be a little song or a short piano piece. But later he was a severe critic of his own work, and much, very much, was locked up, unpublished, in his writing-desk. Even his A Major Symphony was deemed unworthy of the light of day. But after his death a multitude of chamber-music pieces, the so-called "Trumpet Overture," the "Reformation Symphony," and many others which are a detriment to his fame, were brought out with all too little criticism. Although there were many splendid things in this legacy,—as, for example, the finale to his unfinished opera "Loreley,"—yet the proportion of those which the master had thrown away to those which he himself valued was the more misleading.

Another influence proceeds from that part of the press which for some considerable time has felt it necessary to handle Mendelssohn *de haut en bas;* this has made a lasting impression upon the reading public, which takes everything printed as authoritative. More than half a century ago, when the treatise "Uber das Judenthum in der Musik" appeared, the camp of the critics split into two sharply divided parties, formed of those who could see salvation only in Richard Wagner, and of their adversaries. There were only a few who could appreciate both Wagner and Mendelssohn. Goethe once said, with reference to himself and Schiller, "People are disputing which of us two is the greater, instead of thanking God that they have two such fellows." And yet Schiller and Goethe stand much nearer to each other, and, in a way, are more akin, than Mendelssohn and Wagner. Dramatic music was certainly not advanced by Mendelssohn a hair's breadth, while Wagner, with the emphatic exception of the "Faust Overture," the "Siegfried Idyls," and the "Liebesmahl der Apostel," did nothing for concert music, absolutely nothing for chamber music, and wrote but a few songs for the home. The sonata and the polonaise of his earliest youthful period, while he was yet receiving instruction from the Cantor Weinlig, should not properly be counted as such. These masters are remarkable in entirely different spheres, and they can and should be placed and honored near together.

Few, however, are so just in their opinion as Hans von Bülow, from whom I quote an impressive remark—of course from the later years of his life. On the occasion of a visit which he made me I expressed the hope that we should soon hear him again in a Gewandhaus-Concert, to which he replied: "If it is desired to have piano-playing, then call upon D'Albert, who plays better than I; but if the question is—if I may say so—of winning celebrity for a noble cause, if you perhaps wish to promote a concert for the benefit of the Mendelssohn monument fund, then call on me; I will come with pleasure. When one gets older, then one must make good the sins committed in youth, and *to that man I have very many to make good*."[1] What a remarkable and noble utterance! A Leipsic critic, on the contrary, whom I will not name because he is now dead, did not refrain from calumniating the master even when speaking at the festival concert on the occasion of unveiling the Mendelssohn monument. The same critic once called the "Paulus" "music for a young lady's school." When such disparagements are kept up for a long time, they will of course create a strong adverse influence.

Greater, but certainly not much greater, than the influence of such criticism is that of the apprehension of art and the trend of taste thereby induced. From these last two causes the estimation of an artist greater than Mendelssohn—the immortal master of Salzburg—has also suffered. Formerly, absolute beauty was demanded as the first requirement of a work of art, and its enjoyment made one happy, rejoiced, and exalted; now, from every art the sensational is exacted, the creative artist must appear original at any price, and primarily endeavor to offer to the public something novel even at the cost of beauty. Because the public is no longer satisfied to be moved and made happy, it demands novelty and ever more novelty. Science should never shrink from what is hateful in its search for truth; but art as certainly should. Many an artist of the present, unfortunately, no longer cherishes this principle, so now we meet many an unbeautiful thing in the different arts. Many artists find contentment in painting bald cabbage- or turnip-fields, scrofulous children, or horrible fabulous beings. Others are intoxicated with color, and despise correct drawing, or paint heaven with strokes of plummet exactness, and draw hard contours in line around their figures such as are nowhere to be found in God's wide world. Many poets lead their readers into dangerous haunts where there is nothing but ruin, scandal, and foulness. In drama the preference is for troubles of the strongest possible *haut goût* in the married state, and even the better authors allow the common people of their drama to speak the ugliest low dialect, while the classics, on the contrary, confined themselves to indicating the difference between high and low by using poetry for one and prose for the other. Among the sculptors there are many who paint their figures with glaring colors, others who put a Leda with the Swan in such a small right-angled frame that she looks like a snake-woman. And how is it with much modern

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[1] Although time has flown by since Bulow said this to me, yet it has remained so firmly fixed in my memory that I believe I have repeated it nearly word for word.

MENDELSSOHN'S HOUSE IN BERLIN.

music? There are composers who, with affecting consistency, against all natural feeling take the leading tone (the great major in the scale) not into the tonic, but sideways into the fifth; others who, through the minor triad of the dominant, lead it into the tonic (for example, through the G minor triad to C major). Instrumental works have been written of which absolutely nothing could be understood if there were not issued together with the program, a poetical commentary which imparts to the listener what he ought to hear in the composition. Symphonies are written nearly two hours in length. Other composers believe that they have accomplished something wonderful when they allow a series of twelve triads in parallel sequence to be blown by three trumpets, or when they write long movements in five-fourth and seven-fourth measure. Hardly any attention is paid to the obligation of holding fast to the principal key; and modulations are continually made, so that, to a musically instructed listener, the endless return to the leading key does not appear as such, but as a deceptive cadence.

There is one new opera which was copied out throughout without any signs of transposition because the composer seldom delayed long enough in any one key to make it worth while to write them in!

In short, the rules sanctioned by the greatest tone poets, and which are derived from the inmost being of music, are despised; the objects which music should strive for are pushed to one side, and instead of a beautiful symmetry we have immoderation.

While for students of art literature there are examples of all that has been said near at hand, many will call this utterance a Capuchin's sermon and will answer that standing still is stepping backward and that music must progress with the rest of the world.

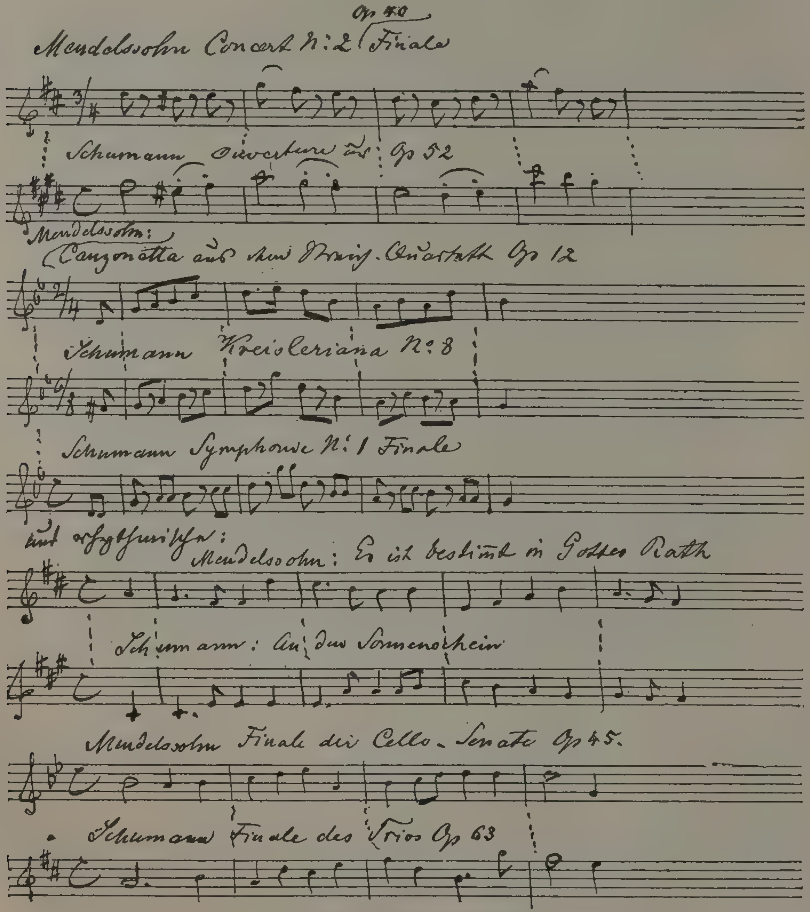
I ask, in reply, if Wagner and Brahms, both of whom were considered progressive, were ever guilty of such extravagances? Just as the laws of nature are eternal, so also are the laws of art; but the musician must find them within his soul, while the artist in form finds originals for his types in objective nature. One can learn from nature that the palm does not bear acacia leaves, and that the lion does not have five paws; but when the musician does not feel within himself how the leading tone should be resolved and which connections of chords are impossible, then he is beyond help because neither art nor nature has originals for him.

ROOM IN MENDELSSOHN'S HOUSE IN LURGENSTEIN'S GARDEN IN LEIPSIC.

After a water-color by Mendelssohn in the possession of Geheimraths Wach.

If now the young generation often, and perhaps preferably, receive their ideas from modern art and are impressed by its apparent splendor because the art of applying instruments has made such progress in the last half-century that every one can arrange his instruments in fine style, it is only too easy to understand why little taste is left for the fine lines of beauty in Mendelssohn's music.

Why, then, have the works of Mendelssohn become in some degree foreign to the present? Because, when Mendelssohn appeared with his first important creations many of his melodic and harmonic forms were so entirely new and impressive that they exercised a strong influence upon almost all of his contemporaries—so strong that even such an original tone poet as Robert Schumann was not able to escape. It can be easily shown upon what ground many of Schumann's motives grew. There are only a few cited here:


Op 40
Mendelssohn Concert N: 2 Finale
Schumann Ouverture zu Op 52
Mendelssohn: Canzonetta aus dem Streich-Quartett Op 12
Schumann Kreisleriana N: 8
Schumann Symphonie N: 1 Finale
und rhythmisch:
Mendelssohn: Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
Schumann: An den Sonnenschein
Mendelssohn Finale der Cello-Sonate Op 45.
Schumann Finale des Trios Op 63

REPRODUCED FROM DR. REINECKE'S MANUSCRIPT.

Although Schumann, in many such airs, gave much that was characteristic, there were numerous composers of the same period whose efforts were mere empty imitations.

Mendelssohn himself has suffered from this, because what with him was originality and style became, when copied by others, nothing but a manner; and as the number of these weak copies was over large, people became tired of the many peculiarities of the original, the "Mendelssohnish" changed places with "Mendelssohn," and the master suffered for the sins of his followers. Returning from a music soirée, the famous theorist Moritz Hauptman exclaimed: "I have just heard a trio which was so Mendelssohnish that I thought it was by Bennett, but it was by Horsley!"

Mendelssohn's art also has estranged him from the present. However baroque it may sound, yet we venture to say that his works are too constantly beautiful to meet sufficient sympathy among those who have grown up in the modern trend of art, and who long for glaring lights and deep shadows.

Mendelssohn's adversaries call his work too "smooth,"—a dilettante expression for "flowing." It is true that his sentiment flows on in an uninterrupted stream, that he despised that breaking up of a movement by the dramatic appearance of a recitative, or by pauses and a great number of time and measure changes, now so much affected; but whoever is himself a composer knows that it is an incomparably greater art to create a movement which develops itself steadily, logically, and organically than one which spins itself off in eternally changing pictures.

Spinning is not building, and a piece of music in sublime style should be built. For instance, however interesting in its host of pictures Volkmann's overture to Shakspere's "Richard III" may be, it cannot be compared with Beethoven's symmetrical overture to "Coriolanus," or with Schumann's overture to "Manfred." It is the same with Volkmann's trio in B minor when placed beside the trios of Beethoven, Ops. 70 and 97. Beethoven's note-book shows us with what ardent zeal he always strove against the steady stream; and when Beethoven himself, sometimes (but proportionately seldom), turned aside in his latest works from his original and customary manner, we may boldly say that such a thing may be allowed to the intellectual giant that Beethoven was, but that no one may follow him upon such a path with impunity.[1]

Mendelssohn well knew that he was no Beethoven, therefore he remained within his boundaries, and these were not so very narrow. What fanaticism there is in the chorus of the priests of Baal in "Elias"! What passion in the "Loreley" finale! What splendor in the wedding march and grace in the elfin chorus in the music of the "Midsummer Night's Dream"! What a primitive wildness in the chorus "Kommt mit Zacken und mit Gabeln" in the "Walpurgisnacht"! How touching is his very last song, "Vergangen ist der lichte Tag"! Let us proclaim it, "Learn first to know the master well; do not longer ignore his work; a close acquaintance with it can but promote good taste!"

It should not be the ambition of the concert-institute to be the first to produce every fresh work of each well-known modern composer and to announce "the first performance in N. N."; but rather to offer to the public, together with the new and the newest, the works of the classics and of those masters who stand in real relationship with them. It should not be forgotten that, although concert-goers of many years' standing justly desire—a wish which is easily understood—to become acquainted with the novelties, the younger generation very rightfully demands to learn the classics and their immediate followers fully. And to the latter Felix Mendelssohn certainly belongs. Healthy nourishment is the only right thing for the bodily development of a man, and the same is true of the spiritual body. He who has been raised upon spices cannot be developed normally.

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[1] Even Beethoven himself erred when he wrote his great Fugue in B major for String Quartet (Op. 133), with its ten changes in measure and tempo, which in consequence is played by no one. Few know it, and those who do know it do not like it.

To give the most perfect picture possible of Mendelssohn, let us consider him as conductor, concert artist, and teacher.

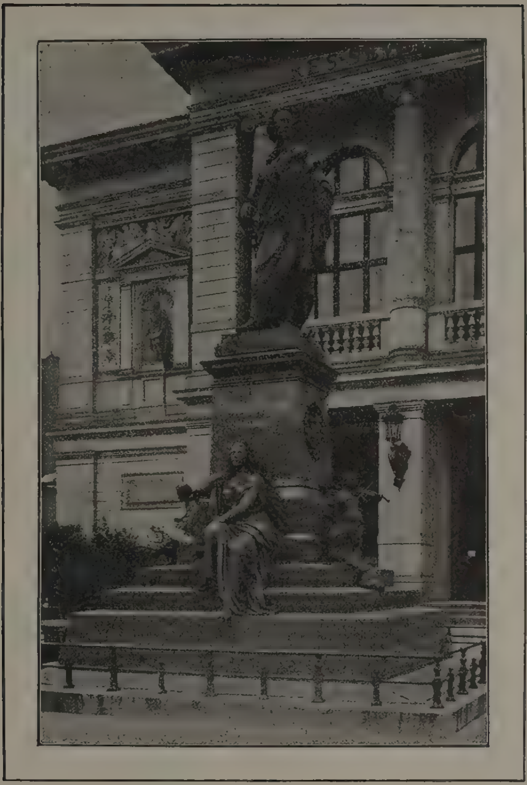
What he accomplished as conductor is worthy of admiration. Not a single refinement of beauty of the work in hand escaped him; his demeanor was free from all posing: but, though the eye of every member of the orchestra was fixed on his baton, he directed and inspirited them more with his glances than with his motions. He never allowed a work to be played down to the pendulum swing of a metronome, but he led unnoticeably into his fine shades of tempo; he never permitted himself to indulge in the arbitrary breaking-up of tempos, or in similar means of effect which unfortunately became the fashion later. It was a pleasure to be present at his rehearsals and see how everything was cleared up and the spirit put into it, and to wonder at his sharp ear and his fineness of feeling.

He knew, too, exactly what he could demand from each instrument. When he rehearsed his Scherzo in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" for the first time, the first flutist failed in the well-known and certainly difficult passage, and declared impatiently that it could not be played upon that instrument. Mendelssohn immediately said to the second flutist: "Then, if you please, Herr Haacke, you may play it." And he did!

It goes without saying that Mendelssohn's piano-playing, regarded from the spiritual side, was that of a perfect musician; his technic was always serviceable to the work which he was playing, but it was never for display, and was always beautiful in tone, wonderfully clear, and full of soul.

It can be understood why he played principally Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and his own works; but he mastered technically and in an unsurpassable manner the striking difficulties of the chromatic Fantasia and Fugue of Bach; the G major Concerto, the "Kreutzer Sonata," the Sonata, Op. 3, and the trios in B major, Op. 97, of Beethoven; and his own "Variations Sérieuses." Mendelssohn's talent for improvisation was imposing; his art in writing various themes in polyphony and melting them together was particularly astonishing. He was likewise a remarkable organ-player, and as a violinist he stood his man. The writer of these pages heard him in a public chamber-music soirée taking part in his string octet.

As a teacher of composition, Mendelssohn cast a sharp glance over



MENDELSSOHN MONUMENT.

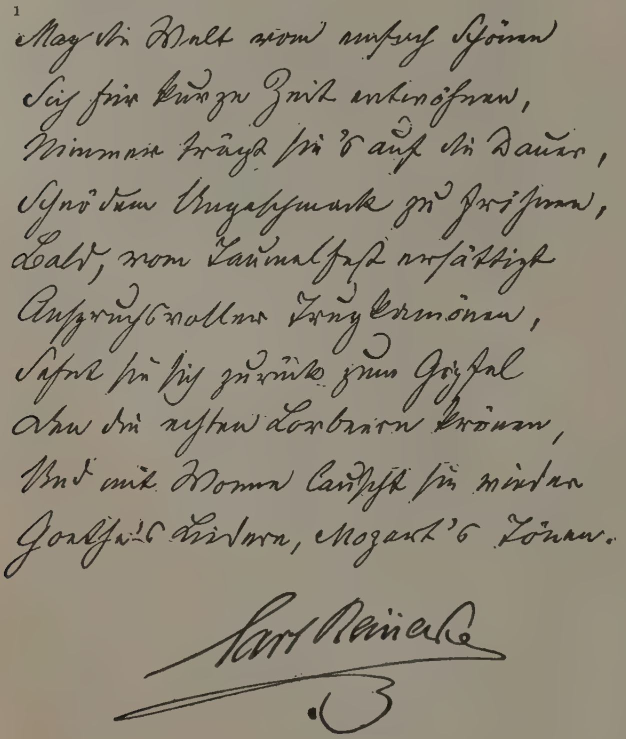
Before the new Concert-house in Leipsic.

the whole work, and blamed as sharply, though often in a humorous way, as he quickly and heartily encouraged and recognized. In this lesson he often played to his pupils long excerpts from their own compositions without notes, as he had a very remarkable memory. Here is an example: An Italian virtuoso, by name Briccialdi, lived for some months in Leipsic, and was much sought after and often heard in musical circles. On one occasion Briccialdi was invited to play the rondo of one of his own compositions, but feared he would have to decline because he had not brought the notes. Mendelssohn, however, who had once accompanied him some weeks before, said: "Oh, I beg of you to play it, because I know it by heart." And, voilà! he accompanied it. It is said that Goethe once wrote to Mendelssohn's parents: "He is a heavenly, precious boy. Send him very soon to me again, that I may refresh myself in him."

When a youth Mendelssohn made a famous metrical translation of the "Andria" of Terence, which attests his scholarship.

His heart was warm toward every budding talent, whose works, generally quietly and without the knowledge of the author, he recommended to the publishers, who were always pleasant to him, though rough to others; and numerous letters bear witness to his rich feeling, spirit, and wit, and mirror to posterity a rare and highly gifted artist and man. In this connection it may be added that Mendelssohn possessed also a pretty talent for drawing, and that the writer of these pages is the owner of a sketch which he once dashed off in a concert conference.

May these lines result in bringing to the artist to whom these pages are dedicated new lovers who will recognize and acknowledge his importance and worth as a composer! The beautiful lines which Emanuel Geibel wrote in the Mozart album in Salzburg might be well dedicated to Mendelssohn; for the time will certainly come when the master will be fully reverenced.



[1] Mag die Welt vom einfach Schönen
Sich für kurze Zeit entwöhnen,
Nimmer trägt sie's auf die Dauer,
Sich dem Ungeschmack zu fröhnen,
Bald, vom Taumelfest ersättigt
Anspruchsvoller Trugkamönen,
Sehnt sie sich zurück zum Gipfel
Den die echten Lorbeern krönen,
Und mit Wonne lauscht sie wieder
Goethe's Liedern, Mozart's Tönen.

Carl Reinecke

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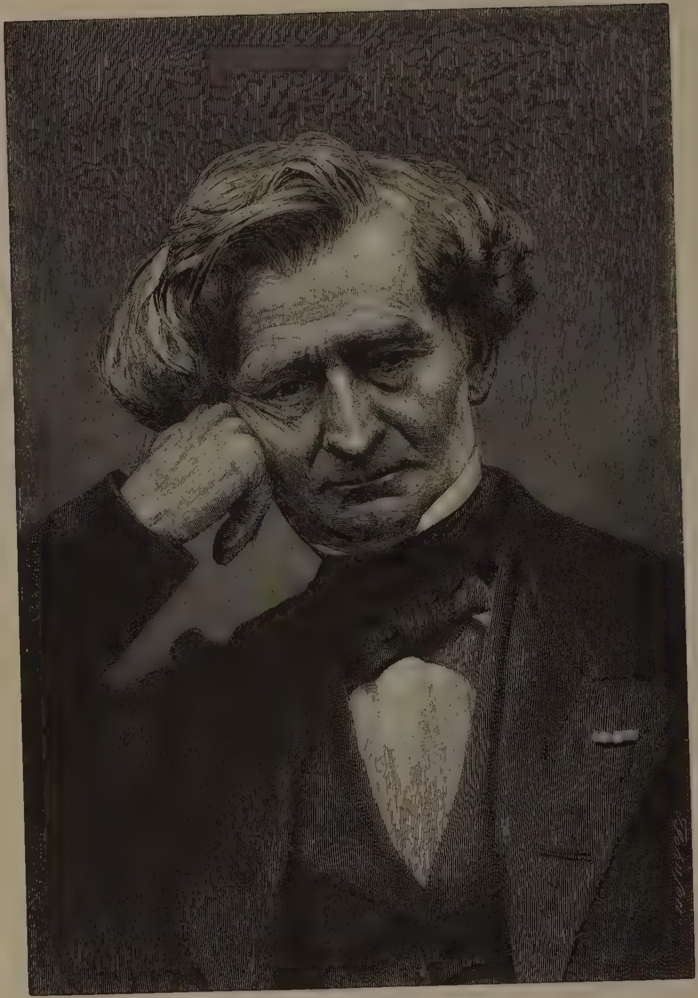
[1] Should the world of simple beauty for a brief time lose her accustomed way, she never tarries long to yield homage to aggressive bad taste. Soon satiated by the intoxicating feast, so pretentious and deceitful, she turns back with longing to her lofty heights crowned with true laurels, and listens again with delight to Goethe's songs, Mozart's music.



HECTOR BERLIOZ.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON,
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE PETIT, PARIS.

HECTOR BERLIOZ

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

BY

ERNEST REYER

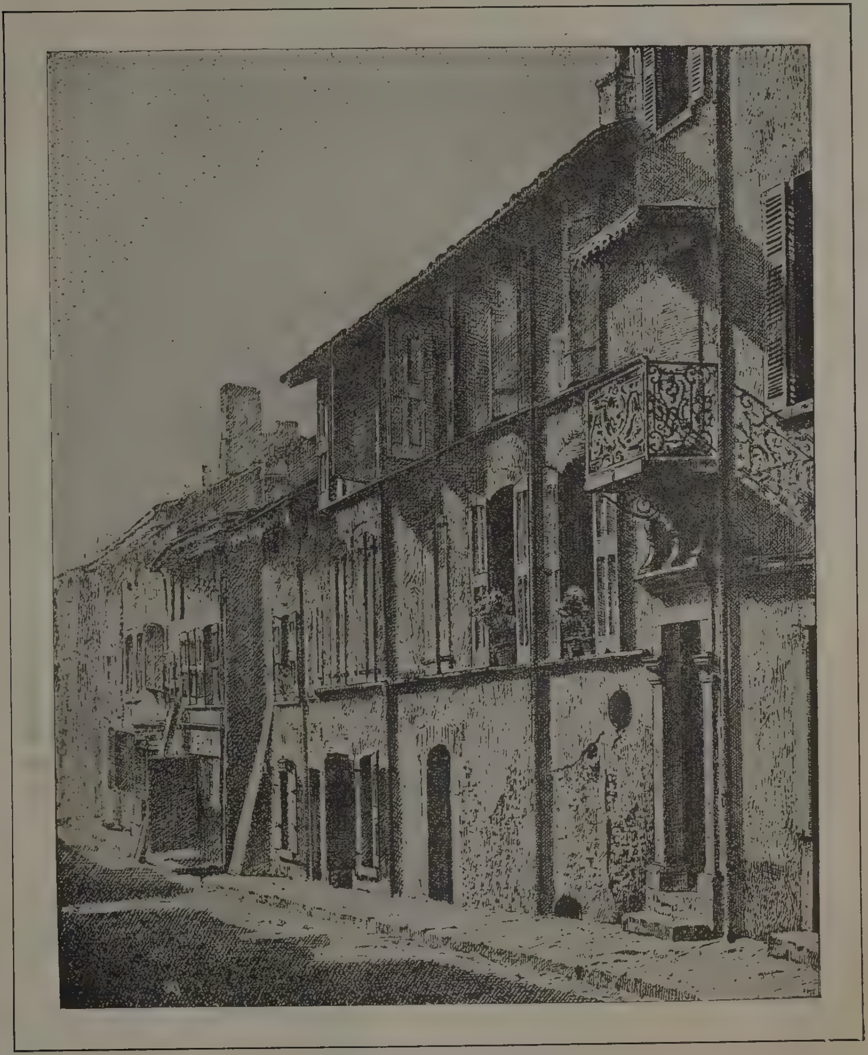
THE COMPOSER OF "SALAMMBÔ"

PROBABLY no musician has ever been more ridiculously criticized, more scoffed at, more insulted, than was Berlioz during the greater part of his career. And these outrages were heaped upon him by his own country! He was only too sensible of this fact. Luckily he possessed beak and claws, as certain feuilletons in the "Journal des Débats" attest.

After age, disease, and discouragement had rendered him less eager for the fray, he was allowed a little more peace; but when "Les Troyens" appeared, those of his maligners who still survived availed themselves of the occasion to renew the attack. Among these the critic of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," the unimpeachable Scudo, who died stark mad a short time afterward, was one of the first to make himself prominent by the violence of his attacks and the extravagance of his pen, which, by the way, did not fail to recoil somewhat upon him. The day after the first performance of the symphony of "Harold" Berlioz received an anonymous letter in which, after a tirade of coarse abuse, he was charged with being "too cowardly to blow out his brains." Scudo never ventured to go so far as that,—not that he was lacking in the will,—but one day he wrote this sentence, which is worthy of being recorded: "The Chinese, who amuse their leisure moments by the sound of the tom-tom; the savage, who is roused into fury by the rubbing together of two stones, make music of the kind composed by M. Hector Berlioz." The insult, with the signature of its author, should go down to posterity beside the name of the illustrious artist whom it wounded. It is worthy to be written under the list of his masterpieces on the pedestal of the statue erected to him by the tardy enthusiasm of his fellow-citizens.

The reaction preceding his apotheosis was not slow to appear. It began almost immediately after the death, in 1869, of the man who, perceiving as in a sudden flash of light the glory that awaited him, said with his last sigh: "On va donc jouer ma musique!" I was there, at his bedside, gazing upon that pale, noble head, with its magnificent crown of white hair, waiting in anxious affliction for the last breath to be exhaled from those thin and colorless lips. I watched over him all night. In the morning his faithful servant handed me the copy of his memoirs designed for me. I had occasion at a later period to reward this honest man, who, during the long sickness of Berlioz, had not left him for a single moment, lavishing on him the most devoted care. A short time before the death of his master, he had accompanied Berlioz to my house. Painfully did the poor musician mount up the four flights of stairs to come and sit at my table. After the meal I begged him to write his name on the score of "Benvenuto Cellini." He seized a pen, wrote with a trembling hand "A mon ami," and then, looking at me with a wistful glance, said: "I have forgotten your name." It was a cruel blow, which went to my very heart. I was to see him no more till I gazed on his face as he lay upon his death-bed, that master whom I had so much admired, and on whom I had bestowed an affection which he could never doubt from the very moment when I first had the happiness to make his acquaintance. M. Adolphe Jullien, to whom I related this sad incident, has recorded it in his beautiful book entitled "Hector Berlioz: his Life and Works," the most complete monument which has ever been reared to the memory of the immortal author of "Les Troyens" and "La Damnation de Faust."

I had not long been acquainted with Berlioz when his "L'Enfance du Christ" was performed for the first time, under his direction, in the Salle Herz, in the month of December, 1854. I was seated beside one of his intimate friends, Toussaint Benet, the father of the pianist Théodore Ritter, then almost a child. The emotion which I felt was such that at the end of the second part I burst into tears, and was on the point of fainting. My neighbor pressed my hands in his to restrain me from uttering a cry. From that time my admiration for Berlioz knew no bounds, and I began to study his works, with which I had had but slight acquaintance, never having had an opportunity to hear them. The Parisians were not at all pleased with them. The success of "L'Enfance du Christ" was, however, very great, and this piece opened to Berlioz the doors of the French Academy, of which he became a member two years afterward. Clapisson entered first. The very day of the election of the author of "La Promise," who was not yet the author of "La Fanchonnette," I was walking on the boulevard with the author of "L'Enfance du Christ" and certain earlier masterpieces. It was the moment when the balloting was going on under the cupola of the Mazarin palace, and he was impatient to know the result. "But why?" I said to him. "At this very moment Clapisson is being elected." "You are a bird of ill omen," replied he, jumping into a cab to go to the secretary of the Academy, hoping to get a little earlier account of—the triumph of his competitor. I was not mistaken.



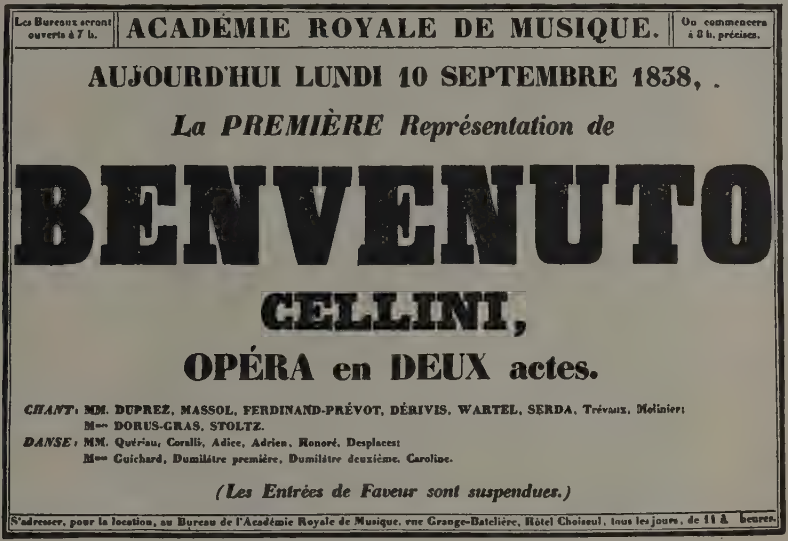
BIRTHPLACE OF BERLIOZ.

No. 83 rue Nationale, La Côte-Saint-André.

Toussaint Benet, whose name I have mentioned above, was a jovial fellow from Marseilles, who, possessed of an ample fortune, had settled at Paris to educate his son in music. Berlioz had recognized in the young Théodore a remarkable precocity and exceptional talents, and had taken great interest in him. He gave him the scores of the masters to read, and pointed out their beauties. Berlioz and I often met at the rooms of Toussaint Benet. The child had grown up, and on his return from Germany, where he had been to take lessons from Liszt and the learned Professor Schnyder von Wartensee, he was already something more than a surprising virtuoso; he was even a finished musician. What delightful evenings I owe to him! After dinner young Ritter would sit down at the piano and play his favorite works, "Roméo et Juliette" and "La Damnation de Faust," in turn. This was long before the appearance of "Les Troyens." Berlioz, seated before the fire with his back toward us and his head bowed, would listen. From time to time a sigh would escape him: a sigh—perhaps a sob. One evening, I remember, after a sublime adagio of the "Scène d'amour," he suddenly rose, and, throwing himself into the arms of Théodore, exclaimed in an ecstasy, "Ah, that is finer than the orchestra!" No, it was not finer; but it gave the impression, produced the illusion, of orchestra, so exquisite were the nuances in the playing of this most skilful virtuoso, so various were the qualities of tone—now delicate and caressing, now bold and passionate—that he evoked from the instrument. Nobody has ever equaled Ritter in this peculiar talent of making a piano suggest an orchestra.

No stranger, no friend even,—if we except a young relative of the family—assisted at these reunions. Berlioz and I would withdraw together; he would accompany me to my house, I would see him to his, and we would walk the distance over two or three times, he smoking ever so many cigars, which he never finished, sitting down on deserted sidewalks, giving himself up to the exuberance of his spirits, and I laughing immoderately at his jokes and puns. Ah, how few have seen him thus! The moment came to separate. Usually I accompanied him to his door, covetous of the last word. I recall how, as we approached his house in the Rue Calais (to-day it bears a commemorative tablet, tardily set up), his enthusiasm vanished; his face, lighted up by the flickering gas-jet, settled into its habitual sad, careworn expression. He hesitated a moment as his hand touched the bell-pull, then murmured a cold, chilly adieu in a suppressed voice, as if I never were to see him again. He entered his house; and I—I went away with my heart torn, knowing well what a painful reaction would succeed the few hours of unbending delight and childish glee I had just witnessed.

Seven months after the death of his first wife Berlioz married again (in October, 1854). "This marriage," he wrote to his son, "took place quietly, without any parade, but also without any mystery. If you write me on this subject, do not mention anything that I cannot show my wife, because I am very anxious that no shadows should settle on my home." In a letter addressed to Adolphe Samuel some years after he says: "I am sick as usual; besides, my mind is restless and disturbed, . . . my life seeks consolation abroad; my home wearies me, irritates me, is an impossible home, quite the contrary of yours. There is not a day or an hour when I am not on the point of ending my life. I repeat, I am living in thought and in affection far away from my home; . . . but I can tell you no more." Had he not said enough in this to make himself understood? After the death of his second wife, June 14, 1862, Berlioz continued to live with his mother-in-law, who cared for him with unfailing tenderness. This worthy woman was the widow of Major Martin, who had been in the Russian campaign with Napoleon. In company with her husband she had braved the cold, the snow, and all the other dangers of the journey with a babe in her arms. She was a courageous woman, who concealed great sensitiveness of feeling beneath a mask of impassibility. She idolized the genius of Berlioz, and every enemy of the great artist became her own. Her grateful son-in-law left her at his death the use of all he possessed, with the exception of some private bequests and his manuscripts, which went to the Conservatory. I see her still, trembling with emotion, but rigid as a specter, as she sat far back in her opera-box, the evening, a year after the death of the master, when we held the festival which was the first shining of the posthumous glory with which posterity should avenge him. Our finest artists sought the honor of appearing on that



Les Bureaux seront ouverts à 7 h.

ACADÉMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE.

On commencera à 8 h. précises.

AUJOURD'HUI LUNDI 10 SEPTEMBRE 1838,

La PREMIÈRE Représentation de

BENVENUTO

CELLINI,

OPÉRA en DEUX actes.

CHANT: **MM. DUPREZ, MASSOL, FERDINAND-PRÉVOT, DÉRIVIS, WARTEL, SERDA**, Trévaux, Molinier;
Mmes DORUS-GRAS, STOLTZ.
DANSE: MM. Quériau, Coralli, Adice, Adrien, Honoré, Desplaces;
Mmes Guichard, Dumilâtre première, Dumilâtre deuxième, Caroline.

(Les Entrées de Faveur sont suspendues.)

S'adresser, pour la location, au Bureau de l'Académie Royale de Musique, rue Grange-Batelière, Hôtel Choiseul, tous les jours, de 11 à heures.

POSTER OF FIRST REPRESENTATION OF "BENVENUTO CELLINI."

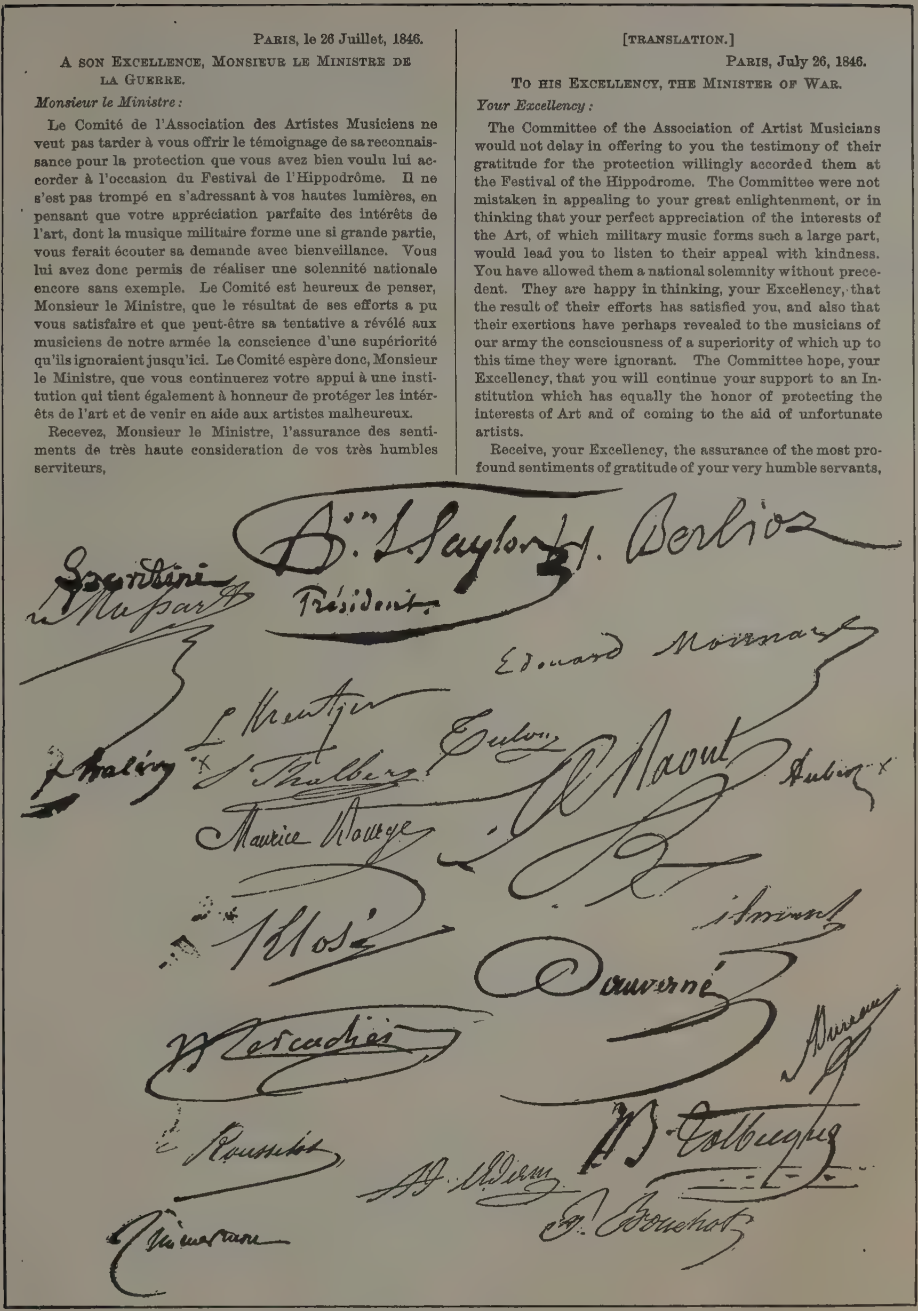
From the archives of the Paris Opéra.

program, where the great names of Gluck, of Beethoven, and of Spontini were associated with that of Berlioz, the only contemporary musician who had nothing to fear from such dangerous companionship. Unhappily, the pecuniary result of this noble occasion came very far from answering the expectations of the friends and disciples who organized it. Many years were still to elapse before these disciples should record in bronze his complete glorification and final apotheosis.

HOME OF BERLIOZ FROM 1843 TO 1846.

No. 31 rue de Londres, Paris. It was during Berlioz's residence here that "La Damnation de Faust" was produced at the Opéra Comique, December 6, 1846.

The unveiling of the Berlioz statue took place on the 17th of October, 1886. The sky was leaden, the weather cold and rainy, but the approaches to Montholon Square had been invaded from an early hour in the morning. When the veil fell which covered the statue, and the first tone of the triumphal symphony swelled out, what an immense acclamation and long cry of enthusiasm burst from among the multitude! This brilliant homage bestowed "on one of the most illustrious composers of any age, the most extraordinary one, perhaps, that ever existed," had long been in pre-



Paris, le 26 Juillet, 1846.

A son Excellence, Monsieur le Ministre de la Guerre.

Monsieur le Ministre :

Le Comité de l'Association des Artistes Musiciens ne veut pas tarder à vous offrir le témoignage de sa reconnaissance pour la protection que vous avez bien voulu lui accorder à l'occasion du Festival de l'Hippodrôme. Il ne s'est pas trompé en s'adressant à vos hautes lumières, en pensant que votre appréciation parfaite des intérêts de l'art, dont la musique militaire forme une si grande partie, vous ferait écouter sa demande avec bienveillance. Vous lui avez donc permis de réaliser une solennité nationale encore sans exemple. Le Comité est heureux de penser, Monsieur le Ministre, que le résultat de ses efforts a pu vous satisfaire et que peut-être sa tentative a révélé aux musiciens de notre armée la conscience d'une supériorité qu'ils ignoraient jusqu'ici. Le Comité espère donc, Monsieur le Ministre, que vous continuerez votre appui à une institution qui tient également à honneur de protéger les intérêts de l'art et de venir en aide aux artistes malheureux.

Recevez, Monsieur le Ministre, l'assurance des sentiments de très haute consideration de vos très humbles serviteurs,

[translation.]

Paris, July 26, 1846.

To his Excellency, the Minister of War.

Your Excellency :

The Committee of the Association of Artist Musicians would not delay in offering to you the testimony of their gratitude for the protection willingly accorded them at the Festival of the Hippodrome. The Committee were not mistaken in appealing to your great enlightenment, or in thinking that your perfect appreciation of the interests of the Art, of which military music forms such a large part, would lead you to listen to their appeal with kindness. You have allowed them a national solemnity without precedent. They are happy in thinking, your Excellency, that the result of their efforts has satisfied you, and also that their exertions have perhaps revealed to the musicians of our army the consciousness of a superiority of which up to this time they were ignorant. The Committee hope, your Excellency, that you will continue your support to an Institution which has equally the honor of protecting the interests of Art and of coming to the aid of unfortunate artists.

Receive, your Excellency, the assurance of the most profound sentiments of gratitude of your very humble servants,

Bon. I. Taylor
Président

H. Berlioz

Spontini

Musard

Edouard Monnais

L. Kreutzer

Halévy

S. Thalberg

Tulou

Raoul

Auber

Maurice Bourges

Klosé

Dauverné

Mercadier

A. Adam

Rousselot

Zimmerman

Bouchot

AUTOGRAPHS OF LEADING PARIS MUSICIANS OF 1846.

A letter from a Committee of the Association of Artist Musicians to the Minister of War. With signatures of Berlioz, Halévy, Thalberg, Spontini, Auber, and others.

paration by the directors of our three great musical societies, Messrs. Pasdeloup, Colonne, and Lamoureux. By initiating the public little by little into the beauties of the master's wonderful conceptions, they had conducted with ever-increasing success the work of reparation and of public recognition which had been started at the Opéra, and some years later was renewed at the Hippodrome.

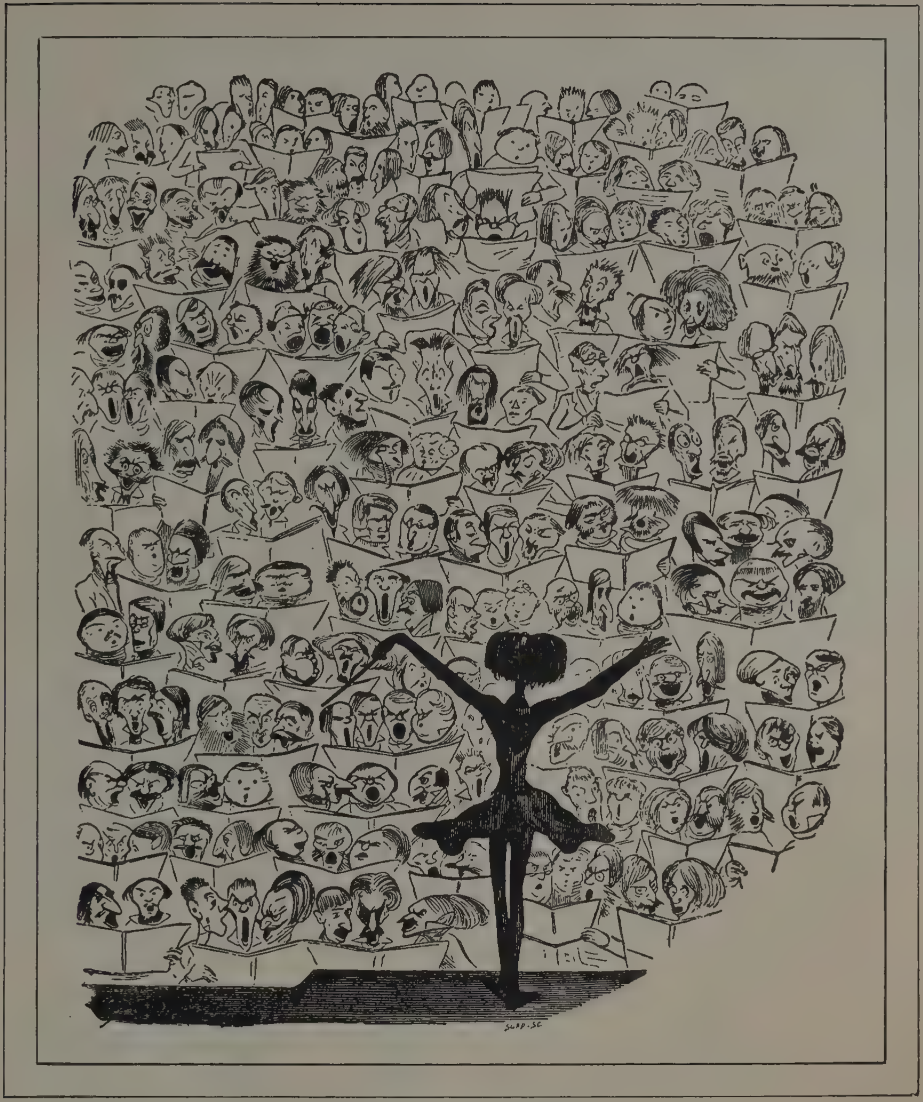
One after another the detractors of Berlioz are disappearing. To-day only few remain. These timidly hazard a criticism or two in the following style: "Doubtless he is a great poet in music, but he imagines at times an ideal that neither his pen nor his genius is capable of realizing. . . . He does not always write with that firmness of hand which is the prime quality of a perfect musician. . . . His style exhibits defects resembling hesitation, and then there are awkward passages which often mar his work." Heaven pardon me! I think some, in memory of Cherubini, reproach him also with not knowing how to make a fugue—a man who has written fugues both vocal and instrumental, so perfect, so melodic, in his dramatic symphonies of "Roméo et Juliette," "La Damnation de Faust," in his sacred trilogy of "L'Enfance du Christ," in the "Messe des Morts," in almost every one of his great works!

Such was the opinion of that composer, always mediocre, and to-day discredited and forgotten, to whom I used to vaunt the beauties of Berlioz's symphonies. Refusing to admire or to comprehend them, he would close the discussion with this phrase, astounding in its folly and stupidity: "What would you have? Berlioz and I do not speak the same language!"

But do not all innovators, all artists of genius, bear the same reproach? Was not Titian charged with not always being correct in his sketches; Delacroix, with not knowing his business; Spontini, with knowing less than the poorest pupils in the Conservatory, who laughed at him? And did not Handel say of Gluck, the author of "Alceste" and of "Armide," "He is as much of a musician as my cook"?

Poor Berlioz! He heard things to make him wince after he wrote his "Troyens à Carthage." True, at this period of his life invective was not used against him with such violence as in the earlier contests, but the most unjust and bitter criticisms were not wanting. I have cited a few of the "amenities" that Scudo indulged in every time he had occasion to mention a composition of Berlioz. I add another emanating from a pen less authoritative than that of the critic of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," but a pen wielded by a man who commanded a much larger number of readers through his position on one of the most widely circulated journals of Paris.

Having characterized the score of "Les Troyens" as "a mountain of importance compared with the *chefs-d'œuvre* that shine in the heaven of music," he gave M. Carvalho a piece of good advice: "Why not replace



A CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC.

Caricature by Gustave Doré, published in "Le Journal pour rire," 1850.

the specters of *Priam*, *Chorèbe*, *Cassandra*, and *Hector*, too little known to the public, by four others which should address Berlioz in the following words? The first: 'I am Gluck; you admire me, you spoke of my "Alceste" in rare terms of eloquence, and to-day you dishonor my recitative, so strong in its sobriety, so grand in its simplicity.' The second: 'I am Spontini; you loved my "Vestale" more than Licinius did; you say you are my disciple, and you extinguish its burning rhythm with the stagnant waters of your sluggish melopœias. Lay aside those fillets which I have bequeathed to my fellow-countryman Rossini.' The third: 'I am Beethoven, author of so many immortal symphonies, rudely torn from those visions which attend the illustrious dead, as they lie on the couch of their glory, by your symphony "La Chasse Royale."' And the fourth: 'I am Carl Maria von Weber. After having learned instrumental coloring from my school, you rob me of my palette and my brushes to daub on images worthy of a village painter."'

Further on, speaking of "La Chasse Royale," the same critic, whose resources are inexhaustible, adds a few reflections to the monologue of Beethoven. "If the violent and horrible dissonances maintained through the strains of the orchestra are music; if that charivari which surpasses the pitiful and presumptuous failure of Jean Jacques at the Geneva[1] concert (!) be art, I am a barbarian. I am proud of it, I boast of it." There is some truth in this.

The first representation of "Les Troyens" took place at the Théâtre Lyrique, November 4, 1863. Berlioz, as he relates in his memoirs, had composed this work at the instance of the Princess of Sayn-Wittgenstein, to whom he dedicated it. The Princess lived at Weimar, where Liszt was director of the grand duke's chapel. She requested the grand duke to write to the Emperor Napoleon III. to request that rather unmusical sovereign to have "Les Troyens" brought out at the Opéra. The Opéra was directed at the time by Alphonse Royer, one of the authors of the libretto of "La Favorite," a charming man, possessed of exceedingly distinguished manners. Berlioz went to several receptions at the Tuileries, and came away as he had gone. But one evening the emperor, perceiving him, asked him about "Les Troyens," and expressed a desire to read the poem. Great was the joy of the composer, who thought the game was won. It was not long, however, before he was undeceived. The poem, sent back through the director of theaters by the emperor, who certainly had not read it, was thought to be "absurd and stupid," and of a length that far exceeded the ordinary dimensions of a great opera. A year afterward, Alphonse Royer told Berlioz, who could not believe his senses, that "Les Troyens" was going to be "studied," and that the minister of state, "desirous of giving him full satisfaction," commissioned him to report this happy news. Nothing more came of the matter. "Tannhäuser" was represented instead of "Les Troyens," and by an imperial order. The exasperation of Berlioz knew no bounds. Then it was that he accepted the proposition of M. Carvalho, who agreed to put on the stage the second part of the work, the "Les Troyens à Carthage," reserving the "La Prise de Troie" for a second trial, in case the first should succeed. After a series of twenty performances, sustained with difficulty, "Les Troyens" disappeared from the bulletin-board, and has never since graced it.

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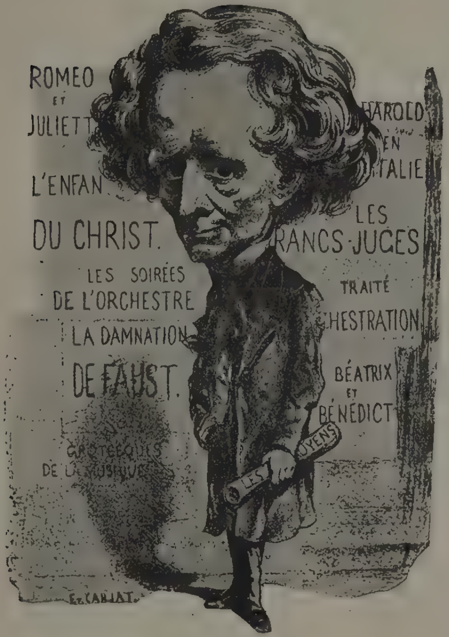
[1] "The Confessions" have taught those who have read them that that wretched "Geneva" concert took place at Lausanne!

I was at Weimar a short time after the first representation. It was the birthday fête of the grand duchess. I was invited to court and presented to the grand duke, who immediately inquired about Berlioz, of whom he was personally very fond, and whose works he passionately admired. He told me that he had been delighted to hear of the success of "Les Troyens" at the Opéra. "But, sir," I rejoined rather hastily, "'Les Troyens' was not played at the Opéra, but at the Théâtre Lyrique." "Why, I wrote an autograph letter to the emperor, and I thought—" I might have finished his phrase. The emperor had undoubtedly received the letter, but had paid no attention whatever to it.

When I came back to Paris I related to Berlioz my conversation with the grand duke. "How!" cried he, with astonishment. "You told him! You undeceived him! Ah, I never should have dared to do that." The error was easy of explanation: the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar had been informed that "Les Troyens" had just been played at Paris, and he had made no further inquiry. A little more, and he would have written a second letter to the emperor—to thank him!



CARICATURE BY CARJOT.

From "Le Boulevard," 1863.

Berlioz never heard "La Prise de Troie," except a single fragment,—the duo between *Chorèbe* and *Cassandra*,—sung by the barytone Lefort and Madame Pauline Viardot, at one of the concerts directed by the master at Baden in the merry season—that season in which "Tout Paris" came together in the coquettish little town of the grand duchy. This first part of "Les Troyens" is superior to the second in the judgment of many musicians. M. Pasdeloup first gave one act, then two; and lastly the whole work, on the same day on which it was given by M. Colonne at the Châtelet (December 7, 1879). The star of the founder of popular concerts[1] had begun to wane, and, besides, the execution was better, and much more careful, at the Châtelet than at the Cirque d'Hiver. M. Colonne, however, was able to give only four representations of the "La Prise de Troie," while the success of "La Damnation de Faust," after more than fifty performances, was far from being exhausted.

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[1] M. Pasdeloup.

Madame Rose Caron was the young artist who sang at Pasdeloup's the little part of *Hecuba* in the fine *ottetto* of the second act. She hardly suspected at that time that she would become a few years later the great lyric tragédienne so applauded by Paris, for whom no rival need be sought, because there is none.

"Les Troyens" complete, but played in two successive evenings,[1] afterward obtained an immense success at Carlsruhe. The Capellmeister, Felix Mottl, a spirited Wagnerian, was the one who took the initiative in this grand manifestation. Unfortunately, it will doubtless produce a greater stir in Germany than with us in France.

It is ever to be regretted that the attempt of M. Lamoureux to produce "Lohengrin" at the Eden Théâtre failed on account of the threats and hisses of a troop of rattle-brained blackguards. The success of "Lohengrin" would have paved the way for that of "Les Troyens" and "Benvenuto Cellini;" and, sanctioned by the theater, as it already had been by the concert, the fame of Berlioz would have been much more complete and glorious. Berlioz and Wagner applauded in turn upon the same stage, and that a French one! Why not! The hostility existing between those two musical geniuses, the hatred with which the latter pursued the former, has but little interest at the present day except for biographers; the musical world cares little for it. Nobody denies to the one the priority of certain innovations, certain harmonic and instrumental combinations by which the other may have profited; but to try to make out the inventor of the modern lyric drama to be the humble imitator of his predecessor, who was above all a great innovator as a symphonist; to brand as plagiarisms a few involuntary reminiscences, a few chance coincidences, such as few composers, even those most original and most distinguished, have been able wholly to avoid, marks the difference between a rational and just opinion and an imbecility.

The first concert given by Richard Wagner at the Théâtre Italien, on the 25th of January, 1860, had just come to an end. Madame Berlioz, passing by, leaning on the arm of her husband, said to me in her sarcastic tone, "Oh, Reyer, what a triumph for Hector!" And why? Because a certain air of kinship seemed to be discoverable between this or that passage in the prelude to the third act of "Tristan and Isolde" and the figured theme of the "Convoi de Juliette"; between the figure played by the violins in the Pilgrim chorus in "Tannhäuser" and that which accompanies the oath of reconciliation between the Montagues and the Capulets over the inanimate bodies of Juliette and Roméo; because the ascending progression in the admirable prelude of the third act in "Lohengrin" was drafted, it is said, on that which ends at the principal motif of the "Festival at Capulet's" in the symphony of "Roméo." And the flatterers, happy to be able to point out those supposed coincidences to Berlioz, who perhaps had already perceived them, did not fail to exaggerate them. No, no; Hector would not have triumphed for so small a thing. And when, the day after the third concert, given with the same program as the two preceding ones, there appeared in the feuilleton of the "Débats" that famous *credo* which marks with an ineffaceable line the break between Berlioz and Richard Wagner, the most fervent admirers of Berlioz, instead of reciting devoutly the "act of faith" which spite or anger had dictated, did much better by beginning to study the works of Wagner, and trying to penetrate their undoubted beauties. There was certainly more profit for them in that course, and I affirm that some of them have not come out the worse for it.

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[1] It must be conceded that Berlioz made a mistake in fixing four hours and twenty-six minutes as the time required for the representation of this work; and about three hours and three-quarters with the suppressions which he himself indicated in the complete score issued by the publishers, Choudens.

H. BERLIOZ—FORMERLY.

By M. Marais, published in "Figaro," March 3, 1883.

During their stay in London, Berlioz and Richard Wagner maintained friendly relations. Later, a German newspaper is said to have published an article, written by no less a personage than Wagner himself, in which Berlioz was very roughly handled. Some one, doubtless a friend of one of the parties, translated it so that Berlioz could read it with more ease, and sent it to him. The latter, it may be conceived, exhibited no little irritation. The story is probable enough; I will not be responsible for its truth.

Berlioz had a son named Louis, of whom he was very fond. In 1867, having been recently appointed captain in the merchant service, the young man suddenly died at Havana, in his thirty-fourth year. Berlioz learned this sad news just as he was getting ready to pass an evening at the house of one of my friends, the Marquis Arconati-Visconti. Arconati had organized in honor of the master he admired—for he had not failed to be present at a single performance of "Les Troyens"—a private entertainment, to which several artists, and among others Théodore Ritter, had been invited. Berlioz did not come. Ritter repaired to his house, and found him in tears. The great composer outlived that son who was his only consolation and pride scarcely two years. Louis Berlioz, however, was not a musician, either by temperament or by instinct; and there is no doubt that on the rare occasions presented to him of hearing his father's music, his filial piety alone induced him to admire it.

Berlioz left me by his will a volume of "Paul and Virginia" with his name written in it, and with his autograph notes. One of these annotations (most of them are very curious) has been reproduced in the very remarkable and interesting work by M. Adolphe Jullien. Here it is: "To sum up, a book sublime, heartrending, delicious, but which would make a man an atheist if he were not one already." It is found quite at the end of the romance, and is followed by certain chords which reproduce in the minor mode those which are found on the first page of the book. I have never believed in the atheism of the man who wrote the poem and the music of "L'Enfance du Christ," who sang such pure melodies to the Virgin Mary and to the angels guarding the sleep of the Child Jesus. A free-thinker—like his father, Dr. Berlioz—he was, perhaps; but nothing more. When the hearse which bore the remains of the master arrived before the Church of the Trinity, the horses reared and refused to advance. This was very much noticed and commented on at the time, with reference to the anti-religious sentiments of the illustrious dead. I imagine, however, that like accidents may have occurred more than once at the burial of very fervent Catholics.

H. BERLIOZ—TO-DAY.

By M. Marais, published in "Figaro," March 3, 1883.

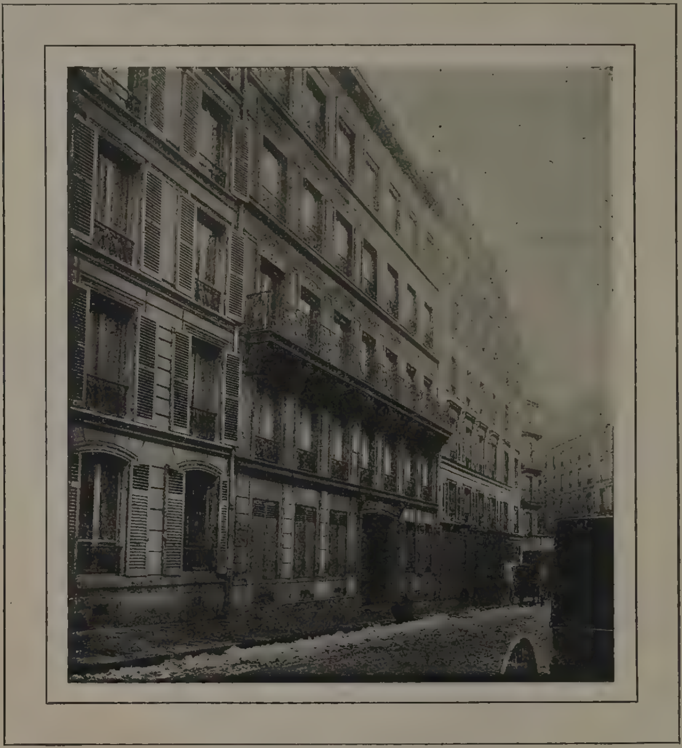
A few days after the concert which I directed at the Opéra, March 22, 1870, Madame Damcke, the testamentary executrix of Berlioz, was kind enough to present me with an orchestra score of the "Messe des Morts," annotated and corrected by the author. I have also in my library a copy, given me by Berlioz himself, of the symphony "Roméo et Juliette," with his autograph corrections and some changes introduced into the instrumentation of the first *morceau* in fugue style, principally in the altos and violoncellos. This score bears the date of 1857, and the symphony is dated September, 1839. Eighteen years after its publication, Berlioz discovered faults in the engraving, and whole passages to modify.

The day after my election to the Institute, I saw coming to my house the faithful servant whom I mentioned at the beginning of this article, the same who had nursed Berlioz with such devotion during his long sickness, and whom for many years I had not seen. He brought me the Academician's coat and sword, which his master had intrusted to him to be delivered to me—when the moment should come. I had been elected the night before; he had lost no time. He related to me how during the war his house, situated in the outskirts of Paris, had been pillaged by the German soldiers. Nevertheless, he had succeeded in concealing these relics from the rapacity of Prussians and Bavarians. I preserve them with religious veneration; and, as I have no great love for uniform, make as little use of them as possible. I ought, perhaps, to have exhibited them to the inhabitants of La Côte-Saint-André when I went there last September [1893] to attend the inauguration of the Berlioz statue in the little town where he was born. This statue is a reproduction of the one in Montholon Square; it was unveiled with great pomp, the minister of public instruction and fine arts presiding at the ceremony, with all the authorities of the town and the department gathered on a vast platform, and a large number of Orpheonic societies drawn up around the pedestal. Medals with the bust of the master were sold in the street; flags waved at the windows of the houses; and upon the front of the one in which Berlioz was born you could read engraved upon a marble slab that inscription which ought to have been placed there twenty years before:

> "TO HECTOR BERLIOZ,
>
> FROM HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS, HAPPY IN HIS GLORY,
> AND PROUD OF HIS GENIUS."

But for the commemorative slab no particular mark would point the attention of tourists to that house, so plain in its appearance and so simple in its architecture. It belongs to-day to a grocer.

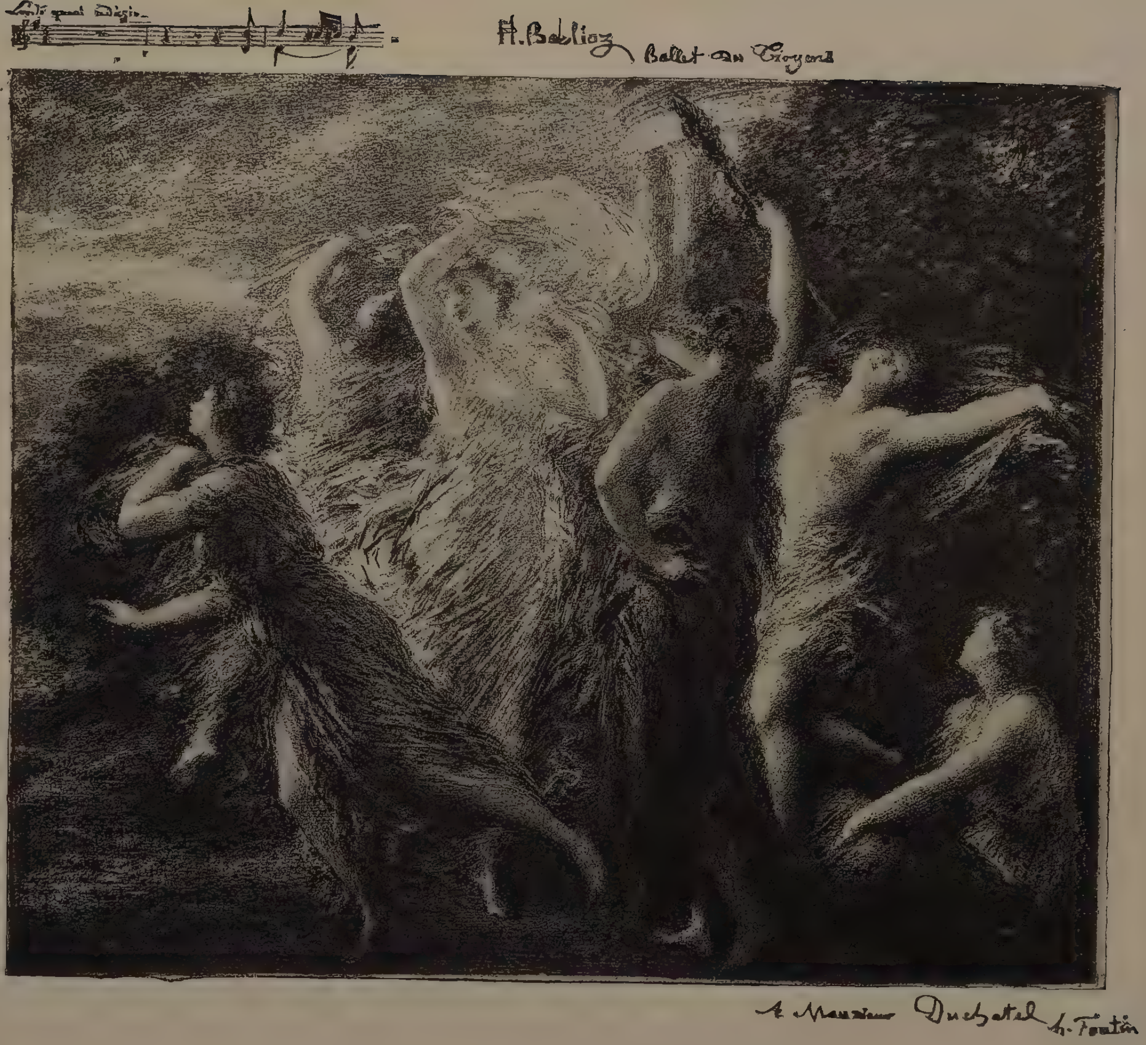
I said that I have no great faith in the atheism of Berlioz; neither do I believe much in his Platonism. Nevertheless, he has devoted some twenty pages in his "Memoirs" to the story of his passion for Mme. F——, with letters to prove it, and some details which have always seemed to me rather puerile. Like Dante, he was ambitious of having a Beatrice —a very beautiful Beatrice apparently, but rather rustic, whom he knew very little, having seen her only three or four times at most, and those at long intervals. She was older than he, and was some seventy years of age when, having gone to visit her at Lyons, he came near fainting at her feet. It was at Meylan, a little village of the Dauphiné which overlooked the valley of the Isère, that she appeared to him one fine day wearing little pink shoes. She was then eighteen; he was twelve. That vision was never erased from his memory. "No; time can have no effect,— new loves never erase the first one." Her name was Estelle, but to him she was always the nymph, the hamadryad of St. Eynard, the *stella montis.* That name was the one he wrote in the last line of his "Memoirs"; it was perhaps that name, too, that he murmured when he heaved his last sigh.

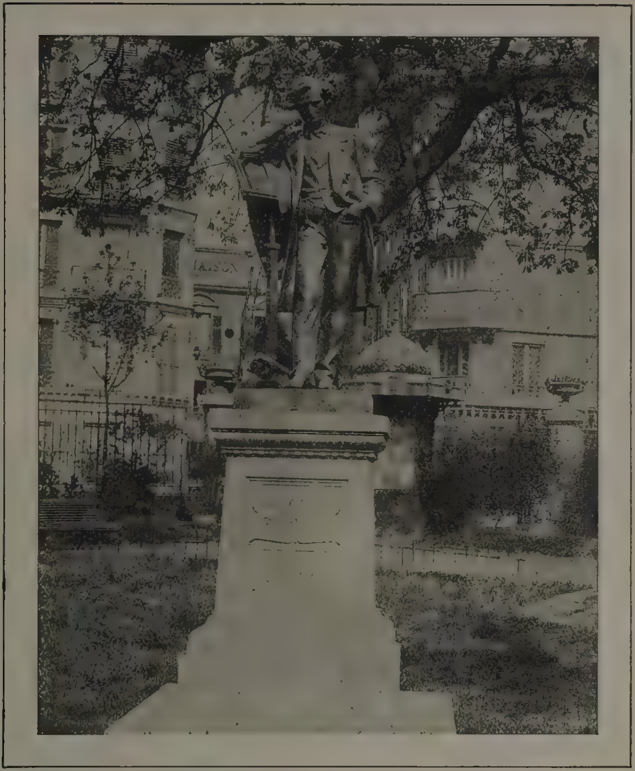


HOUSE WHERE BERLIOZ DIED.

No. 4 rue de Calais, Paris. His rooms were on the upper floor. There is a plaque on the *façade* recording the fact.

NOTE.—M. Reyer's statement that Wagner would prepare the way for Berlioz in France, could Wagner be brought to hearing there, has received ample justification during the season of 1899-1900. Not only in France but in Italy Berlioz's "La Prise de Troie" has been received with enthusiasm. To the lover of Berlioz, to whom "Harold," "Roméo" and "L'Enfance du Christ" are dear, it is easy to believe that like Bach, whom he did not know, but whom he resembled in more points than one, his complete apotheosis will wait till music catches up with his gigantic stride. It is certain that Wagner is the one and sure preparation for the enjoyment of Berlioz, whose poetry, delicacy, vitality and keenness of feeling become evident after due acquaintance with the German master.—THE EDITORS.


Lento quasi Adagio
H. Berlioz
Ballet des Troyens
A Monsieur Duchatel
H. Fantin



BERLIOZ STATUE IN PARIS.

THE POTENCY OF BERLIOZ IN MODERN MUSIC

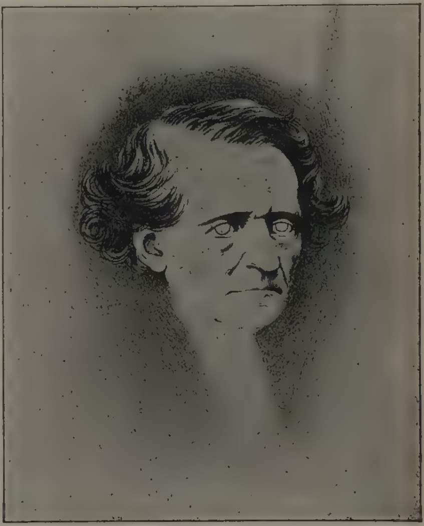
BY

ERNEST NEWMAN

WHEN Berlioz reflected, as he must often have done in bitterness of spirit, that he suffered contemporary neglect precisely because he was too great, too new, for his own generation, he may have consoled himself with the thought that posterity would do him the justice denied him in his lifetime. There are few things in the history of art more pathetic than the falsification of these hopes of the weary and disappointed old musician. For if he had but a smart following among the men of his own day, it must in truth be said that it stands but very little better with the bulk of his work now at the end of the century.

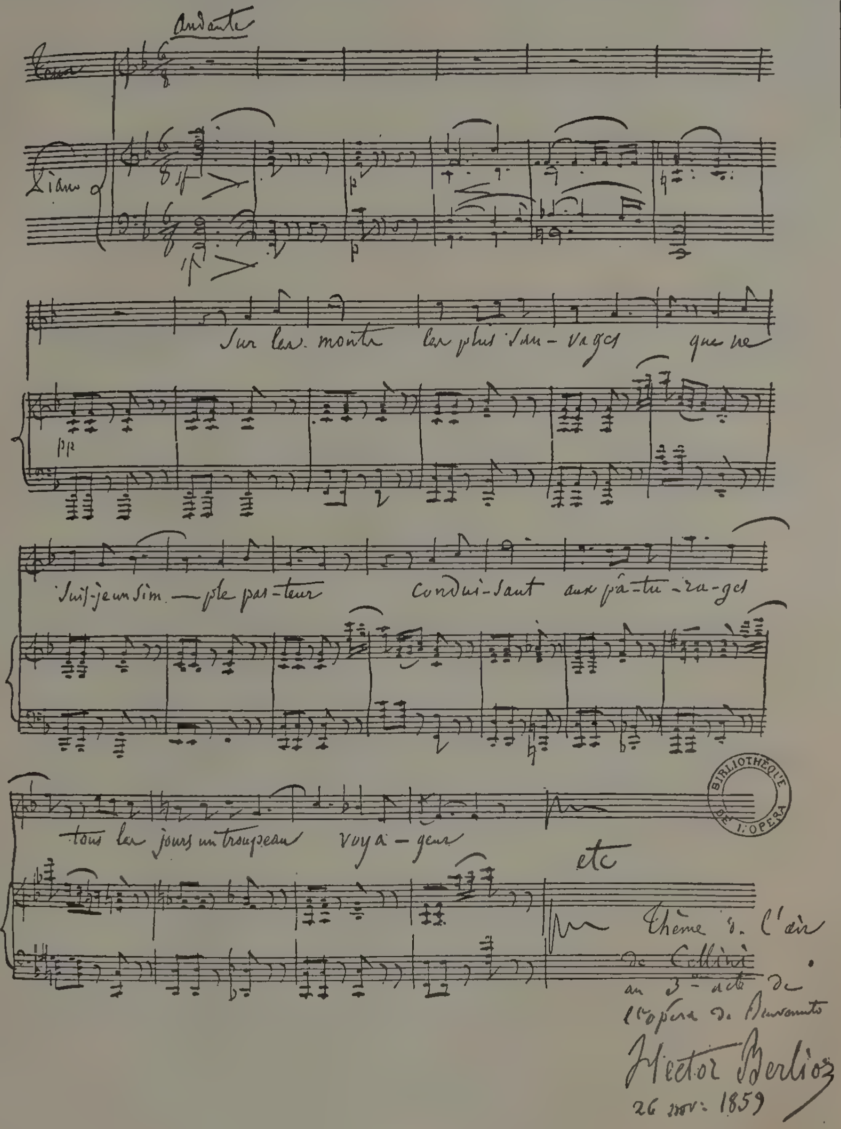
To appreciate him properly, and at the same time to understand the comparative disregard of his music by the present generation, we have to consider both the peculiar bent of his mind and the historical position which he occupies. In the battle that was fought on behalf of Romanticism in the third and fourth decades of this century there was no more strenuous combatant than Berlioz, none who deserves more fully to be regarded as a pioneer of the new order of things esthetic; Théophile Gautier, Victor Hugo, and Eugène Delacroix are not more representative of militant Romanticism than he. When he first went to Paris in 1821, a fiery young warrior of eighteen, the new corrodents were everywhere at work in the old structure. The influence of David was declining in the studios; Gros had set the example of observing the form and color of life at first hand, and of representing stirring, living scenes with less and less of the old academic formalism; the young Géricault was making his superb studies of horses and of military types; and the vigorous Delacroix was flying in the face of all the pedantic professors of the pseudo-antique. The new generation of poets and prose-writers was not only making speech an ever closer garment of the idea, but expanding and vitalizing the idea by the intrusion into it of sensations and emotions unknown to the previous generations; they tasted life with all their senses, went out to meet new sensations, to be intoxicated with them, instead of attempting to sum up their ideas and feelings, their experience of life and the world, under a few decayed classic formulas. At the same time artists of all orders,—painters, sculptors, poets, musicians, novelists, critics,—were exchanging impressions with an intimacy and a vivacity till then unheard of.

But the struggle must have been harder for the musician than for any of his fellows. On all other lines the new men could find some links of connection and support in what had gone before them; but what was there in common between the young Berlioz and the French musicians either of his own or of the preceding century? In Germany, the Romantic movement in music was not at all a disruption with the older schools, but simply the natural and consistent development of them under the stimulus of new emotional needs. In France, the new musician had not only to make his bricks to his own pattern, but he had peculiar difficulty in finding his straw. So that here, at the very outset, the flamboyant young revolutionist stood at an immense disadvantage. And what was there, in himself or in his training, that would be likely to smooth his path for him, to clarify his ideas, to make easier the thorny path from conception to impression? Unfortunately, his musical education really began very late, and he was plunged into the atmosphere of the biggest German music of the time, his excitable brain seething with all kinds of half-inchoate emotions, before he had the proper artistic grip of his ideas, before he had learned to speak easily and fluently in the new language. With a passion for color and movement equal to that of Delacroix, he was dreaming of monstrous orchestral works at a time when he should have been patiently and modestly cultivating the garden of his imagination, uprooting the too many vicious weeds that were growing there. He knew very little of the piano, at the very time when to have worked out his tumultous ideas in terms of the piano would have been an invaluable education to him in musical logic. He knew, indeed, practically nothing of the piano works of Beethoven, although he knew the symphonies by heart; and Hiller tells us that his knowledge of music, apart from that of his idols, Beethoven, Gluck, Weber, and one or two others, was never very extensive; Bach was always an abomination to him.



A HEAD OF BERLIOZ.
Published at the time of the unveiling of the statue in 1893.

On the musical side, then, his imagination was from his youth up over-stimulated by the colossal works he devoured so ravenously. On the intellectual side he received a full



Andante
Ténor
Piano
pp
p
Sur les monts les plus sau-vages que ne
Suis-je un sim-ple pas-teur conduisant aux pâ-tu-ra-ges
tous les jours un troupeau voya-geur
etc
BIBLIOTHÈQUE DE L'OPERA
Thème de l'air de Cellini au 3me acte de l'opéra de Benvenuto
Hector Berlioz
26 nov. 1859

MUSICAL AUTOGRAPH OF BERLIOZ.

FROM "BENVENUTO CELLINI."
IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE PARIS OPERA.

measure of the influences that acted on all the other Romanticists. He was not well up in the classics, despite his frequent references to Virgil; his main reading lay among Shakspere, Cervantes, De Foe, Florian, Moore, Goethe, Fenimore Cooper, Scott, Byron, Hoffmann, and the French Romanticists of his own day. One very marked trait in him, — his passion for books of travel, — is correlative with all his other tendencies towards the grandiose and the inaccessible. His prose style, again, is remarkable for a curious inflation, a longing to express himself in the biggest adjectives, the biggest similes, of which the language is capable. Altogether, here was the mind of a man innately predisposed to exaggeration of idea and feeling and to dilatation of utterance, coming under the influence of all that was vivid, all that was strenuous, all that was highly colored in the life around him and in the literature of other epochs; and at the same time feeling himself to be different from all other musicians of the past or present.

The result might have been foreseen. Conceiving emotion so much more poignantly, so much more poetically, than the great German symphonists, he aimed at a symphonic form that should express actual life in all its color, all its movement. This ideal was, indeed, before his eyes in all his works, and it is the secret at once of his strength and of his weakness. I sometimes get the impression that his was not entirely a musical mind, — not a mind, that is, that thought surely and solely and inevitably in music. I have often, indeed, felt the value of Schumann's warning that one only gets the *sens intime* of many of Berlioz's melodies after one has sung them frequently; but even so I cannot help feeling at times that his brain has not quite worked up the emotion into music pure and simple. Add to this his unfortunate desire to be original at any cost, and you have the explanation of most that is uninspired and most that is repellent in his music.[1] Here, of course, as in his best moments also, he is the true child of epoch; he was only donning the familiar red waistcoat of the young Romanticists both when he hurled his absurd defiances at good taste and common sense, and when he made his orchestra vibrate with colors and passions hitherto unknown to music.

His claim to immortality, I think, finally rests on something else than his actual achievement as it appears to us to-day. One only perceives his real greatness when one looks at him sympathetically in relation to his epoch; when one considers what music was when he took it up and what it was when he laid it down. Consider that between 1827 and 1834 he had produced the overtures to "Waverley," to the "Francs-Juges" and "King Lear," the "Eight Scenes from Faust," the "Symphonie Fantastique," the "Lélio," and the "Harold," and that in the last-named year he was only thirty-one, and you will realize the enormous momentum of that fiery young imagination. In those seven years he had said many things that had never been spoken in music before; he, and he alone, had brought French music at one bound into line with all the new work that was being done in poetry, in prose and in art. To say that then, as again in the later years, he frequently failed to accomplish what he had aimed at, is simply to say that he suffered the inevitable fate of the pioneer. "I have taken up music where Beethoven left it," he said to Fetis in 1828, when he was in his twenty-fifth year. The modern world has come to recognize some justice in the claim. The great development of music in the nineteenth century has consisted in the vitalizing of the purely musical imagination by the touch of the more concrete sides of life. It was the good fortune of Berlioz that his impetuous, barrier-forcing intellect sought and found expression in an epoch when the correct line and the statuesque pose were being ousted in favor of vigor and variety of movement and truth and vivacity of color. The bloodless music current in the France of Berlioz's youth was the equivalent of the waxwork repose and finish of the pseudo-classical school in painting. To musicians and public alike, everything that spoke of actual breathing man was incomprehensible, unendurable; Beethoven, to the few who had heard anything of him, was the great uncouth barbarian of music. It was the function of Berlioz to familiarize the modern world with the musical expression of fiercer, tenderer, more palpitating emotions than had ever been experienced in music before. It was his misfortune that partly from the disorderly violence of his epoch, partly from his own peculiar deficiencies, the actual work he did frequently failed to achieve complete, unquestionable beauty; and so it has come to pass that on many lines his work has been supplanted by the men who came after, who profited by the best of him and steered clear of his mistakes. But it is safe to say that had he not lived, had he not done for music what Delacroix did for painting, what Gautier and Hugo did for prose and poetry, our modern music would have found its development arrested along half a dozen paths. It is no small merit for a man to have injected new life into the veins of the opera, of the symphony, of the mass, of the song, of the oratorio, even if his actual work has been surpassed in each department by men who nevertheless took their lead from him.

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[1] He has spoiled, for example, the fine theme of the beloved woman, in the first movement of the "Symphonie Fantastique," by the stupid plunges in the strings in the accompaniment. Other men would have scored the melody broadly and simply; that was sufficient to prompt Berlioz to do something else, something he thought original.

GRAVE OF BERLIOZ

At Montmartre, Paris.

PAGANINI, THE TORCH OF ROMANTICISM

BY

VICTOR HERBERT

THE readers of the preceding articles in MODERN MUSIC & MUSICIANS cannot have advanced thus far without becoming conscious that a series of biographical sketches of the master spirits of the music of the nineteenth century, and of that part of the eighteenth most in sympathy with it, must be virtually a history of Romanticism. From Berlioz to Paderewski, the instincts of mystery and mysticism have been seen at work on every page.

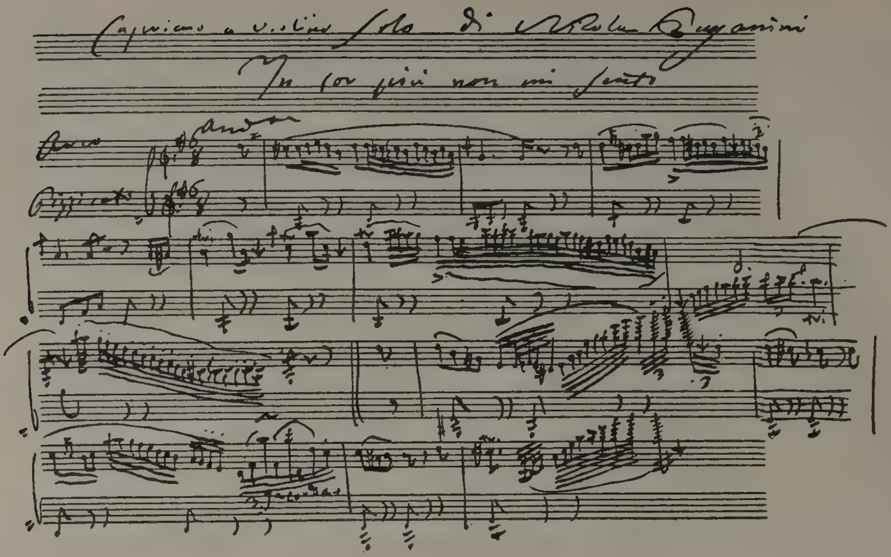
Romanticism, however, is not an epidemic which broke out early in the century and ultimately infected the entire artistic world. It is the result of a complete change in the dominant and ruling temper and mood of Christendom. A deeper religious conviction; a flood of new ideas of liberty and of human rights poured out by the French Revolution; the success and enlargement of human hope and comfort made by America as a republic — were undoubtedly the forces working beneath the surface. Existence became once more mysterious. Perhaps Romanticism may be best summed up as the right to hope that mystery carries with it. At all events, the trains for the explosion were laid all over Europe. As Abraham Mendelssohn wrote from Paris in 1830, "In all classes and trades here, young people's brains are in a state of fermentation. They smell regeneration, liberty, and novelty, and want to have their share of it."

Ramann, inspired by Liszt, gives a lively picture of the artistic expectation and unrest of Paris. I cull a paragraph or two: "The period of the Restoration was approaching its full. Sparks from the flame of revolution flew into all the domains of intellectual and practical life. . . . At the head of the younger generation stood the romantic battering-ram, Victor Hugo. Among artists we see Ingres, who at that time spoke the last word of the past; Delacroix, the inventor of dramas of color; the poetic

Ary Scheffer; Delaroche, who transplanted romance to canvas; the sculptors, P. J. David, Pradier, Rude, and others. On the stage reigned the genius of cheerful play, Rossini; but beside him, Auber, with his 'Muette de Portici,' had won a triumph which hinted at other moods than those of calm enjoyment; Giacomo Meyerbeer, too, the future ruler of the stage, already stood in the background laying the mines of later success; while Malibran and Sontag sang at the 'Italian Opera' the tournament duet in 'Tancredi,' and Taglioni danced tragedies at the Grand Opera. . . . Habeneck . . . ventured to offer homage to the manes of Beethoven, and for the first time brought the symphonies of this master before the Parisians; and although Cherubini, the director of the Conservatoire, sought to wield the classical scepter in the church, yet on the stage, in the concert-hall, he could not prevent Berlioz from already holding the door-latch of the Romantic in his hand, and the musicians would not keep just measure and tempo as they had been wont to do."

Matters were in this condition when the torch was applied — Bellini wrote; Malibran sang and revolutionized the opera; and Paganini appeared upon the podium of the hall of the Grand Opera. His "Clochette" rang the knell of classic interpretation.

The impressions recorded of this extraordinary genius are a complete daguerreotype of the mental conditions of the day. In Paris he was a "Monte Cristo"; in London, a personified "Mysteries of Udolpho." "He had murdered his wife; had been imprisoned for years in a dungeon, with a violin with only one string, whence his execution and his complexion." "He was the son of the Devil, and a wizard." In Paris he was the object of scandalous tales without number. In England people stopped his carriage to feel of him, to be sure he was not an unblessed ghost. Ramann's account of his effect upon Liszt affords a sample experience: "It was the 9th of March, 1831, that the strange, gaunt man, with the demoniac glance, stood in the hall of the Grand Opera. Never had his hearers heard such playing. It sounded, to quote Léon Escudier, 'ironical and mocking like Byron's "Don Juan"; capricious and fantastic like a night piece of Hofmann; melancholy and dreamy like a poem of Lamartine; wild and glowing like a curse of Dante, and yet soft and tender like a melody of Schubert.' Playing such as this had never before bewildered and astonished the musical world; it was spontaneity of feeling melting into sound and creating itself anew; it was the peculiar ego of the player and his innermost experiences; it was the most lively unfolding of a dramatic picture, born of the moment, and displayed with the most striking truthfulness before the audience,— a dramatic picture such as, in truth, the stage already knew through Malibran, but to which reproductive instrumental art was yet a stranger. Franz Liszt, in listening to this playing, felt himself touched as by a magic wand. . . . This playing — . . . it was the vision of his soul, after which he had sought and groped, and yet never could



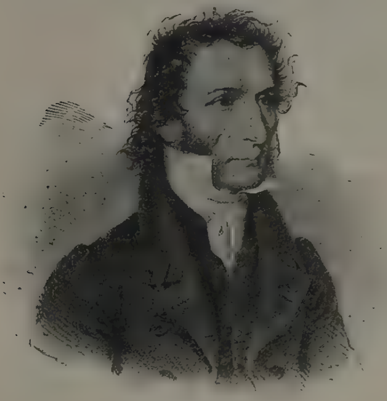
A MANUSCRIPT OF PAGANINI'S.

By permission of the Royal Library, Berlin.

seize or find. By Paganini's playing the veil had been torn away which lay between him and his artistic will. The ideas which the St. Simonians had excited within him took form. 'Thus expressed,' he said to himself, 'a work of art can become the *language* of culture, and reproductive art can fulfil its task. The work of art must dive into the spirit of the reproducing artist to be born anew from the glow of spontaneous feeling. The form should not sound, but the spirit speak. Then is the virtuoso the high priest of art, in whose mouth the dead letter wins life, whose lips reveal the secret of art.'"

In short, in a single night Paganini had unconsciously transformed Liszt, and with him the art of piano-playing.

It remains to be seen how the classic school withstood the shock of Paganini's artistic personality. On this head Moscheles is our most trustworthy guide, since Moscheles himself was an innovator and had developed bravura playing on classic lines to an unprecedented extent. In his diary Moscheles complains of his utter inability to find language capable of conveying a description of Paganini's wonderful performance. "Had that long-drawn, soul-searching tone lost for a single second its balance, it would have lapsed into a discordant cat's mew. But it never did so, and Paganini's tone was always his own, unique of its kind. The thin strings of his instrument, on which alone it was possible to conjure forth those myriads of notes and trills and cadenzas, would have been fatal in the hands of any other violin-player, but with him they were indispensable adjuncts. And lastly, his compositions were so ultra-original, so completely in harmony with the weird and strange figure of the man, that, if wanting in depth and earnestness, the deficiency never betrayed itself during the author's dazzling display of power. . . ." After the sixth concert, Moscheles makes the following admission: "My mind is peculiarly vacillating about this artist. First of all, nothing could exceed my surprise and admiration — his constant and venturesome flights; his newly discovered source of flageolet tones; his gift of fusing and beautifying subjects of the most heterogeneous kind; all these phases of genius so completely bewildered my musical perceptions that for several days afterward my head seemed on fire and my brain reeled. I never wearied of the intense expression, soft and melting like that of an Italian singer, which he could draw from his violin, and, dazzled as I was, I could not quarrel with him for adopting the 'maniere del gatto.'"



PAGANINI.
From an old lithograph.

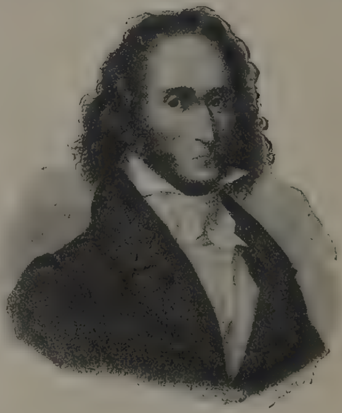
It is clear from the above that Paganini made his appeal to the emotions of his hearers, and that in him the dramatic instrumentalist makes his first appearance. Gardiner preserves a characteristic account of his delivery. "In one of Paganini's wonderful exhibitions, the piece opens with a tremulous sound from the double drum, so faint as scarcely to be heard, but sufficient to arouse the attention of the musician. In a few seconds the sound returns, upon which the violinist starts and looks behind him as if he apprehended the approach of something terrible. On the repetition of this tremulous but less distant sound, he seizes his violin and, with three or four miraculous and furious strokes of the bow, throws his audience into a frenzy of astonishment and delight."

This drum-roll Moscheles could not forgive; still less the pantomime. As quarrels about copyrights came up between the artists, the German master began to long more and more for the "deep earnestness" of his native land, and we are not surprised to find him agreeing with Mendelssohn, soon after, that Paganini no longer exercised over them his old charm. "That eternal mawkishness becomes at last too much of a good thing."

From the standpoint of their own art they were right. Classic interpretation, as opposed to the new school of personality and dramatic effects, had received its death-blow. How new was this idea of dramatic life may be gathered from Wagner's admission of the inspiration he received about this time from Schröder-Devrient's singing in Bellini's operas. An extract from a letter of Abraham Mendelssohn to his wife further illuminates the subject. He had been spending the evening with the Moscheles in London: "Madame Malibran sat down and gave us a Spanish song, then at Felix's request two others, then an English sea song, and finally a French tambour ditty. That does not show with what flowing, glowing, and effervescing power and expression, with what caprice and boldness, passion and *esprit*, with what assurance and consciousness of her means, this woman sang those ditties. From the same throat issued Spanish passion, French coquetry, with again a touch of primitiveness, English unpolished soundness, and also that somewhat frivolous, but fresh and most characteristic French audacity, with plenty of her own characteristic individuality; she loved, yearned, rowed, and drummed with such wonderful self-possession, such bold command and lavish expenditure of her inexhaustible means, that one may truly say she sang songs without words, she sang sentiments, effects, and situations."

"Sentiments, effects, and situations" were also a part of the artistic revolution wrought by Paganini. The penetrating tone and the thin string, those infallible accompaniments of this class of art, were noticeably present. Thomas Moore complained that he mewed like a cat. His object was to work up, not the enthusiasm, but the nervous emotion of his hearers,—to transmit to them his own spiritual conditions; and such has been the direct aim of the most admired instrumentalists ever since. Liszt, Ysaye, Rubinstein, Kubelik, and Paderewski are shining examples of his influence upon art.

Criticisms upon modern tragediennes remind us of the traditions of Paganini's art and of his means of impression. He made immense drains upon his own vitality in the feat of gaining ascendancy over his audience. "After having performed a concerto, his symptoms are those of a man under an attack of epilepsy; his livid and cold skin is covered with a profuse perspiration; his pulse is scarcely felt; and when questioned on any subject he answers only in monosyllables. The night after his concert he never sleeps, and continues in an agitation which sometimes lasts for two or three days. (These facts have been communicated by Dr. Bennett, who attended Paganini during his stay in Vienna.)" Compare this with the newspaper clippings about Eleanora Duse, after one of her magnetic evenings—the accounts tally exactly. There was, moreover, in Paganini's artistic expression the same deliberate calm which characterizes artistic power that is conspicuous in Duse. I recur again to Abraham Mendelssohn:



PAGANINI.

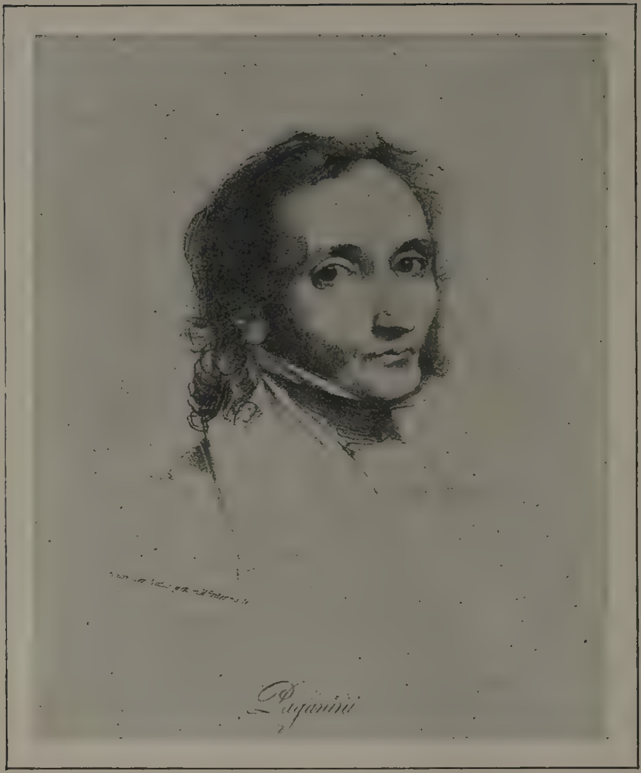
From an old lithograph.

"Talking of fascination, I was fascinated last night by Taglioni. It is something quite new. You all remember that what most delighted us in both Sontag and Paganini was the placidity, calmness, and composure of their execution. Taglioni's dancing *has the same merits.* Her movements are never rapid, never violent. With perfect self-possession, and without thinking at all about the public, she follows the dictates of her own grace and humor, seeking nothing and finding everything, never making an effort and accomplishing impossibilities."

We may therefore place the beginning of the second quarter of the nineteenth century as the date on which the histrionic artist stepped beyond the limits of the drama into the confines of art and music; the art of Taglioni contemporary with that of Paganini and Malibran, the art of gesture which had accompanied the drama down the whole course of civilization, thereupon lapsed from its high estate. Music took up what the dance laid down — dramatic expression.

Paganini's emotional art—we emphasize, in passing, that it was founded upon his delivery of melody—added a tangible contribution to the development of virtuosity. Gardiner offers a vivacious account of the novelties in technic which dazzed Europe:

"His (Paganini's) powers in accompanying the voice are so great that his tones are not to be distinguished from those of the singer. A German writer speaks of his performance as being fiend-like, and he attributes his unaccountable effect to a new mode of tuning his instrument. . . He glided from the side scenes to the front of the stage, many rising from their seats to view the specter during the thunder of this unprecedented cheering, his gaunt and extraordinary appearance being more like that of a devotee about to suffer martyrdom than one about to delight you with his art. With the tip of his bow he set off the orchestra in a grand military movement, with a force and vivacity as surprising as it was new. At the termination of this introduction he commenced a soft, streamy note of celestial quality, and with three or four whips of his bow elicited points of sound as bright as stars. A scream of astonishment and delight burst from the audience at the novelty of this effect. Immediately execution followed that was equally indescribable, in which were intermingled tones more than human, which seemed to be wrung from the deepest anguish of a broken heart. After this the audience were enraptured by a lively strain, in which were heard commingled with the tones of the instrument those of the voice, with the pizzicato of the guitar, forming a compound of exquisite beauty. If it were possible to aim at a description of his manner, we should say that you would take the violin to be a wild animal which he is endeavoring to quiet in his bosom, and which he occasionally, *fiend-like*, lashes with his bow. This he dashes upon the strings as you would whip with a walking-stick, tearing from the creature the most horrid as well as delightful tones. He has long legs and arms, and



From an old lithograph by J. Veltin.

the hands in his playing often assume the attitude of prayer, with the fingers pointed upwards. The highest notes (contrary to everything we have learned) are produced as the hand recedes from the bridge, overturning all our previous notions of the art. . . . There was no trick in his playing; it was all fair, scientific execution, opening to us a new order of sounds, the highest of which ascended two octaves above C in alt."

Great as were the enlargements of violin technic due to Paganini, the result of his "Twenty-four Capriccios" upon the technic of the piano is equally remarkable. I quote Ramann:

"Liszt, after having heard Paganini, turned again to his instrument. He was seldom seen; in public, as a pianist, never. He sat at the instrument often six hours a day, and practised. Yes, he exercised the language of his spirit, and created for it an organ of expression. The influence which Paganini exercised over Liszt in a technical point of view is proved by several works of the latter which dated from this time. . . . The bridge is seen which leads from Paganini's fiddle-bow to the incredible revolution which Liszt has brought about in the art of pianoforte playing."

The runs, springs, arpeggios, double stops, reed-tones which Paganini had introduced in great abundance in the "Twenty-four Capriccios" for violin, brought out about this time, were new to violinists, and were impossible to the piano technic of the day. Liszt invented (and schooled his hand to) the new technic required to reproduce them upon the piano. These are the discoveries which Liszt made through Paganini, by which he revolutionized modern piano-playing. He not only transferred the Capriccios to the piano as bravura studies, but he also worked up the theme of the "Bell Rondo" into a fantasia for the concert-hall, and then passed to his life work of recreating orchestral compositions upon his own instrument.

The lack of human sympathy which seemed to set Paganini apart from the human race was keenly felt by Liszt, who had formulated as his watchword the noble motto—"Genie oblige." The same stories of incredible avarice which are now current about Patti, Tamagno, and many another professional victim, were rife about the great virtuoso. The Moscheles did not like him.

"On his first visit to us, his gratitude (to Mrs. Moscheles's father) found vent in such exaggerated expressions as are known only to an Italian vocabulary. He took down from the mantelpiece a miniature portrait of his benefactor, covered it with kisses, and addressed it with the most high-flown epithets. Meantime, we had leisure to study those olive-tinted, sharply defined features, the glowing eyes, the scanty but long, black hair, and the thin, gaunt figure upon which the clothes hung loosely, the deep-sunken cheeks, and those long, bony fingers." Moscheles complained that his own nose was as much kissed by his Italian visitor as that of a Gottesmutterbild. In short, to English, Hungarian, and German eyes the personality of the unfortunate artist was unwholesome. He had ruined his constitution by taking a quack nostrum called the "Elixir of Life," and was already a victim to tuberculosis of the throat,—a sad result, perhaps, of the involuntary sympathetic vibrations of the larynx during his incessant practice.

It should be remembered, however, that Liszt, who wrote a famous essay upon him, was singularly unfortunate as a biographer. His obituary upon Paganini may be placed beside the well-known "Life of Poe" in its damning effect upon the memory of the subject. It is paralleled only by the impression of effeminacy and immorality which Liszt's "Life of Chopin" has affixed to the name of that unfortunate composer. In considering Paganini's private character, it should be taken into account that he was to a great extent his own concert manager, which necessarily implies more or less friction on business matters; and, secondly, that though gossip was even more fond then than now of scandal about personages before the public eye, Paganini seems to have been the unconscious pioneer in sensational advertisement through the medium of personalities. Paris and Europe were unwholesome in imagination, and the efforts of the great virtuoso to extricate himself from his fictitious biographies came too late.

"The flame of Paganini's life is extinguished," wrote Liszt, "and with it one of those mighty breathings of nature for which she appears to rouse herself only to reinspire it immediately. . . . Who will believe it without having witnessed it?—this talent, to which the world gave so lavishly what it often denies to greatness—fame and riches—this man, before whom they shouted so enthusiastically, passed by the multitude without associating with them. No one knew the sentiments which moved his heart,—the golden ray of his life gilded no other existence,—no communion of thought and feeling bound him to his brethren. He remained a stranger to every affection, to every passion, a stranger even to his own genius. For what is genius else than a priestly power, revealing God to the human soul?—and Paganini's God has never been other than his own gloomy self."

To Liszt, then, Paganini the man was as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. But there is an account of a friendship extant which would imply that where a sympathy of genius existed the violinist could feel and show genuine emotion. To Berlioz—ardent, struggling, full of ideas and inventions so much akin to his own—Paganini appeared as a good angel. We turn to the composer's account of their relations with a sigh of relief. Berlioz had married Miss Smithson, assumed her debts, and was giving concerts to support her and pay them up.

"The 'Symphonie Fantastique' again figured in the programme and took the whole room by storm, being applauded throughout. My success was complete and the former judgment on me was reversed. . . . Lastly, my happiness was completed when the public had all gone and a man stopped me in the passage—a man with long hair, piercing eyes, a strange and haggard face, a genius, a Titan among the giants, whom I had never seen before, and at first sight of whom I was deeply moved. This man pressed my hand and overwhelmed me with burning eulogies, which literally set both my heart and brain on fire. *It was Paganini.* From that day (22d December, 1833) date my relations with that great artist, who exercised such a happy influence upon my destiny."

Paganini called soon after this memorable meeting and asked Berlioz to write a symphony in which a viola could take the solo part. Berlioz thereupon composed "Harold en Italie," after the idea of Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and then finished "Benvenuto Cellini." "Paganini had returned from Sardinia when 'Benvenuto' was massacred at the Opéra. He was present at that horrible performance, and, indeed, went away heart-broken, saying: 'If I were manager of the Opéra, I would at once engage that young man to write me three such operas. I would pay him in advance, and should make a capital bargain by it.'"

"The failure of the work," continues Berlioz, "and the effort of restraining my rage during the interminable rehearsals, brought on an attack of bronchitis that reduced me to keep my bed and do nothing. Still, we had to live; and, making up my mind to an indispensable effort, I gave two concerts at the Conservatoire The first barely paid its expenses. To increase the receipts of the second, I announced both my symphonies, 'La Fantastique' and 'Harold.' Paganini was present. . . . As I have already said, I composed 'Harold' at the instigation of Paganini. . . . He heard it that day for the first time.

ÉDOUARD REMÉNYI.

A pen-sketch from life by W. M. Chase.

"The concert was just over. I was in a profuse perspiration and trembling with exhaustion, when Paganini, followed by his son Achilles, came up to me at the orchestra door, gesticulating violently. Owing to the throat affection of which he ultimately died, he had already completely lost his voice, and, unless everything was perfectly quiet, no one but his son could hear or even guess what he was saying. He made a sign to the child, who got upon a chair, put his ear close to his father's mouth, and listened attentively. Achilles then got down and, turning to me, said: 'My father desires me to assure you, sir, that he has never in his life been so powerfully impressed at a concert; that your music has quite upset him, and that if he did not restrain himself he should go down on his knees and thank you for it.' I made a movement of incredulous embarrassment at these strange words, but Paganini, seizing my arm, and rattling out 'Yes, yes!' with the little voice he had left, dragged me up on the stage, where there were still a good many of the performers, knelt down, and kissed my hand. . . ."

AUGUST WILHELMJ.
A pen-sketch from life by W. M. Chase.

The next day Achilles brought Berlioz, whose bronchitis was much worse, the following note:

My dear Friend: Beethoven is dead, and Berlioz alone can revive him. I have heard your divine composition, so worthy of your genius, and beg you to accept in token of my homage twenty thousand francs, which will be handed to you by the Baron de Rothschild on presentation of the inclosed. Your most affectionate friend,

Nicolo Paganini.

Paris, December 18, 1838.

An effort has been made to show that Paganini was only the vehicle of this noble gift. Be it as it may, the impulse to champion the struggling and misunderstood genius, whose future apotheosis he saw with prophetic vision, was his own. Berlioz sought him out as soon as he could leave his bed, and found him in the billiard-room,—haunt most congenial to virtuosos. He attempted to express his feeling. Paganini cut short his thanks thus: "Don't speak of that; no, not another word. It is the greatest pleasure I ever felt in my life. You will never know how your music affected me. It is many years since I had felt anything like it. Ah, now," added he, as he brought down his fist on the billiard-table with a violent blow, "none of the people who cabal against you will dare to say another word, for they know that I am a good judge, and that I am not easy."

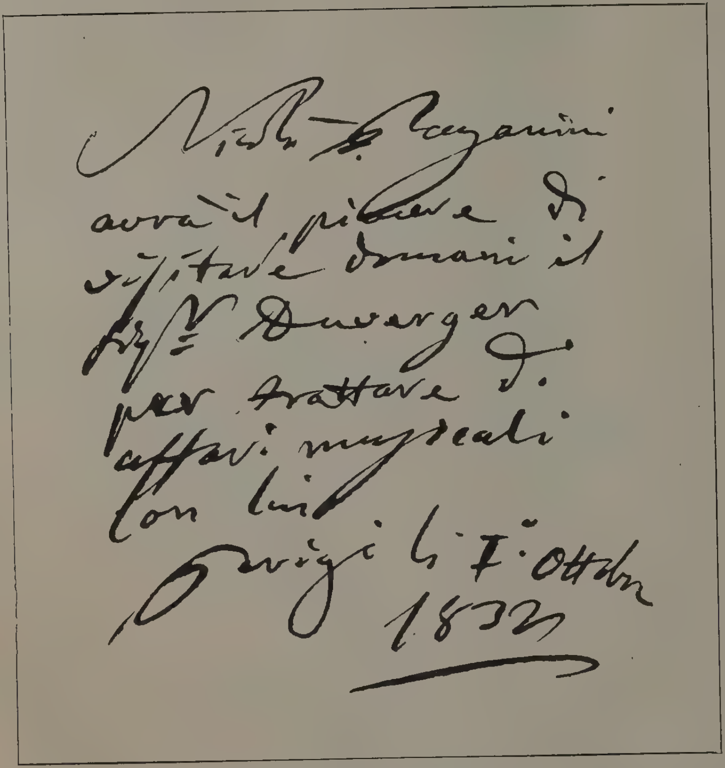
He may not have been easy in money matters, but he was singularly free from artistic jealousy. Liszt is recorded to have said that he would play like Thalberg when he had wooden arms. But Paganini, after a trial of skill between himself and Lafont, wrote: "Lafont probably surpassed me in tone."

The signs and signals of the people's player were emphatically Paganini's. The gifts, the fashionable styles named "à la Paganini," the caricatures, the adoring multitude, the sudden illumining of kindred genius at his touch, were all his. Lind, Liszt, Gounod, Patti, Rubinstein, and now Paderewski, have one by one assumed his mantle and tasted his cup,—a great constellation to be gathered within the compass of a century! Each of these has found the language in which to speak directly to the emotional nature of the multitude; each has been heard with devotion and gratitude as one indeed charged with a divine revelation of feeling.

Paganini's mark upon musical literature is equally decisive. I have given an account of Liszt's transcriptions of the "Twenty-four Caprices." Schumann, also, transcribed them for the piano, and imported both the artist and his technic into the "Carnival" in the number "Paganini." Following in Schumann's footsteps came Brahms with the "Paganini Variations," in which, like Liszt, he runs the whole round of violin virtuosity upon the piano. Brahms's scheme of harmonization, like that of Liszt, is developed from the extensions and open harmonics which

Paganini introduced to the imagination of Europe. Russian and French music have gone on developing the tone qualities thus obtained.

The spells of the great tone-wizard still bind his art. A true son of the church, he nevertheless died unshriven. But his spirit, long absolved from mortal clay, has assuredly passed far beyond perturbation and unrest.



Nicolò Paganini
avrà il piacere di
visitare domani il
Sig.r Duverger
per trattare di
affari musicali
con lui.
Parigi li 7.° Ottobre
1832

AN AUTOGRAPH OF PAGANINI'S.

ROBERT AND CLARA SCHUMANN.

ROBERT SCHUMANN

BY

EDVARD GRIEG

SOME years ago, a young lady was sitting at the piano, singing, on board a steamer on the coast of Norway. When she paused a stranger stepped up to her, introducing himself as a lover of music. They fell into conversation, and had not talked long when the stranger exclaimed: "You love Schumann? Then we are friends!" and reached her his hand.

This is characteristic as illustrating the intimate quality in Schumann's art. To meet in quiet comprehension of the master during a mysterious tête-à-tête at a piano—that is genuinely Schumannesque; to swear by his banner in associations and debating clubs, or amid the glare of festal splendor—that is decidedly non-Schumannesque. Schumann has never ostentatiously summoned any body of adherents. He has been a comet without a tail, but, for all that, one of the most remarkable comets in the firmament of art. His worshipers have always been "the single ones." There is something in them of the character of the sensitive mimosa; and they are unhappily so apt to hide themselves and their admiration under the leaves of the "Blue Flower" of romanticism, that it would seem a hopeless undertaking ever to gather them into a closed phalanx, like, for instance, that of the Wagnerians. Schumann has made his way without any other propaganda than that which lies in his works; his progress has therefore been slow, but for that reason the more secure. Without attempting by artificial means to anticipate the future, he lived and labored in accordance with his own principle: "Only become an ever greater artist and all other things will come to you of their own accord."

That this principle was a sound one has been confirmed by the present generation, by whom Schumann's name is known and loved even to the remotest regions of the civilized world. It is not to be denied, however, that the best years of his artistic activity were passed before the world knew his greatness; and when recognition at last began to come, Schumann's strength was broken. Of this melancholy fact I received a vivid impression when, in the year 1883, I called upon his famous wife, Clara Schumann, in Frankfort-on-the-Main. I fancied she would be pleased to hear of her husband's popularity in so distant a region as my native country, Norway; but in this I was mistaken. Her countenance darkened as she answered dismally, "Yes, *now!*"

The influence which Schumann's art has exercised and is exercising in modern music cannot be overestimated. In conjunction with Chopin and Liszt, he dominates at this time the whole literature of the piano, while the piano compositions of his great contemporary, Mendelssohn, which were once exalted at Schumann's expense, seem to be vanishing from the concert program. In conjunction with his predecessor, Franz Schubert, and in a higher degree than any contemporary,—not even Robert Franz excepted,—he pervades the literature of the musical "romance"; while even here Mendelssohn is relegated *ad acta.* What a strange retribution of fate! It is the old story of Nemesis. Mendelssohn received, as it were, more than his due of admiration in advance; Schumann, less than his due. Posterity balanced their accounts; but, in my opinion, it has, in its demand for justice, identified itself so completely with Schumann and his cause that Mendelssohn has been unfairly treated or directly wronged. This is true, however, only as regards the piano and the musical romance; in orchestral compositions Mendelssohn still maintains his position, while Schumann has taken a place at his side as his equal. I say his equal, for surely no significance can be attached to the circumstance that a certain part of the younger generation (Wagnerians chiefly) have fallen into the habit of treating Schumann as an orchestral composer, *de haut en bas.* These enthusiasts, being equipped with an excess of self-esteem, and holding it to be their duty to level everything which, according to their opinion, interferes with the free view of the Bayreuth master, venture to shrug their shoulders at Schumann's instrumentation, to deny his symphonic sense, to attack the structure of his periods and his plastic faculty. They do not hesitate to characterize his entire orchestral composition as a failure; and in order to justify this indictment they declare frankly that his orchestral works are only instrumentalized piano music. The fact that Schumann did not occupy himself with Mendelssohn's formally piquant effects and was not an orchestral virtuoso

HOUSE IN ZWICKAU WHERE SCHUMANN WAS BORN.

in the style of Wagner is turned upside down in the effort totally to deny him both the plastic sense and the faculty of instrumentation. At the same time they refuse to recognize the idealism which, primarily, makes Schumann the world-conquering force he has now actually become.

All this seems too ridiculous, too stupid, to need refutation. Nevertheless, this propaganda of pure conceit has of late become so prevalent that it has gained a certain authority, and has even found a most sensational expression in the press. It would, therefore, seem to be the appropriate time for investigating it a little closely. It is perfectly well known where the commotion had its origin. It will be remembered that in the year 1879 an article appeared in the "Bayreuther Blätter" entitled "Concerning Schumann's Music," signed Joseph Rubinstein, but (this is an open secret) unquestionably inspired, and probably more than inspired, by no less a man than Richard Wagner. The style, the tone, as well as the inconsiderate audacity with which the writer hurled forth his taunts, the public recognized as truly Wagnerian, and promptly designated the Bayreuth master as the one who must bear the responsibility of its authorship, in spite of the fact that he had attempted to disguise himself by simpler constructions than those which we recognize in his signed writings. In this incredible production Schumann's art is by all possible and impossible means reduced to absurdity. Not a shred of honor is left to it. The very greatest qualities of the master — his glowing fancy and his lofty lyrical flights — are dragged down into the dirt, and described as the most monstrous conventionality. His orchestral music, his piano compositions, his songs, are all treated with the same contempt. One does not know which ought to be the greater object of astonishment, the man who did put his name to this pamphlet, or the man who did not. The former is said to have been one of Wagner's piano lackeys, who was contemptible enough to allow himself to be used as a screen. There is nothing more to be said of him, except that he will not even attain the fame of a Herostratos.

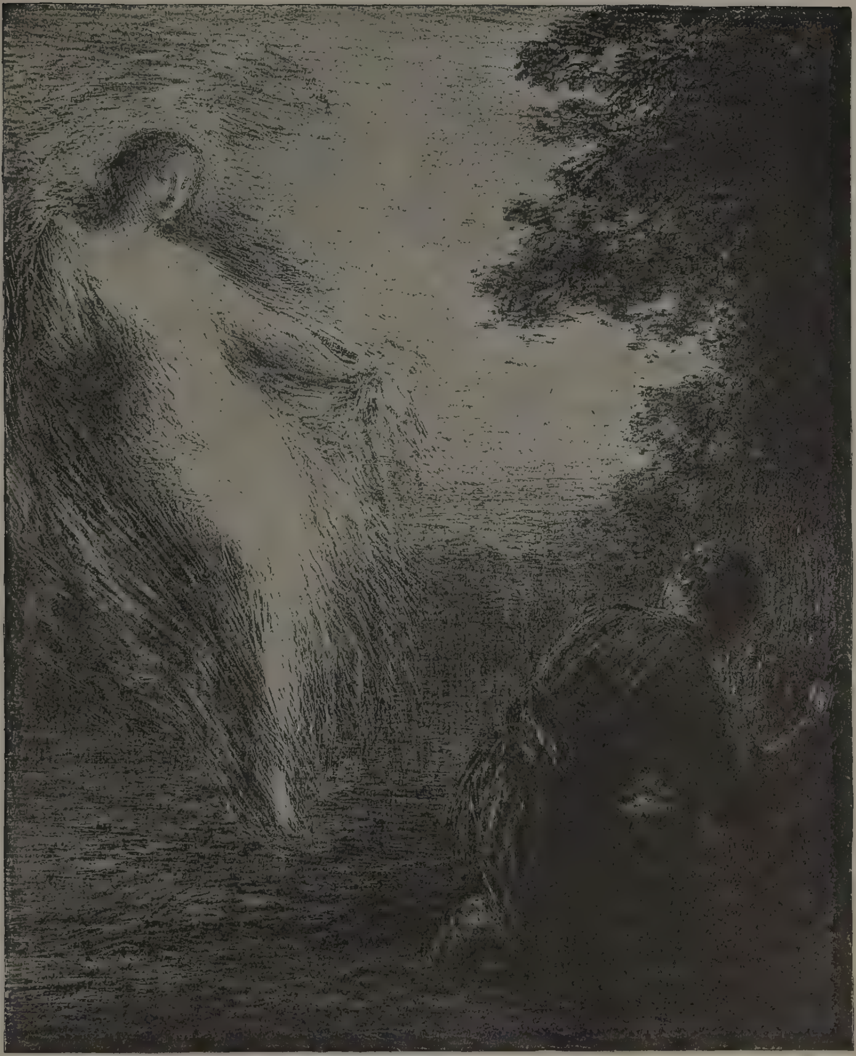
Upon Wagner's relation to Schumann, however, this article throws so interesting a light that it cannot well be overlooked. Of course, Wagner as a man is here left out of consideration; but from out of the depth of my admiration for Wagner the *artist*, I can only affirm that he was as one-sided as he was great. As regards Schumann, the very opposite is true. He was anything but one-sided. He is, in many respects, a remarkable counterpart of Liszt. The rare faculty possessed by both these masters of recognizing anything great and new that was stirring about them forms a contrast, as beneficent as it is evident, to that unintelligent and illiberal opinion of the greatest contemporary talents which is so prominent a trait of Wagner, and (in his attitude toward Schumann) also of Mendelssohn. Compare only the harsh judgments of Wagner on Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms — to name only the most important — with Schumann's warm and sympathetic criticism of the great men of his day, as it is found on nearly every page of his collected writings; and it will be necessary to take exception to the poet's declaration, "*Alles grosse ist einseitig.*" Schumann has, indeed, raised a most beautiful monument to himself in his unprejudiced judgment of all that was valuable among his surroundings. I need only refer to his introduction into the musical world of such names as Berlioz, Chopin, Brahms, Gade, etc. We find him in his youth so busily occupied in clearing the way for others that we are left to wonder how, at the same time, he found it possible to develop his own deep soul as he must have done in the first great creative period of his life, which, however, was chiefly devoted to piano music. What a new and original spirit! What wealth, what depth, what poetry, in these compositions! The fantasia in C major, with its daring flight, and its hidden undertone for him who listens secretly (*für den der heimlich lauscht*), as the motto declares; the F sharp minor sonata, with its romantic enthusiasm and its burlesque abandon; Kreisleriana, the Carnaval, Davidsbündlertänze, Novellettes,— only to name a few of his principal works,— what a world of beauty, what intensity of emotional life, are hidden in these! And what bewitching harmony — out of the very soul of the piano — for him who is able to interpret, for him who can and will hear! But the above-mentioned Bayreuth hireling has not taunts enough for Schumann's piano music, which he finds to be written in a certain virtuoso style that is absolutely false and on the surface. "The difficult passages in Schumann," he says, "are effective only when, as is mostly the case, they are brought out obscurely and blurred."

ZWICKAU, SCHUMANN'S BIRTHPLACE.

A poor witticism! And then this talk about virtuoso style, falseness, and objectiveness in Schumann's piano-phrasing! Can anything more unjust be imagined? For one ought, rather, to emphasize his moderation in his use of virtuoso methods, as compared, for instance, with Liszt or Chopin. To accuse him of unadaptability for the piano amounts of course to a denial of familiarity with the piano; but it is a fact well known to every genuine piano-player that Schumann could not have written a single one of his many piano compositions without the most intimate familiarity with the subtilest secrets of that instrument. Nor need any one be told that he was a most admirable player. One of the best friends of Schumann's youth, the late Ernst Ferdinand Wenzel, teacher at the Leipsic Conservatory, with whom I often talked about the master, used to recall with a sad pleasure the many evenings, in the olden time, when he would sit at twilight in the corner of the sofa in Schumann's den, and listen to his glorious playing.

The attempt to turn the master's greatest and most obvious merits into defects is such sharp practice that one would be justified in attributing to its author an acquaintance with that "jurisprudence" which he flings into Schumann's face, with reproaches for having devoted too much time to it at the expense of his music. However much energy and infernal ingenuity in the invention of charges one may be disposed to concede to the writer, here — in the question of the technic of the piano — he has allowed his zeal to run away with him to such an extent that he has forgotten to cover himself. In wishing to hit Schumann, he hits himself. He openly betrays how destitute he himself is of any idea of the technic of the piano. Liszt, whose judgment on the subject of everything relating to the piano Wagner on other occasions respected, expressed, as is well known, a very different opinion of Schumann's piano compositions, of which he always spoke with the warmest admiration, and in the appreciation of which he was an enthusiastic and powerful pioneer. Liszt advocated Schumann's claims at a time when no one else ventured to do it. Wagner, on the contrary, tried to make an end of him long after his death, when his reputation was as firmly established as that of Wagner himself. If this matter concerned Wagner only as an individual, I should not undertake to discuss it in an article on Schumann. But it concerns, in my opinion, in an equal degree, Wagner the artist. It is possible that Wagner the individual *would* not recognize Schumann's greatness; but it is absolutely certain that Wagner the artist *could* not recognize it. His effort to dethrone Schumann was a total failure, for the simple reason that it was not feasible. Schumann stands where he stood, impregnable — as does Wagner.

So much for Schumann the piano-composer. When I turn to his chamber music, I find here, too, some of his most beautiful inspirations. It has been asserted that he is greatest in the smaller forms. But the quintet, the piano quartet, the trio in D minor, both the sonatas for the violin, and the quartets for stringed instruments in A major and A minor, afford sufficient evidence that where a larger mold was required he had also a wealth of beauty at his command. It is not to be denied that in his tone-blending of piano and stringed instruments he never attained the height which Mendelssohn and Schubert reached. It has also been affirmed that he neglects absolute harmony, that his stringed instruments, carrying the melody, do not always enter in the most appropriate places, etc. But such things are trifles which an intelligent conception and careful study will easily remedy. The principal thing — viz., the splendid im-



A MELODY OF SCHUMANN.

From the lithograph by Fantin-Latour.

H. Fantin

pulse and illusion — is rarely wanting. Minor impracticabilities, which hundreds of smaller spirits easily avoid, are, strange to say, to be met with in Schumann. In the piano quartet, for instance, he has had the delightful idea of uniting the *andante* and the *finale* thematically. But the retuning of the cello from the deep B flat to C, which is here absolutely required, excludes the immediate transition to the last movement, whereby the exquisite effect which has been obviously intended is lost.

The three quartets for stringed instruments (Op. 41) are conceived with as much originality as love. Schumann, to be sure, often ignores the traditional notion that the character of the quartet for stringed instruments is solely polyphonic.[1] Hence the complaint of want of style in his quartets, as well as the charge that the instruments do not attain their full musical value. But who, having heard, for instance, the distinguished performance of the quartet in A major by Brodsky and his fellow-artists, will forget the flood of harmony which Schumann can entice from stringed instruments when they are in the hands of great artists? It is related by reliable contemporaries that these quartets did not find favor in Mendelssohn's eyes. It was during the intercourse of these masters in Leipsic that Schumann confided to Mendelssohn that he had suddenly been seized with a desire to write quartets for stringed instruments, but that he had just taken steps to carry out a long-cherished plan to visit Italy, and was therefore in a dilemma.

"Remain here and write the quartets," was Mendelssohn's counsel, which Schumann accepted. He remained in Leipsic, and concentrated the whole strength of his soul upon the completion of the task which he had set himself. When Mendelssohn, however, received the quartets, he is reported to have said: "I rather wish now that Schumann had gone to Italy."

We ought not to wonder at this. Mendelssohn never, or at least very rarely, departed in his works for stringed instruments from the severest principles of polyphony, as practised by Haydn, Mozart, and by Beethoven in his earlier works. Schumann had his roots rather in the later works of Beethoven, where the latter, like Schubert, is not afraid of applying homophony, or even symphonic orchestral style, in quartets for stringed instruments. Upon this fact rests, in part, the opinion that Mendelssohn and Schumann, though they may be named as contemporaries, are yet far apart, the former closing a great artistic period, the classic, and the latter preparing and introducing a no less great one, the romantic. Both these masters met, as it were, upon the same threshold. But they certainly did not pass each other coldly by. On the contrary, they paused to exchange many a winged word. It is not to be denied, however, that it would have been better for Schumann if he had listened less to Mendelssohn's maxims and set more store by his own. His admiration for Mendelssohn is beautiful, but there is in this beauty a certain weakness, and this is, perhaps, closely connected with his later tragic fate.

A survey of Schumann's art will disclose the fact that, when emerged from his youth and early manhood, he was no longer able, as it seems, to think his own thoughts with full consistency to the end. He was afraid of himself. It was as if he did not dare to acknowledge the results of the enthusiasm of his youth. Thus it happened that he frequently sought shelter in the world of Mendelssohn's ideas. From the moment he did this he passed his zenith; his soul was sick; he was doomed long before the visible symptoms of insanity set in. It is therefore a futile labor to seek the real Schumann in his latest works, as one may do in the case of Beethoven and Wagner. This is most obvious if we examine his latest choral compositions. But before doing this we have, happily, the satisfaction of cataloguing as masterpieces of imperishable worth a series of orchestral compositions, and, foremost among these, his four symphonies. Who has not been carried away by the youthful freshness of the symphony in B flat major; by the grand form and impulse of the C major symphony, and its wonderful *adagio* with the heaven-scaling altitudes of the violins; by the E flat major symphony, with its mystically medieval E flat minor movement (Schumann is said to have imagined here a procession entering Cologne Cathedral); and finally, who has not marveled at the conception of the D minor symphony, with its tragic exaltation and magnificent unity! Truly, the proud, victorious bugle-blasts which open the first symphony — instinct with a noble self-esteem — are fully justified. About this opening we have, however, an interesting tradition, that it was originally written a third lower, viz.:

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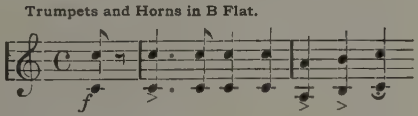
[1] A method of composition in which two or more voice-parts are simultaneously combined without losing their independent character, but with harmonious effect.



But during the first rehearsal it was demonstrated that the old-fashioned instruments then exclusively used could not produce the stopped notes A and B. The practical Mendelssohn was promptly at hand with the suggestion to place this motif a third higher, as we now have it. In this way it came to consist of natural notes only, which could be rendered with all desirable éclat. If Schumann had written his work now, when these instruments have been abandoned, and improved instruments with valves, etc., have taken their places, he would have retained the motif in the tone compass in which it was first conceived, and where, according to the opening of his allegro, it properly belongs. If I were to lead the B flat major symphony at the present time, I should not hesitate to change the passage and carry out Schumann's original intention.

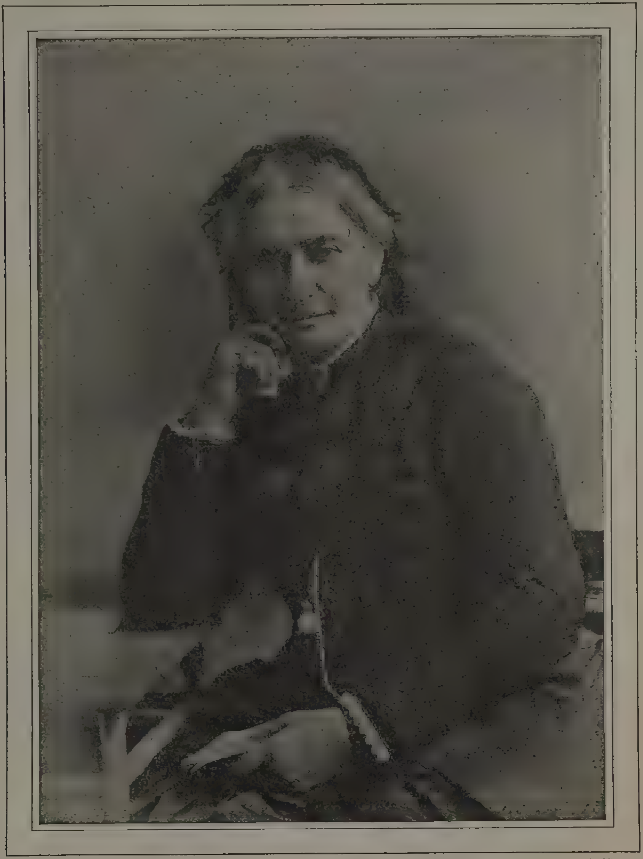
It is this B flat major symphony which the above-mentioned lampooner in the "Bayreuther Blätter" chooses as the target for his most poisonous arrows. Through a long series of musical citations the attempt is made to prove that this work (like all the other orchestral compositions of the master) is made up of an almost uninterrupted succession of what he calls "shoemaker's patches." By this expression he means to indicate "repetitions of musical phrases in related tone intervals, which pupils in composition are especially wont to toil over in their first labors." Now, however, in the year 1893, every musician who is not too much of a Philistine will maintain it as an incontestable truth that the means by which a musical effect is produced are of minor consequence compared to the effect itself; and it is a matter of no moment to us if a pupil by "repetitions in related tone intervals" attains only "the deadliest monotony," when Schumann, by dint of his peculiar application of these "shoemaker's patches," woven together by the force of his genius, contrives to enchain and enrapture us. Schumann's repetitions always sustain the flight of his thought; and where he does not reach his own proper level, it is not the fault of a repetition, but it is because his inspiration is running low. These repetitions, so frequently assailed, occur, however, with all the great masters from Bach to Wagner himself. A repetition, applied with intelligence, has the same object in music as in language, viz., to produce an impressive, stimulating effect. It will not do, then, to stamp every repetition in related tone intervals as a "shoemaker's patch."

Before taking leave of the B flat major symphony, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recalling the performance of this work in the Leipsic Gewandhaus immediately after the appearance of the ominous Bayreuth article. The air of the hall was as if charged with electricity. The work was listened to with strained attention and breathless silence, and as the last chord died away there broke forth a storm of applause more vehement and continued than ever before had greeted an orchestral composition in this famous hall. It was a remarkable ovation. It was musical Leipsic protesting as one man against a biased partizan attack upon the work and the master, whom the nation loves, in spite of all hair-splitting charges of "shoemaker's patches."

A peculiar place among Schumann's productions is occupied by his famous piano concerto. Inspired as it is from beginning to end, it stands without a parallel in musical literature, and arouses our wonder no less by its originality than by its noble avoidance of a "mere objective virtuoso style." It is beloved by all, played by many, well played by few, and ideally comprehended by still fewer — nay, perhaps only by a single one, his wife.

In the series of his choral works, "Paradise and the Peri" stands out in luminous relief, with its enchanting fancies and its Oriental coloring. The entire first part is one uninterrupted inspiration. Whether Schumann constructs greater or smaller forms, everything bears here the stamp of genius. The broadly arranged final chorus is above all praise. Here Schumann is, in truth, architect in a grand style. The second part is likewise dazzling. Only consider the passage where the plague is depicted! It is as if these chords exhaled poisonous fumes. The third part is also rich in beauty; but it appears to me that there is a lack of the breadth of conception which is necessary to conclude so great a work.

What a pity that his treatment of the text in this part necessitates a cutting up in small forms which, according to my experience, at last run the risk of being tiresome! Nevertheless, I have never, during the performances in my own country, been able to make up my mind to omit a single measure; for every page is teeming with scintillations of genius which we cannot afford to give up. Taking everything into consideration, I am of the opinion that "Paradise and the Peri" is the one of Schumann's choral compositions in which he reached his high-water mark.



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MADAME SCHUMANN.

From old residents of Leipsic I have heard the account of the first performance of this masterpiece at the Gewandhaus in the year 1845, with Schumann as conductor. The part of the *Peri* was sung by Frau Livia Frege, who enjoyed an equal reputation in the Leipsic of that day for her beauty, her affability, and her glorious voice. Immediately after having put down the baton, Schumann, who notoriously was a man of few words, rushed up to Frau Frege, and with an ungentle gesture tore some flowers out of her hair, mumbling dryly, "I should like one of these." That was his way of thanking.

Both Mendelssohn and Schumann were great admirers of Frau Frege. Some years ago I met both her (she was then a stately and handsome old lady) and her husband, and could not forego the opportunity to subject the latter to an inquiry regarding the personal relations of Schumann and Mendelssohn. But if I had suddenly stabbed the old gentleman, it could not have affected him more unpleasantly. He abruptly broke off the conversation, and left me. There was no doubt that I had unwittingly touched upon a theme which was not agreeable to him, but into which, nevertheless, from an artistic point of view, it was of importance to gain an insight. As both Herr and Frau Frege, in whose hospitable house all artistic Leipsic of that day held rendezvous, are now dead, and all the friends of Schumann's youth have also departed, there is little prospect of ever clearing up the dusk of this interesting interior.

Much is being whispered in corners about the attitude of Schumann and Mendelssohn toward each other. One thing is, however, likely to impress the unprejudiced observer as being curious, viz., that Schumann's writings furnish numerous and striking evidences of his boundless admiration for Mendelssohn, while the latter in his many letters does not once mention Schumann or his art. This cannot be due to accident. Whether Mendelssohn was really silent, or whether the editor of his letters, out of regard for his memory, has chosen to omit all references to Schumann, is of slight consequence. This, however, is beyond dispute: his silence speaks, and we of posterity have the right to draw our inferences from this silence. We arrive at the conclusion that here we have the clue to a judgment of the opinions which the two masters entertained of each other. Of petty envy on Mendelssohn's part there can be no suspicion. He was of too pure and noble a character to be animated by such a sentiment; and, moreover, his fame was too great and too well established in comparison with Schumann's. But his horizon was too contracted to enable him to see Schumann as the man he was. How perfectly comprehensible! He had his forte in clear delineation, in classical harmony; and where Schumann fell short of his requirements in this respect, his honesty forbade him to feign a recognition which he could not candidly grant.

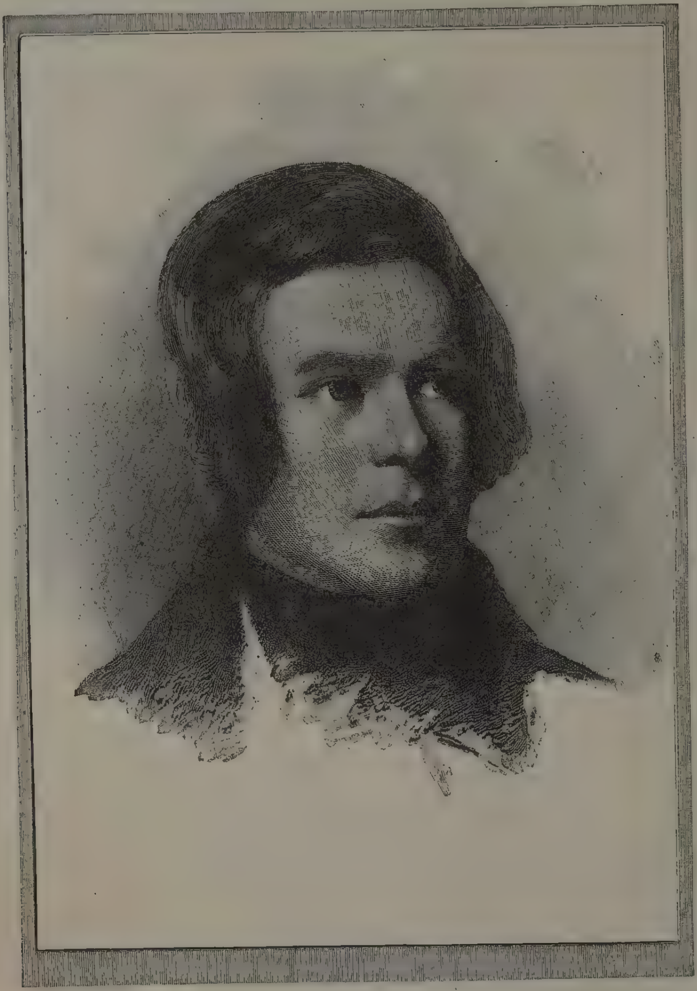
Another musical and warm-hearted family in whose house Schumann was a constant guest during his residence in Leipsic was that of Herr Voigt, to whose wife, Henrietta Voigt, his intimate friend, Schumann dedicated his beautiful G minor piano sonata. The silent Schumann loved this peaceful home. It is told that he was in the habit of daily entering the drawing-room unannounced, giving a friendly nod to the "lady of the house," walking the length of the room, and departing by the opposite door, without having uttered a single word. All he wanted was to see her.

But to return to the choral works. Besides "Paradise and the Peri," Schumann's music to Byron's "Manfred" must be reckoned among his most glorious compositions, in spite of the fact that it belongs to his last period. The overture is a tragic masterpiece cast entire in one mold. His music to Goethe's "Faust" also contains many a stroke of the purest inspiration; but, as a whole, it is unequal, and can scarcely, in the same sense as the preceding ones, be characterized as a monumental work.

If we now turn to his later choral compositions,—"Der Königssohn," "Des Sängers Fluch," "Vom Pagen und der Königstochter," "Das Glück von Edenhall," "Neujahrslied," "Requiem,"— we must admit that it is easy for those who wish to make an end of Schumann to find points of attack; for these productions indicate, almost uniformly, soaring will and failing power. His self-criticism is lax, and the greater part of this work is unclear in color as in drawing.

Here we have melancholy evidence that the master's strength was forever broken. It would be far better to pay no attention to these and similar productions of his later years bearing the mark of his decadence. But as regards the derogatory judgment of Schumann which has of late become the fashion in certain influential cliques, I may be permitted to ask: Why should not he, like other creative spirits, have the right to be judged by the best that he has done? Homer, as we all know, nods. But I fancy that no one need search long in Schumann's production before finding its core. Although his later activity resulted in such glorious things as "Manfred," the violin sonatas, and the symphony in E flat major, it is easy, if one prefers, to leave this entire period out of account, and to judge Schumann by his opera 1 to 50. There is to be found among these a sufficient treasury of priceless jewels to entitle Schumann to a seat among the immortals of music. If we are to judge Mozart by his "Concert Arias"; Beethoven by his "Prometheus," "Christ on the Mount of Olives," and the "Triple Concerto for Piano, Violin, and Cello"; Mendelssohn by his "Antigone," "Ruy Blas," "Lobgesang," and the "Reformation Symphony"; Schubert by his dramatic attempts; Wagner by "Rienzi"— in short, if we are to hunt high and low for the weak moments of strong souls — then, considering the imperfection of everything human, we shall find no lack of material for a very unprofitable labor. But such a search would not be in the interest of justice. Happily, in art, as in life, it is the good that is cherished; mistakes are consigned to oblivion.

A beautiful conclusion of Schumann's chamber music is his two sonatas for violin, particularly the first (A minor, Opus 105,— and in this the first movement, especially, has always appeared to me highly significant). Every time I read or play them, I hear in their tones the master's foreboding of the heavy fate which was soon to overtake him. The first marvelously singing motif of the violin is instinct with an overpowering melancholy, and the surprising return of the first motif in the last movement shows what importance Schumann attached to it. It is the worm gnawing at his mind, which lifts its head afresh in the midst of the passionate toil of the fancy to banish it. In enchanting contrast to all this gloomy soul struggle are the suddenly emerging, bright, sweet, appealing — nay, entreating — melodies. Is it not as if one heard the cry, "Let this cup pass from me"? But in the council of fate the terrible



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

From a water-color made in Vienna in his youth; in possession of Dr. M. Abraham of Leipsic.

thing has been decreed; and the work closes in manly, noble resignation, without a sign of the unclearness and groping upon which I have commented as occurring in much of Schumann's production belonging to this period.

I have also referred to the slowness with which Schumann's popularity spread during his lifetime. This is the more remarkable because of the many advantages which he enjoyed. He lived in the very center of the musical world; occupied important positions, being at one time a teacher at the Leipsic Conservatory; and was married to one of the most soulful and famous pianists of his day. With his wife he even made musical tours, from which he brought home with him many evidences of his unpopularity. Thus, in the year 1843 he accompanied his wife to Russia, where in many of the principal cities she was received with great enthusiasm, and where, also, she endeavored to introduce the works of her husband. Let it not be forgotten that in 1843 Schumann had already written and published much of his most beautiful chamber music,— piano works, songs,— and even his symphony in B flat major. Nevertheless, it is said that at a court soirée where Clara was greatly fêted, one of the most exalted personages addressed him in this wise, "Well, Mr. Schumann, are you, too, musical?" The story bears the stamp of truth. What artist is there who could not relate similar incidents? The reigning princes and their hangers-on seem to possess a peculiar aptitude for uttering stupidities when they have the misfortune to stray within the pale of art.

That after such an experience Schumann could dedicate his C major symphony to a prince — though this time really a musical one, viz., Oscar I of Norway and Sweden — is an evidence that he had not yet achieved his emancipation from the naïve notion of an earlier time, that the king is the best guardian of art. In spite of the abnormal relation of King Louis of Bavaria to Richard Wagner, our age is happily on the point of outgrowing this great misconception.

The chief impediment to Schumann's popularity was his total lack of that faculty of direct communication which is absolutely indispensable to the making of a good conductor or a beloved teacher. I fancy, however, that he troubled himself very little about this. In fact, he was too much of a dreamer. Proofs are not wanting that he actually took pride in his unpopularity. Thus, in a letter to his mother he writes, "I should not even wish to be understood by all." He need give himself no anxiety on that score. He is too profound, too subjective, too introspective to appeal to the multitude.

I cannot take leave of Schumann's larger labors without pausing for a moment at the opera "Genoveva," a work which has rightly been called his "child of sorrows." He expended upon it much of his best power, and it prepared for him the bitterest disappointments. So many pens have been set in motion against this composition, especially by Wagnerians, that it seems almost foolhardy to lift up one's voice in its defense. Nevertheless, I must maintain as my unalterable opinion that Schumann's music cannot be briefly dismissed as undramatic: there are too many passages in the opera which furnish incontestable proof that Schumann was not without dramatic talent — but wanting, indeed, in knowledge of the requirements of the drama. The most excellent dramatically inspired things stand side by side without transitions, demanding frequently only a few bars to bring them into harmonious relations. On the other hand, there seems occasionally to be a little too much transition. The external apparatus is not always practically applied. The rare skill of Wagner on this point furnishes a striking contrast. But, as I have said, the dramatic flight is often enough evident; and I am convinced that the day will come when a performance, by skilled and affectionate hands, will yield at least a portion of that which the master, in certain passages, has hinted and indicated, but which he had not sufficient technic to express with clearness and force. If Schumann in his youth had had experience as leader of the orchestra in a theater, we should probably have lived to see him admired even as a dramatist. The great public will not put up with mere dramatic spirit, if this spirit is not incorporated in a dramatic body. It demands the spirit plainly presented, as it were upon a tray. And this is exactly what Schumann could not do — or perhaps would not do, if this conclusion may be inferred from his own words: "German composers usually suffer shipwreck in wishing to please the public. But only let somebody offer, for once, something individual, deep, and German, and he will see if he does not achieve something more." No one will deny that Schumann's reasoning is here esthetically correct; but being what he was, he would have acted more prudently, at all events, in not running counter to the legitimate demand of the public for clear dramatic characterization. To descend to the level of a foolish public would to him have been an impossibility; while, on the other hand, a stricter regard for the requirements of the drama, a greater accuracy and sobriety in scenic calculations, unquestionably would have enabled him to compass far greater achievements

Intentionally I have chosen to consider last that portion of Schumann's work which proves him to be what, according to his innermost nature, he really was — a poet. I refer to his songs. Even all the demons of hate which possess the Bayreuth critic do not here suffice to reduce the composer to a nonentity. In order to disparage, however, and minimize even this expression of his genius, he resorts to far-fetched humor. I cannot refrain from quoting literally the following choice effusion:

> Since nowadays one does not find it ridiculous when, in our salons, a lady, holding a fan and a fragrant lace handkerchief between her gloved fingers, sings of her former lover as a "lofty star of glory who must not know her, the lowly maid,"

> or when a gentleman in swallow-tail coat assures us that he has seen in his dream a serpent feeding on the gloom-engulfed heart of a certain miserable person who shall not be mentioned,— then certainly one ought not, primarily, to be angry with the composer because in his illustration of such poems, popular in our higher circles of society, he has, in his effort not to be outstripped by the poet, sounded all the depths and heights of musical expression.

What a quantity of genuine Wagnerian gall is concentrated in this long-winded monster of a sentence! But — it goes too far. Schumann's songs emerge from this mud-bath as pure as they were before they were dipped into it. If there is anything at all that Schumann has written which has become, and has deserved to become, world literature, it is surely his songs. All civilized nations have made them their own. And there is probably in our own day scarcely a youth interested in music to whom they are not, in one way or another, interwoven with his most intimate ideals. Schumann is the *poet*, contrasting in this respect with his greatest successor, Brahms, who is primarily *musician*, even in his songs.

With Schumann the poetic conception plays the leading part to such an extent that musical considerations technically important are subordinated, if not entirely neglected. For all that, even those of his songs of which this is true exert the same magic fascination. What I particularly have in mind is his great demand upon the compass of the voice. It is often no easy thing to determine whether the song is intended for a soprano or an alto, for he ranges frequently in the same song from the lowest to the highest register. Several of his most glorious songs begin in the deepest pitch and gradually rise to the highest, so that the same singer can rarely master both. Schumann, to be sure, occasionally tries to obviate this difficulty by adding a melody of lower pitch, which he then indicates by smaller notes placed under the melody of his original conception. But how often he thereby spoils his most beautiful flights, his most inspired climaxes! Two instances among many occur to me,— "Ich grolle nicht" and "Stille Thränen,"— for which one will scarcely ever find an interpreter who can do equal justice to the beginning and the end. But if, on the other hand, a singer has a voice at his command capable of such a feat, he will produce the greater effect. Thus, I remember as a child, in 1858, having heard Frau Schröder-Devrient, then fifty-five years old, sing "Ich grolle nicht," and never shall I forget the shiver that ran down my spine at the last climax. The beautiful timbre of the voice was of course lacking; but the overwhelming power of the expression was so irresistible that every one was carried away.

To be able to sing Schumann is a special faculty which many excellent singers do not have. I have heard the same singer render Schubert to perfection, and Schumann absolutely badly. For with Schubert the most of what is to be done is explicitly expressed; while with Schumann

INTERIOR OF THE MARIENKIRCHE, ZWICKAU

one must understand the art of reading between the lines — of interpreting a half-told tale. A symphony, too, of Schubert plays itself, as it were; but a symphony of Schumann has to be studied with a subtile perception in order to uncover and bring out what is veiled in the master's intentions. Otherwise it would lose much of its effect. In speaking above of the excessive demands upon the compass of the voice in Schumann's songs, I refer chiefly to those more broadly composed. The smaller and more delicate ones do not usually strain a voice of ordinary register.

A quite peculiar stamp of genius is impressed upon Schumann's epic romances and ballads. In this genre he has created unequaled masterpieces. I will cite as instances Chamisso's "Die Löwenbraut," and (from Opus 45) Eichendorff's "Der Schatzgräber," and Heine's "Abend am Strande." In the last named Schumann attains a realistic effect of great intensity How pictorial is here the description of the different peoples, from the dweller on the banks of the Ganges to the "dirty Laplanders" who in a truly impressionistic style "quack and scream"! Strangely enough, there are as yet not many who both feel and are able to render these effects, and they are accordingly scarcely ever heard in a concert-hall. A ballad the popularity of which (according to E. F. Wenzel) vexed Schumann was Heine's "Two Grenadiers," because he regarded it, and perhaps rightly, as belonging to his weakest productions. A volume which contains things of the very highest order, and which for some incomprehensible reason is almost unknown, is Opus 98, "Lieder und Gesänge aus Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister.'" Once in a while one may, to be sure, stumble upon the magnificent, grandly molded ballad, "Was hör' ich draussen vor dem Thor!" but one almost never hears the most beautiful of all, "Kenn'st du das Land wo die Citronen blüh'n?" with which I have seen a gifted vocalist move an audience to tears.

It is rarely the happiest inspirations of a creative spirit that win the hearts of the many. In that respect the musical intelligence of the so-called cultivated society leaves much to be desired. However, the other arts are scarcely more favorably placed. Everywhere it is cheap art which has a monopoly of appeal to the general intelligence.

It cannot be maintained that Schumann was the first to accord a conspicuous rôle to the accompaniment of his songs. Schubert had anticipated him as no other of his predecessors had done in making the piano depict the mood. But what Schubert began, Schumann further developed; and woe to the singer who tries to render Schumann without keeping a close watch of what the piano is doing, even to the minutest shades of timbre. I have no faith in a renderer of Schumann's songs who lacks appreciation of the fact that the piano has fully as great a claim upon interest and study as the voice of the singer. Nay; I would even venture to assert that, up to a certain point, he who cannot play Schumann cannot sing him either. In his treatment of the piano, Schumann was, furthermore, the first who in a modern spirit utilized the relation between song and accompaniment, which Wagner has later developed to a degree that fully proves what importance he attached to it. I refer to the carrying of the melody by the piano, or the orchestra, while the voice is engaged in the recitative. Heaven preserve me, however, from insinuating that Wagner consciously could have received an impulse from Schumann! A dyed-in-the-wool Wagnerian would, of course, regard even a hint of such a possibility as an outrageous, almost insulting want of respect for the master of Bayreuth. But, for all that, it is a fact that contemporaries do influence each other whether they wish to or not. That is one of nature's eternal laws, to which we are all subject. You will perhaps ask, Where is, then, the mutual influence of Rossini, Beethoven, and Weber? And my response is, "It is of a negative character, and accordingly still present." But in the above-mentioned particular case — that of Schumann and Wagner — it is absolutely positive. It is, however, true that Schumann only hints at the things out of which Wagner constructs a perfect system. But Schumann is here the foreseeing spirit who planted the tree which later, in the modern musical drama, was to bear such glorious fruit.

That gradually increasing conservatism which, in the case of an artist, is usually a mark of failing powers, was never noticeable in Schumann.

Even though his creative force went out in the darkness of insanity, this in no wise affected his views of art, which remained fresh and youthful to the very last. His enthusiasm for the young Brahms is a striking proof of that receptivity as regards the new which did not desert him even on the downward incline of his scantily allotted career. We gain hereby a glimpse of the beautiful purity of his character, quite as it revealed itself in his younger years in his relation to Mendelssohn and others. And just as Schumann was the first interpreter in modern music of the profounder emotions and true intensity of sentiment who could exclaim with Beethoven, when the latter had finished his "Missa Solennis," "From the heart it has come, to the heart it shall go," so now, the spirit of unreason, pettiness, and envy having passed away, all hearts, old and young, respond jubilantly to Schumann's art, and honor him as a man, pioneer, and artist. Schumann's conceptions of art will again come to their right when that legion of inflated arrogance which has adopted, wrongfully, the title of "Wagnerians" and "Lisztians" shall have lost their influence. I discriminate, however, expressly between the true and genuine admirers of these two mighty masters and the howling horde which calls itself "——ians." These patentees of speculative profundity do not know the most priceless jewel of art — naïveté. How, then, are they to love Schumann, who possessed this rare gift in so rich a measure? Many of the so-called Liszt performers render Schumann in a manner which is most significant. In most cases they will, indeed, give you the genuine Liszt, but, on the other hand, Schumann falsified beyond recognition. No attempt at artistic treatment and well-studied execution of details can compensate for the lack of that warm, deep tone which a real interpreter of Schumann knows how to produce. As different as Mendelssohn's art of orchestration is from that of Wagner, so different is the coloring of Schumann from that of Liszt; and to give this a vivid expression on the piano imposes so great a task upon the performer that it calls his whole personality into play. He must be able to orchestrate upon the piano. Only then will he become a "Schumann-player" in the sense in which we speak, for instance, of "Chopin-players" — that is to say, performers who, to be sure, are able to play a good deal besides, but play Chopin to perfection. Wagner somewhere expresses the opinion that a sympathetic nature is required even to comprehend his meaning: this is no less true of Schumann, who, in his demands upon the player's comprehension, ventures to propound this proposition, "Perhaps only genius can completely understand genius."

That these lines, while embodying much of my own personal conception of Schumann, also in a considerable degree are concerned with Mendelssohn and Wagner, was in the nature of the case, and thus scarcely to be avoided. These masters stand in a peculiar relation of reciprocity to one another. Each has, as above shown, either sought to be influenced by the other, or purposely sought to avoid being influenced. Like mighty planets in the firmament, each either attracted or repelled the other. Each owes the other much, both positively and negatively. As regards Schumann, he failed, perhaps, of the full achievement which his rare gifts entitle us to expect, because his openness to influences is intimately connected with that germ of early decay which prevented him from consistently pressing on to his goal. But whatever his imperfections, he is yet one of the princes of art, a real German spirit to whom Heine's profound words concerning Luther may well apply:

> In him all the virtues and all the faults of the Germans are in the grandest way united; so that one may say that he personally represents the wonderful Germany.

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THE SCHUMANN MONUMENT AT BONN.

FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN

WITH the possible exception of Paganini, Frédéric François Chopin has been the subject of more misleading and visionary reports than any musician of the nineteenth century. The very chronicle of his birth stands well at the head as a subject for controversy, and now, more than a hundred years after the event, and nearly seventy years after his death, the birth date is flatly and forever contradicted by letters from Chopin's own family and the official church register of the Roman Catholic parish to which they belonged. The Chopin biographer, Moritz Karasowski, was informed by Chopin's sister that the year 1809 was correct, and a memorial in the Holy Cross church at Warsaw bears the date, March 2, 1809. Against that claim there stands the record taken from the parish of Brochov. Here the priest wrote in Latin: "I, the above, have performed the ceremony of baptizing in water a boy with the double name of Frédéric François, born on the 22d day of February, son of the musicians Nicolai Choppen, a Frenchman, and Justina de Krzyzanowska, his legal spouse. Godparents: the musicians Franciscus Grembeki and Donna Anna Skarbekowa, Countess of Zelazowa-Wola." This certificate showed the baptism to have been performed April 28, when the child was about nine weeks old.

The usual biography in nowise brings out the fact that Zelazowa Wola is not a village at all, but the formal name of the estate which belonged to Count Skarbek in 1810. The nearest village is Sochachev, about five or six miles from the estate and some thirty or forty miles south and west of Warsaw. At the time of Chopin's birth his parents occupied the low three-room cottage, just across the circular yard and hardly more than a hundred feet from the main residence of Count Skarbek. A correspondent of the "Musical Courier," who visited Zelazowa Wola in July, 1910, found the estate in the midst of an everyday agriculture, for profit. Beginning with 1881 it had been in possession of the family of Alexander Pavlovsky, and since his death, in 1902, controlled by the widow, Lapinska Pavlovsky. Though the family resided in the main house, the Chopin cottage was in continuous use by the elder son, Alexander Pavlovsky, who slept in one room and kept the middle room as his office for the administration of the farm affairs. The room in which Chopin was born, at the south, was just then occupied by a Warsaw couple, who were spending the summer at the estate.

The correspondent particularly remarked that but for the monument in the yard, between the cottage and the larger residence, there would have been no reminder of the Chopin nativity. That is, nothing in the matter of relics or memoirs, and not even a biography of the composer. The condition was not one of any direct non-sympathy, but a simple evidence that the owners were solely interested in agriculture. Since the beginning of the present world-war, the village of Sochachev has been repeatedly mentioned as a center of fighting, yet there has been no news of damage to the Chopin monument or to the Zelazowa Wola estate.

Continuing some of the more definite details of Chopin's career, one observes his very respectable talent for dealing with his publishers, and though his earlier years occasionally found him short on funds, after a few seasons of his successful artistic growth in Paris, the lessons he gave were well paid and there was never a state of need. As in his musical studies he had the acumen to depend largely upon the works of Bach for instruction as well as pleasure so, as instructor, the principles he established for the musical education of those under him were found to rest upon rational ground. A contemporary musician has said that in the face of dissenting opinion, Chopin was a legitimately trained artist of quite exceptional attainments, a pianist of the first order and as a composer for the piano pre-eminent beyond comparison. He was a great master of style, a fascinating melodist and a most original manipulator of powerful rhythm and refined harmony.

So closely is Chopin's personality bound up with his work that it is impossible, without a certain familiarity with his music, to have any intimate knowledge of the composer himself. Only in his compositions does he relax a habit of restraint induced by a repugnance to any extreme of emotion, which in its turn was the result of an inherited delicacy of constitution. He was never robust, but he was also not the lifelong invalid depicted by Liszt or George Sand. It was not until the last ten years of his life that disease gained an irrevocable hold on him, and then its course was probably accelerated by the nervous excitement of the artist life in Paris. As a young man he appears to have been always ready to take his share in any fun that was going on.

Chopin's real delicacy lay in his highly strung nervous organization. He carried sensitiveness and refinement almost to a fault, and it was no doubt the instinctive avoidance of the commonplace that led him into a reserve of manner through which he rarely broke.

Though Polish life and music were always an integral part of Chopin's existence, it was only from his mother that he could boast of Polish blood, for his father, Nicolas Chopin, was a Frenchman, born at Nancy, in Lorraine; who when a young man had gone as a tutor to Warsaw, where, with but few absences, he remained to the end of his life, prosperous and honored as one of the most accomplished and upright of the professors in the Academy there.

The child very early showed his aptitude for music, and prevailed upon his parents to allow him to share the lessons given to his eldest sister by Albert Zwyny, an excellent music-master in Warsaw. Many tales are told of his performances as a child; perhaps, the best one of which is that related by Karasowski, his biographer, of his appearance at a public concert for the benefit of the poor, when he was not quite nine years old. He was announced to play Gyrowetz's pianoforte concerto, and, a few hours before, he was put on a chair, and there dressed with more than ordinary care, being arrayed in a new jacket, with an ornamented collar, specially ordered for the occasion. When the concert was over, and Frédéric returned to his mother, who had not been present, she asked him what the people had liked best. "Oh, mama," he exclaimed, "every one was looking at my collar!"

His boyhood passed happily; sometimes merry, sometimes moody and abstracted, he absorbed eagerly all the instruction available, and already attempted to compose. When he was quite small he would improvise at the piano, while his master indulged him by writing down what he played; after which the boy would, with great pains, go through the composition, altering here and there.

When nineteen he went to Berlin, where he appeared several times in public during the year, and made a great impression by the poetic quality and unconventional style of his playing.

From his twentieth to his twenty-second year Chopin spent in travel, visiting Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Breslau, Warsaw, and other cities, everywhere charming his hearers by his playing, and also composing. Finally, in 1831, he traveled to Paris, nominally on his way to England. The attractions of Paris, however, and its musical life, were stronger than any inclination to go farther, and for the rest of his life it was his headquarters. "I am passing through Paris!" he would jestingly say, when asked of his intended movements. It was about this time that some of his compositions were first published, and his fame was further assisted by an exceedingly discriminating review written of one of his compositions by Schumann, who may be said to have "discovered" Chopin, with the same prophetic insight that enabled him in subsequent years to be the first to recognize the genius of Brahms.

For five or six years he spent a retired life in Paris, composing and performing at concerts. His unrivaled position as a public performer no doubt gratified him, but his fastidiousness and dread of possible non-appreciation made him shrink more and more from appearing in public. "I am unsuited for concert-giving," he said to Liszt; "the public intimidate me, their breath stifles me." He would take but few pupils, being unwilling to teach except where he could be sure of a complete sympathy and exceptional ability in performance.

Liszt describes Chopin as of middle height, slim, with flexible limbs which appeared almost fragile; delicately shaped hands and very small feet; an oval face of pale, transparent complexion, crowned with long silky hair of light chestnut color; tender brown eyes, which lit up strangely when he spoke; a finely cut aquiline nose; a gracious smile, and a soft and usually subdued voice, and a general distinction of manner which caused him involuntarily to be treated *en prince*. The nature of his personal charm is felicitously told by George Sand. "The delicacy of his constitution," she says, "rendered him interesting in the eyes of women. The full yet graceful cultivation of his mind, the captivating originality of his conversation, gained for him the attention of the cleverest men; while the less highly cultivated liked him for the exquisite courtesy of his manner." Moscheles said of Chopin's personal appearance that it was "identified" with his music.

As one would expect from a genius of so peculiar a temperament, Chopin confessed that he was to such an extent identified with his own music that he could feel very little real delight in that of other composers, except in the rare cases where it was perfectly sympathetic to him. Mozart held the first place in his affections, and, next to him, Bach. Of Beethoven he had no thorough appreciation, and Mendelssohn's music he disliked intensely. It has often been remarked that after a course of Chopin one feels an irresistible attraction to purely formal music, such as that of Bach; and it is interesting to note that Chopin himself felt this to a certain extent. He seems to have recognized that his music was a passionate exposition of one phase of life, and that after exclusive devotion to this one side of human nature the introduction of an opposing element was necessary to balance the extreme ideality of his disposition. And so, before playing in public, it was his habit never to practice his own compositions, but for a fortnight before the concert to shut himself up in his room during the greater part of the day and play nothing but Bach.

From the musician's point of view Chopin's devotion to Bach was most fortunate. It was his appreciation of the symmetry of that master's compositions that helped him to keep always before him the necessity of basing his own poetic fancies, even in their freest flights, upon a strict regard for form. There has been no surer sign of decadence in an art than to allow the love of color or ornament to obscure the sense of form; and it is characteristic of Chopin's refinement that his music, so original in its inspirations, so fanciful and elaborate in its ornamentation, never becomes formless. Its tenderness was no doubt the secret of the extraordinary influence he exerted over women, and of his keen sympathy with everything that concerned them; but it never would have compelled, as it did, the instant admiration of musicians of every shade of sensibility had it not possessed the far higher quality of absolute conformity to artistic good taste.

With regard to Chopin's music no error—as has been remarked by his most competent biographer, Frederick Niecks—is more widespread than the idea that it universally represents the languor and melancholy supposed to be the characteristic of the composer, and consequently to lack variety. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Chopin's music constituting his autobiography, it is inevitable that there should be a vein of sadness underlying its various moods; but sadness is not necessarily melancholy. In the courtly grace or impetuous vigor of his polonaises, the coquettish witchery of his mazurkas and waltzes, the tender beauty of his ballades, nocturnes and impromptus, the kaleidoscopic brilliancy of his studies, preludes and scherzos, Chopin accomplished the apotheosis of the national music and national spirit of his beloved Poland; and inasmuch as his music not only represents this strong national instinct, but is also the record of the changing emotions of a sensitive nature, any who can appreciate Chopin's work will easily disprove to themselves the charge of a want of variety.

This double nature of Chopin's music is cleverly discriminated by Niecks in a chapter in which he deals with its qualities as an expression of its composer's inner life. The passage is worthy of quotation. "We have to distinguish in Chopin," he says, "the personal and the national tone-poet, the singer of his own joys and sorrows and his country's. But, while distinguishing these two aspects, we must take care not to regard them as two separate things. They were a duality, the constituent forces of which alternately assumed supremacy. The national poet at no time absorbed the personal, the personal poet at no time disowned the national. His imagination was always ready to conjure up his native atmosphere—we may even say that, wherever he might be, he lived in it. The scene of his dreams and visions lay oftenest in the land of his birth. . . . No other poet has, like Chopin, embodied in art the romance of the land and people of Poland. And, also, no other poet has like him embodied in art the romance of his own existence. But, whereas as a national poet he was a flattering idealist, as a personal poet he was an uncompromising realist."

To all who study him, Chopin is inseparable from his music, which constitutes one of the most interesting psychological portraits in existence. His life was without extraordinary incident, and he was much given to retirement. Only in his music does he seem to live fully. To say that his compositions were spontaneous is as if one were to say that the beauty or the perfume of the flower is spontaneous; the outcome of the organization was as inevitable in the one case as it is in the other. His music being a revelation of himself, he could not have written otherwise than he did; and moreover, being endowed with an exquisite sense of fitness, he never allowed his compositions to become merely undisciplined emotional utterances, but, with patient skill and an avoidance of anything that could lead to the commonplace, fashioned them into a symmetry and expressive beauty rarely equalled and never excelled in the range of pianoforte music.

To be emotional without being sensational, to be sad without morbidity, to use familiar forms of expression without descending to the commonplace, to invent new forms without being betrayed into extravagance—this requires a genius of no usual order. In his poetic sketch of Chopin as a composer, Liszt says of his work: "In it we meet with beauties of the highest kind, expressions entirely new, and harmonic material as original as it is thoughtful. In his compositions boldness is always justified; richness, often exuberance, never interferes with clearness; singularity never degenerates into the uncouth and fantastic; the sculpturing is never disordered; the luxury of ornament never overloads the chaste tenderness of the principal lines. . . . Daring, brilliant, and attractive, they disguise their profundity under so much grace, their science under so many charms, that it is with difficulty we free ourselves sufficiently from their magical enthralment to judge coldly of their theoretical value.''

Chopin wrote scarcely anything but piano music, and nothing in which the piano did not bear its part. He probed the secrets of the piano as no one before him had done, and he left nothing to be discovered regarding its legitimate use as a means of expression. After his day, as we know, piano technic advanced upon a path which carried it toward a more orchestral style, but although new and splendid possibilities have thus been placed within the reach of modern pianists, they are only to be attained by the sacrifice of some earlier inherent qualities of the instrument. Chopin's perfect taste assured him that the piano was as a matter of fact more effective when it was content to be a piano and did not try to imitate an orchestra.

The generation that knew Chopin has passed away, but his music, even without the charm of his personal fascination, is more widely appreciated than ever before.

CHOPIN MEDAL DESIGNED BY MARY GERSON.

WHAT POET IS MOST AKIN TO CHOPIN?

BY

FANNY MORRIS SMITH

SINCE Jean Ingelow suggested it, the proposition has been frequently laid down that Chopin is to music what Tennyson is to poetry. Undoubtedly there is much in the exquisite tone-coloring, faultless finish, and extreme delicacy and refinement of the one poet which suggests the other. Both, moreover, belong, in a broad sense, to the same artistic period,—that period which includes Shelley, Keats, and Swinburne on the one hand, and the entire group of romantic pianists on the other; and which, in its poetical development, comprehends the phase of art that depends for its charm on the play of tone-color in the words selected to express the thought, while tending more and more to the subordination of both rhyme and metrical motion to the claims of alliteration.

In so far as what Tyndall has called the *clang-tint* makes or mars music, and, to an equal degree, interpretation, this is Chopin's school. But it should be remembered that Chopin's tone-color seldom arises from the suggestion of orchestral instruments; it is hidden in the harmonic tints of his dispersed harmonies, his subtile use of chromatics and sevenths, his striking progressions in thirds and sixths, and his embellishments based upon very open harmonization of his melodies. In short, upon a foundation of Slavic melody Chopin elaborated a series of tone-poems vocal in suggestion, and only so far instrumental and pianistic in treatment as the technical resources of the piano on the one hand exceeded, and, on the other, fell below those of Italian song, upon which he formed his style. Italian song was Chopin's guide in the elaboration of his melody and its ornamentation; and it was characteristic of Chopin's genius that he brought even his modulatory passage-work under the dominion of melody. Thus he springs directly from the tree of Bach and of polyphony. Romantic in feeling, his roots are classic.

Chopin is, however, less a colorist than a figure-painter, and as such is in opposition to the trend of modern music. Compare with our modern tone-painting by means of clang-tints, that contemporary school of landscape of which the elder and younger Inness are among the foremost exponents,—a school of expression by means of atmospheric effects obtained from color irrespective of drawing,—and it becomes clear that there has been an instinct at work which has affected music and painting in an equal degree and in the same way. This is the age of color.

What did color displace in painting? *It* *displaced line,*—that is, drawing, action, anatomy, all that makes for motion. It substituted the atmospheric effects of landscape viewed under the stress of human emotion for the speech of gesture and facial expression. Begun by the early Italian school, Turner was its great English exponent; its opponent was the pre-Raphaelite school in spite of Ruskin's championship of the "cause of truth in art."

We may quote Riemann, that the great discovery in modern phrasing is that rhythm is gesture. Since Turner's day, however, effects of light and shade, rain and shine, dawn, snow, harvest haze, and spring mist belong to the themes oftenest exploited by modern art; all depend on color rather than line, and belong to an epoch in which the human figure has been more or less degraded to the mere artistic necessity of a point to receive the play of high light. Music has experienced the same change. Rhythmic melody in music, in fact, corresponds to the action of the living figure in painting.

Poetry exhibits the same phenomenon. In the beginning, words furnished the metrical material upon which to vociferate the melodies to which people danced, or trod the solemn measures of worship. Thus poetry had in itself the motion of the dance. Look at the vigorous rhythm of a poem as late as Byron's "Corsair," with its fine rhyme and free, manly gait:

> Oh who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried
> And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
> The exulting sense—the pulses mad'ning play—
> That thrills the wanderer on that trackless way?

Then turn to Tennyson and repeat:

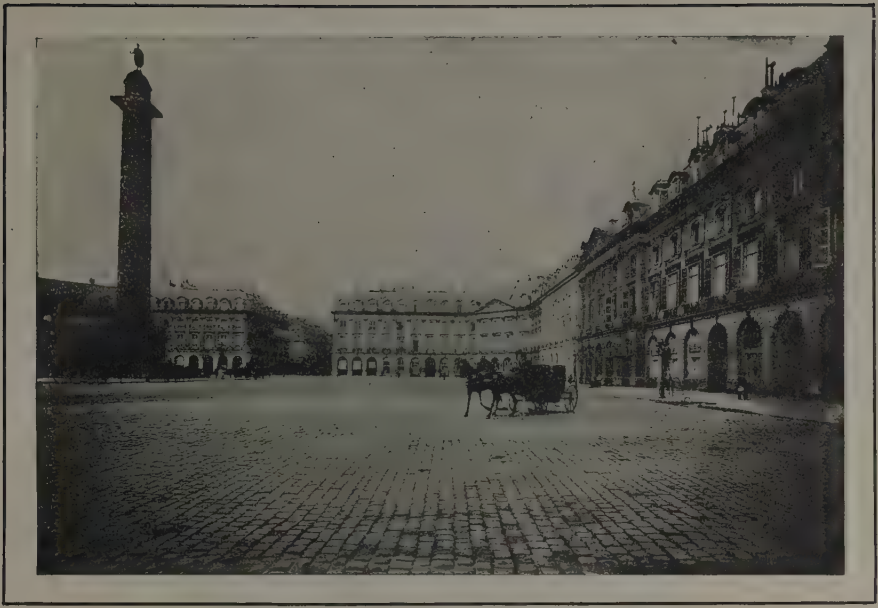
> And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
> And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

The delightsomeness of the first example arises from the swing of the meter and the chiming of the rhymes; in the second, alliteration retards the meter to paint the tone-colored picture to which the meaning of the words offers what a musician would call "the program."

Music is the result of the combination of the three elements of rhythm (motion), melody (pitch), and timbre (clang-tint); and of these, rhythm, which arises from the dance, and melody, which cannot exist in an art-form independent of rhythm, have decayed in proportion as tone-color-painting has come forward. Music has yielded up its instinct for rhythmic motion and the correlative dance forms to obtain the prismatic play of color offered by harmonic modulation and instrumental clang-tints. Like the dying dolphin of the Roman feast, superb in its play of color, it is most brilliant as it expires. In proportion as it has fallen back upon orchestration with its clang-tints as its artistic resource, music has lost the vigor and life—the motion which corresponds to the action of the human figure in painting. It is, in fact, degenerate. Compare a nocturne by Jensen with a melody by Rossini or a scherzo by Beethoven, and the difference between the two schools of art at once becomes manifest. The charm of the modern composer resides in the manipulation of delicious qualities of sound; of the elder musicians, in their strong rhythmic melody.

Where, in the gradual progress of this great artistic development, is Chopin's place? —with Tennyson in the last and completest expression of the orchestral instinct? or earlier, when tone-color was held at its full valuation, but rhythm still retained its original vigor?

To answer this we must recognize that in formal elaboration Chopin was governed by the laws of poetry to a degree shown by no other modern instrumental composer. Contemporary with Liszt and Wagner, he refused to join in their movement against form, and founded his entire creation upon poetical meters. Not the folk-song only, but the polished meters of classic poetry form the rhythmic foundation of his greatest works. The key to Chopin's rhythm is the meter of the poems which inspired him. For instance, compare the French ballades with the four-tone poems to which Chopin has given the same name; compare the meter of Clément Marot's "Chant de May" with that of the "Ballade in A flat," and their substantial identity is at once clear. You can



PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS.

Chopin died at No. 2, the first door on the right.

sing the ballade to the opening theme of the "Ballade in A flat":

> En ce beau mois delicieux,
> Arbres, fleurs et agriculture,
> Qui, durant l'yver soncieux,
> Avex esté en sepulteur,
> Sortez pour servir de pasteur
> Aux troupeaux du plus grand Pasteur;
> Chacun de vous en sa nature
> Louez le nom de Createur.

The French ballade meter is required to carry an unbroken idea through each stanza, so that the latter cannot be split into two verses of four or five lines each. Each stanza must close with the same refrain, and the meaning of the refrain governs the meaning of the entire stanza. Each verse repeats the same rhymes (but never the same words) in the same order, and, finally, the envoy of four lines addressed to the person to whom the poem is dedicated must be the peroration and climax of the whole.

Chopin, in the "Ballade" under consideration, while not confining himself to a superficial imitation, contrives to suggest in each stanza the chimes of that which preceded, and sums up the whole in a tremendous peroration. The "Ballade in F" also opens in a ballade meter, and similarly reiterates the refrain. In his heroic compositions Chopin's important themes almost always observe the principle of complete organization characteristic of classic meters; they do not break up into several shorter stanzas, but require their full development to express their meaning. Chopin is very fond, too, of envoys, as in the "Nocturnes," Opus 33, No. 1, and Opus 37, No. 2, which contain a direct address. His method of composition would seem to have been to draw his inspiration from the noblest poetry of France or Poland, to found his melodies upon their meters, and then with a double poetical and musical consciousness to work out his composition. Besides his principal melodies, which he often treated like the grand Italian aria, all the minor elements of his tone-poems may be resolved into melodies, treated in various ways, and sometimes completely disguised. Beneath his wealth of embellishment, or hidden in his modulatory passages, the original folk-song must be discovered if the interpretation is to possess either grace or meaning. Chopin was even accustomed to build upon the close of his theme new melodic passages, forceful and dignified, but on analysis resolving into melodized cadences.

Sequences of modulatory chords, bold and stiff, such as other composers abound in, Chopin loved to transform into beautiful themes, by breaking their harmonic structure into rhythmic and melodic motifs. He reversed the principle of Wagner, whose melodies degenerated into motifs; Chopin's motifs became complete melodies; his progressions and cadences, motifs. Even the last two chords of the final cadence at the end of a movement, Chopin loved to include within the limits of a melody, often in song form. His inner harmonic voices are often melodies such as the composer of to-day would send forth as independent creations. In short, Chopin subjected every note of his composition to the laws of poetical meter; as a consequence, all of it lives and moves —to the despair of the impersonal orchestral pianist of to-day.

CHOPIN.

From a drawing by Winterhalter in 1847.

It follows that Chopin antedates our orchestral color-painting. His harmonic color is astonishingly transparent and pure. It is as subtile as it is transparent; but he depends upon rhythm for his picture, and on harmonic tints to raise his rhythm to a still higher power. His style is remarkably condensed. His sonatas are complete tragedies: the scene of one of them is laid on the sea, while that of another relates the death, burial, and future misery of a young hero. Wordsworth himself could not sum up an emotion with greater simplicity. Compare the theme of the "Ballade in F" with Wordsworth's description of "Lucy":

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

The sentiment agrees exactly with Rubinstein's statement that Chopin meant in this ballade to paint a meadow flower. So far the two poets are at one; but in the development of the tale Chopin's modern longing for emotional expression parts company with the reticence of the earlier generation. Wordsworth sums up the story in four lines:

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

The Polish poet breaks into a passionate invective, in which he passes through all the phases of a tremendous inner conflict. In this difference lies the sharp distinction between the earlier and the later art of the romantic period. The period, as a whole, witnessed the unlocking of a springtime of human life and feeling. Little by little, the streams swelled and broke their barriers of habit and principle, until the fundamental passions of mankind surged on in a turbid, brawling, devastating torrent. George Sand, De Musset, and Wagner swelled this muddy stream; but Chopin knew how to observe a noble reticence, the springs of his emotion ran crystal clear, though they rose geyser-like from the heart of a volcanic soil.

In view of all this, it is evident that Chopin's place is with Shelley and Keats, rather than with the later orchestral school of Tennyson. Compare Chopin's "Waltz in A Minor" with Tennyson's masterly example of orchestral poetry:

Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

This is a famous example of poetic tone-color. Chopin starts off with an undulation equally cold, gray, and forlorn, which distinctly suggests the sea. But in a moment the human figure appears, and the sea is obscured by the lyric, with its alternation of grief and quiescent despair. The waltz is more naïve than the poem; more lyric, more varied in mood, comprising as it does a descriptive prelude, a love-song, and a contrasting mood of momentary excitement and hope.

On the other hand, Keats often furnishes passages precisely parallel in ideas and method of expression with those of Chopin. Take the passage in "Endymion":

O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
Hearts' lightness from the merriment of May?
A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—
Nor any drooping flower
Held sacred for thy bower
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

. . . . . .

And as I sat, over the light-blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into a wide stream came of purple hue—
'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame,
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, Melancholy!

. . . . . .

Into these regions came I, following him,
Sick-hearted, weary. . . .

Come then, Sorrow,
Sweetest Sorrow!
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast.
I thought to leave thee
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

It would hardly be possible to find a completer key to the mood and to the artistic method of Chopin than this offers. Observe the song form, and the scarcely less melodious description of the tumult of the dance; the refinement of the tone-music; the classic spirit and the delicate balance between classic and modern color; the rapid narrative and the utter absence of Protestant reflectiveness. The very mood itself is Chopin's own. However he might borrow hearts' lightness from the merriment of his May day of life (and now and then he has sung with heart wholly at rest), between the strains of his dancing measures melancholy was ever constant.

The Greek spirit and imagery of Keats repeat themselves in the scherzos of Chopin. The majestic hymn and the impassioned narrative occur in both; in both the same sensitiveness to tone-color within the limits of classic form. In habit of mind, Chopin shows himself much nearer akin to Keats than to Tennyson. Chopin is impulsive; Tennyson, philosophic. Tennyson is a landscape-painter; Chopin, a narrative poet. Such a poem as

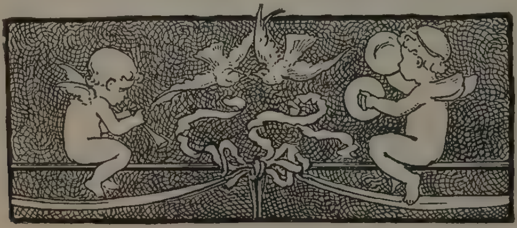
> Where Claribel low-lieth
> The breezes pause and die,

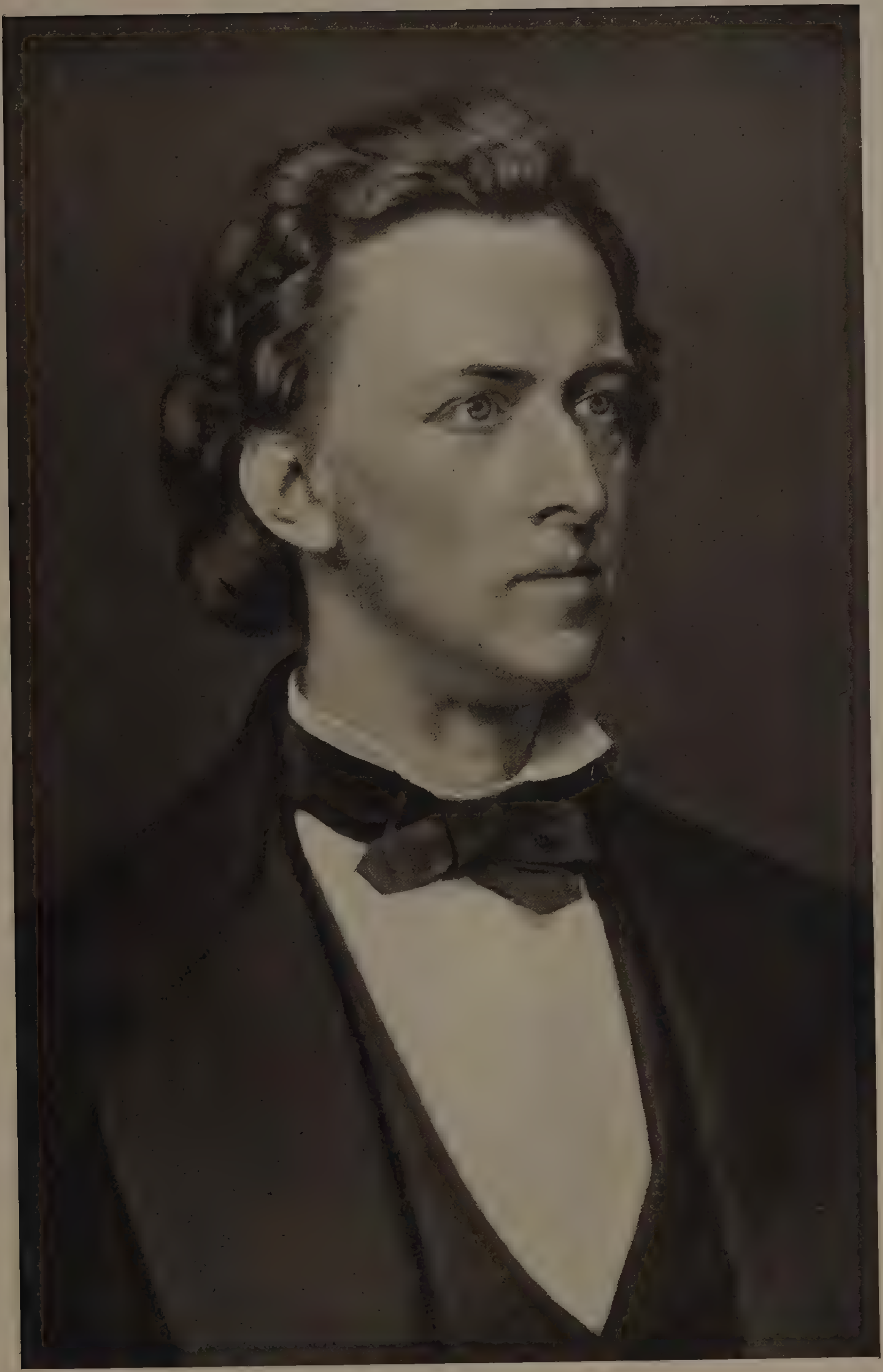
with its descriptive alliterations, has no parallel among Chopin's creations. His polonaise in which the knights ride from the distance over the moonlit plain, or the impromptu, so like an idyl of harvest-time, or his many nocturnes of shadowy summer nights, are highly suggestive, but none hints at program music, with its literal interpretation of "ideas."

If we, on the other hand, were to seek the painter most akin to Chopin, we must go to the Barbizon school. There, among the sturdy peasants of Millet, we may find such themes as Chopin delineated in his mazurkas; and in the transfigured grace of Corot's faun-haunted, olive-tinted groves we will thrill with exquisite melodies such as Chopin sang in impromptu and ballade. In point of fact, Chopin never let go of line. He possessed a talent for caricature and a keen sense of the ridiculous in actual life; and shapes musical and intellectual stood out clear and precise upon his mental field.

I have said that Chopin was not philosophic; he was intensely religious by temperament, and his religious sentiments were identified in feelings and in imagery with the peculiar ritual and moods of the Roman Catholic Church. No other composer has brought this element of human life forward in anything like an equal degree. The contrasts between mental suffering and religious peace; religion as the antidote for a disordered spirit; religious chants haunting old convents; churchly hymns of victory; the ritual of the Mass; grim death and ghastly purgatory, are all present unmistakably in his music. The Protestant philosophic spirit of "In Memoriam" is the sharpest possible contrast to the passionate misery of the "Sonata in B flat minor."

Chopin has left us mazurkas, fresh and narrative; waltzes, prismatic from the alembic of his refining imagination; nocturnes, the perfection of chivalrous love-dreams; scherzos, tragic to the heart's core; preludes, Wordsworthian in simplicity and charm; études, complete as sonnets; impromptus, full of life or touched with tenderest romance; polonaises, the exquisite expression of the pageantry of his native land; and three sonatas, each a tremendous tragedy,—eighty-six opera in all. Not a large portfolio, but potent to withstand the false trend of the modern declamatory piano music and to shape the future of the art in a more normal and vigorous development.





CHOPIN

FRANZ LISZT

BY

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

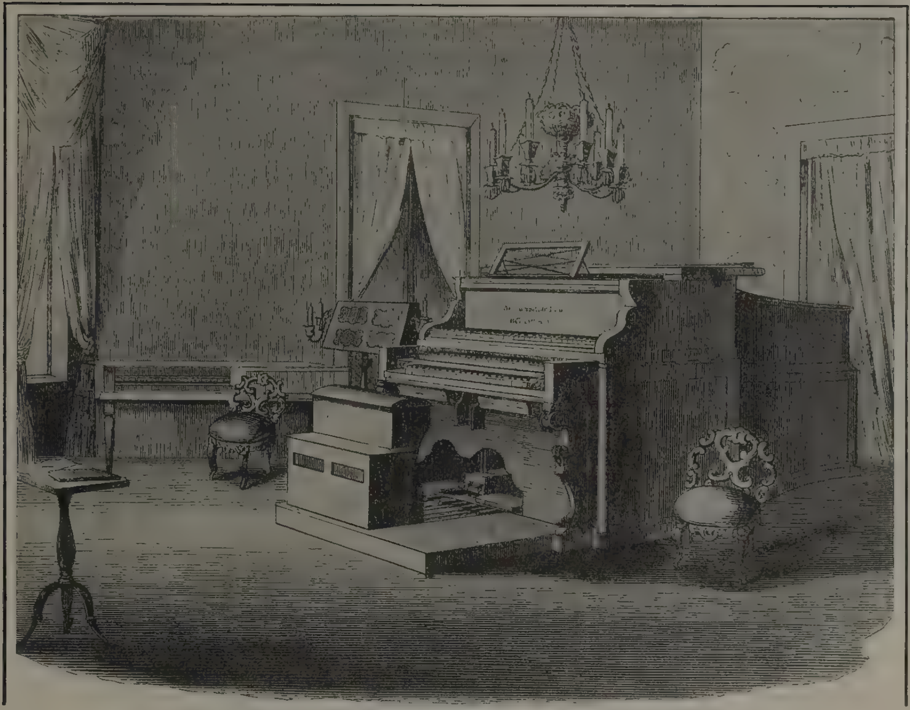
THE young men of to-day can hardly imagine the *éclat*, the magical prestige, with which the name of Liszt flashed upon the horizon of the young musicians of the early part of the Second Empire—a name so foreign to the ears of a Frenchman, sharp and hissing as the edge of a sword that cuts through the air, torn by the Slavic Z as by a stroke of lightning. The artist and the man seemed to belong to fairyland. After having embodied on the piano the spirit of romanticism, Liszt, leaving behind him the glittering trail of a meteor, disappeared for a while behind the curtain of clouds which then veiled Germany—a Germany different from the one of our day; a mass of little kingdoms and independent duchies, bristling with turreted castles, and preserving even in its Gothic script the look of the middle ages, every trace of which had disappeared from France, in spite of the efforts of the poets to restore its beauty.

The greater part of the pieces which Liszt published seemed beyond the possibility of any executant but himself, and were so indeed, if played according to the old methods, which required perfect immobility of the whole body, the elbows close to the side, and allowed only a limited action of the forearm. It was known that at the court of Weimar, disdainful of his former success, he was occupied with serious composition, dreaming of a renovation of art—a purpose which excited much anxious comment, as is always the case when a new world is to be explored or an accepted tradition broken. Moreover, the impressions left by Liszt in Paris gave ample ground for all sorts of surmises. Even the truth did not always appear probable when it was told about him. It was said that at a concert of the Conservatory, after the "Pastoral Symphony" of Beethoven had been performed, he had dared to play the whole composition over again alone, the amazement of the audience being quickly replaced by a tremendous enthusiasm. Again, it was said that another day, bored with the docility of the public,—tired of seeing this lion, ready to tear to pieces any who displeased it, forever fawning at his feet,—he determined to rouse it, and amused himself by coming late to a concert at the Italiens, and calling on some fine ladies in their boxes, laughing and chatting, until the lion began to growl and roar. At last he seated himself at the piano, when the fury abated, the only demonstrations being those of pleasure and admiration.

Many things more are told of him, which are hardly within the limits of this article. Quite too much has been said of his success with the women of his day, his taste for princesses, and all the exterior phases of his personality. It is high time for us to take account with more care of his serious side, and of the important rôle which he played in contemporary art.

The influence of Liszt on the destiny of the piano was immense. I can best compare it with the revolution brought about by Victor Hugo in the mechanism of the French language. This influence was more powerful than that of Paganini in the world of the violin, because Paganini dwelt always in an inaccessible region where he alone could live, while Liszt, starting from the same point, deigned to descend into the practical paths where any one could follow who would take the trouble to work seriously. To play like him on the piano would be impossible. As Olga Janina said, in her strange book, his fingers were not human fingers; but nothing is easier than to follow the course he marked out, and in fact every one does follow it whether he knows it or not. The great development of sonority of tone, with the means of obtaining it, which he invented, has become the indispensable condition and very foundation of modern execution.

These means are of two kinds: the one pertaining to the technical methods of the performer, especially gymnastic exercises; the other to the style of writing for the piano, which Liszt completely transformed. Beethoven, scornfully ignoring the limits of nature, imposed his tyrannous will upon the strained and overtaxed fingers, but Liszt, on the contrary, takes them and gently exercises them in their own natural direction, so that the greatest amount of effect they are capable of producing may be obtained; and, therefore, his music, so alarming at first sight to the timid, is really less difficult than it appears; for by hard work the whole body is brought into play, and talent is rapidly developed. We owe to him also the invention of picturesque musical notation, thanks to which, by an ingenious disposition of the notes, and an extraordinary variety in presenting them to the eye, the author contrived to indicate the character of the passage, and the exact way in which it should be executed. To-day these refined methods are in general use.



LISZT'S MUSIC ROOM AT THE ALTENBURG.

But, above all, we owe to Liszt the introduction on the piano of orchestral effects and of sonority, so far as these are possible on that instrument. His method of attaining this end — a method not indeed within the reach of every one — consists in substituting in the transcription a free translation for a literal one. Transcription thus understood and practised becomes in a high degree artistic; the adaptations by Liszt for the piano of the symphonies of Beethoven — above all that of the Ninth for two pianos—may be regarded as masterpieces in this line. To be just, and to give every one his due, it must be said that the colossal work of arranging Beethoven's nine symphonies for the piano had already been attempted by Kalkbrenner, who deserves great credit for it; and, although he was not strong enough for the task, this attempt very probably gave the first start to Liszt's glorious work.

Liszt, undeniably the incarnation of the genius of the modern pianoforte, saw his compositions, for this very reason, discredited and spoken of scornfully as "pianist's music." The same disdainful title might be applied to the work of Robert Schumann, of which the piano is the soul; and if no one has thought of reproaching him, it is because Schumann, in spite of great effort in that direction, was never a brilliant performer; he never left the heights of "legitimate" art to revel in picturesque illustrations of the operas of all countries. But Liszt, at that time, without caring what was said of him, scattered lavishly and at random the pearls and diamonds of his overflowing imagination.

Let me say in passing that there is a great deal of pedantry and prejudice in the scorn which people often affect for works like the "Fantaisie on Don Juan," or the "Caprice" on the "Faust" waltz. There is more talent and real inspiration in such works than in many compositions we see produced every day, more serious in appearance, but of empty pretentiousness. Has it ever occurred to any one that the greater part of the celebrated overtures,—those of "Zampa," "Euryanthe," and "Tannhäuser," for example,—are really only fantasias on the motives of the operas which they precede? By taking the trouble to study the fantasias of Liszt, it will easily be seen in what degree they differ from any variety of *pot-pourris*—pieces where tunes taken at random from an opera only serve as a canvas for arabesque, garlands, and ribbons. It will be seen that the author knew how to draw the marrow from any bone; that his penetrating genius knew how to discover and fructify an artistic germ, however hidden under vulgarities and platitudes. When he takes in hand a great work like "Don Juan" he brings out the principal beauties, and adds a commentary which helps us to understand and appreciate its marvelous perfection and perennial youth.

The ingenuity of his pianoforte combinations is simply prodigious, as the admiration of all who cultivate the piano testifies; but I think perhaps the fact has not been sufficiently noticed that in the least of his arrangements the intelligence of the composer makes itself felt, the characteristic "earmark" of the great musician is apparent, if only for an instant.

Applied to such a pianist, who draws from the piano the soul of music, the term "pianist" ceases to be an insult, and "pianist's music" becomes a synonym for musician's music, and indeed who, in our time, has not felt the powerful influence of the piano? This influence began before the piano itself — with the Well-tempered Clavichord of Sebastian Bach. From the day when the "temperament"[1] of the scale made *b flat* identical with *a sharp*, and rendered the use of all keys allowable, the spirit of the clavier entered the world. The invention of hammer mechanism, secondary from the point of view of art, has only produced the progressive development of a sonority unknown to the clavichord, and of immense mechanical resources which, by the introduction of the unlimited use of the heretical enharmonic system, have made the piano the devastating tyrant of music.[2]

From this heresy, to be sure, proceeds nearly the whole of modern art.

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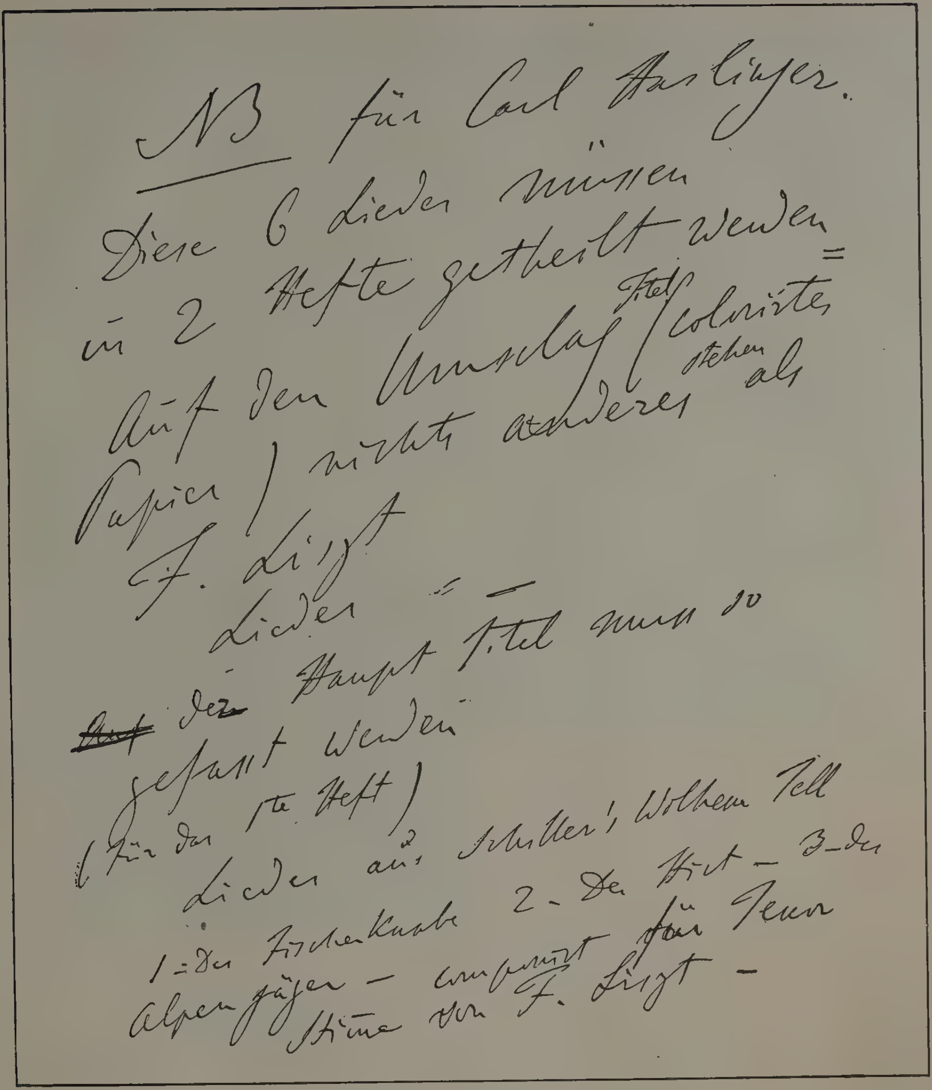
[1] TEMPERAMENT, in music, is the present method of tuning by which the harshness of certain intervals in the natural harmonic series is abated so that it is possible to modulate from one scale to another without retuning.—EDITORS.

[2] ENHARMONIC.—Pertaining to a use of notes by which the flat of one note calls for the same tone as the sharp of the note below, as *b flat* and *a sharp*. Enharmonic modulation consists in using the new key relationships established by this double nomenclature. EDITORS.



NB für Carl Haslinger.
Diese 6 Lieder müssen
in 2 Hefte getheilt werden =
Auf den Umschlag Titel (colorirtes
Papier) nichts anderes stehen als
F. Liszt
Lieder = —
~~Auf~~ der Haupt Titel muss so
gefasst werden
(für das 1te Heft)
Lieder aus Schiller's Wilhelm Tell
1 = der Fischerknabe 2 = Der Hirt — 3 = der
Alpenjäger — componirt für Tenor
Stimme von F. Liszt —

AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF LISZT.

Directions to his publisher.

It has been too rich in results to allow us to deplore it, but it is nevertheless a heresy, destined to disappear some day—a day probably far distant, but inevitable,—in consequence of the same revolution that gave it birth. What will remain then of the art of to-day? Perhaps Berlioz alone, who, not having used the piano, had an instinctive aversion to enharmonic writing. In this he is the opposite of Richard Wagner, who pushed this principle to its extreme limits, and who was the embodiment of the enharmonic system. The critics, and in their turn the public, have nevertheless put Wagner and Berlioz in the same box[1]—a forced conjunction that will astonish future ages.

Without wishing to linger too long over the fantasies which Liszt wrote on the motives of operas (there is a whole library of them), we should not forget to mention his "Illustrations du Prophète," which comes to a climax as dazzling as it is unexpected, or the "Fantaisie and Fugue" for organ on the chorale "Ad nos, ad salutarem undam." This last is a link between the arrangements, more or less free, and the original work of the author. It is a gigantic composition, the performance of which lasts not less than forty minutes, and it has this distinctive characteristic, that the theme does not once appear alone in its integrity. It runs through the whole, but below the surface, just as the sap circulates through a tree. The organ is treated in an unusual way, which greatly augments its resources. The author seems to have foreseen by intuition the recent improvements in the instrument, just as Mozart in his "Fantaisie and Sonata in C Minor" divined the modern piano. A colossal instrument easily handled and a performer thoroughly familiar with the mechanism of the organ and piano are indispensable to the proper execution of this piece; which implies that the opportunities of listening to it under good conditions are exceedingly rare.

PAULINE APEL.

For thirty years Liszt's servant and friend.

The "Soirées de Vienne," the "Rhapsodies Hongroises," although built upon borrowed themes, are genuine artistic creations, where the author manifests a most subtle talent. The Rhapsodies may be considered as illustrations of that curious and interesting book written by Liszt on the music of the gipsies. It is entirely wrong to consider them merely brilliant pieces. In them we find a reconstruction and, if we may so say, a civilizing of a national music of the highest artistic interest. The com-

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[1] On account of their passion for orchestral tone color, sonority and romanticism.—Editors.

LISZT'S MUSIC ROOM AT WEIMAR.

Photographed in 1884.

poser did not aim at difficulties (which did not exist for him), but at a picturesque effect, and a vivid reproduction of the outlandish orchestra of the Tziganes (gipsies). Indeed, in his works for the piano he never makes virtuosity an end, but always a means. If not judged by this standard his music becomes the reverse of what it was intended to be, and is rendered unintelligible.

It is a strange fact that this great artist and pianist has not poured his genius into his original pianoforte compositions. Excepting always the magnificent "Sonata,"—a bold and stirring work which has no equal in contemporary music,—Schumann and Chopin easily outdo him in this field. Nevertheless, the "Méditations Religieuses" and the "Années de Pélerinage" contain some beautiful pages; yet the work is incomplete—the wing seems to beat and break against an invisible dome, one knows not how; the author seems to exhaust himself trying to reach an inaccessible ideal; and we feel a sense of uneasiness hard to define, a painful anxiety followed by insuperable weariness. I should except the "Scherzo" and "March,"—a dazzling and bewildering wild huntsman's ride, the execution of which, unhappily, is not easy to attain,—and the triumphant "Concerto in E Flat"—but in this last the orchestra comes to the rescue, the piano alone being insufficient. The same may be said of the "Mephisto Waltz" (No. 1), written at first for the piano, but with the ultimate purpose of arranging it for the orchestra, which was afterward done.

LISZT'S LAST WALK.

From a photograph in possession of Mme. Munkacsy.

In the "Etudes" especially, as with Cramer and Clementi, we find the grand style and the great musician. These *études* the composer probably did not consider of as much importance as some others of his works for the piano. One of them, "Mazeppa," easily passed from piano to orchestra, and became one of the "Poèmes Symphoniques."

In these celebrated poems, so variously criticized, together with the symphonies "Dante" and "Faust," we are in the presence of a new Liszt—the Liszt of Weimar, the great, the true, whom the smoke of the incense burned on the altars of the piano had too long concealed from view. Boldly entering the path opened by Beethoven with the "Pastoral Symphony," and so brilliantly trodden by Berlioz, he leaves the worship of pure music for that of so-called "program music," which claims to depict clearly and definitely both characters and feelings. Plunging headlong into harmonic novelties, he dares what none other has dared before him; and if it sometimes chances that, to use the ingenious euphemism of one of his friends, he passes the limits of the beautiful, yet even here he makes some happy hits, and also some brilliant discoveries. The mold of the ancient symphony and the hoary overture is broken, and he proclaims the reign of music freed from all rules except those only which the author himself makes to fit the environment in which he has chosen to work.

THE HERDER-PLATZ IN WEIMAR.

With the orchestral sobriety of the classic symphony he contrasts all the wealth of the modern orchestra, and, as he has by marvels of ingenuity reproduced this wealth on the piano, he now, turning the brilliant light of his virtuosity upon the orchestra, creates a new orchestration of infinite richness by making use of the hitherto unexplored resources which the more perfect manufacture of instruments, and the increased development of technic in the performers, put at his command. The methods of Richard Wagner are often cruel. He does not take into account the fatigue which results from superhuman efforts. He constantly demands the impossible. One must get through it in the best way possible. The methods of Liszt are not open to this criticism. He demands of the orchestra all that it can give, but no more.

Like Berlioz, Liszt made expression the object of instrumental music, which tradition consecrated to the worship of form and impersonal beauty. Not that Liszt neglected these things. Where do we find purer form than in the second part of "Faust" ("Gretchen"), in the "Purgatory" of Dante, or in "Orpheus"? But it is in the exactitude and intensity of his expression that Liszt is really incomparable. His music speaks, and will be heard, unless the ears are wilfully closed beforehand by prejudice. It utters the unspeakable.

Perhaps he made the mistake (very excusable according to my way of thinking) of believing too implicitly in his own creation, of wishing to impose it on the world too soon. Owing to the attraction of an enormous, almost magical, prestige, and a personal magnetism which few men possessed in a like degree, he gathered about him and fanaticized a cluster of young and ardent minds, blindly devoted to him, who asked nothing better than to take part in a crusade against old dogmas, and to preach the new gospel. These hare-brained fellows, who feared no exaggeration, treated the symphonies of Beethoven, with the exception of the Ninth, as useless old rubbish, and everything else in like manner.

Thus they disgusted, instead of carrying with them, the great mass of musicians and critics. When these wars were at their height, Liszt, battling proudly with his small but valiant band, became infatuated with the works of Richard Wagner, and brought out "Lohengrin" triumphantly on the Weimar stage,—a work which no theater had ventured to produce, although it had already been published. In a pamphlet, "Tannhäuser and Lohengrin," which made an immense impression, he announced himself as the prophet of a new doctrine. It would be difficult to give any idea at the present day of the tremendous efforts he used, together with all his enormous influence, to spread the works of Wagner, and place them in the theaters hitherto most violently opposed to them. We are free to suppose that Liszt, knowing himself to be powerless alone to move the world, dreamed of an alliance with the great reformer, in which each would have had his part to play, the one reigning on the stage, the other in the concert-hall; for Wagner proclaimed everywhere that he wrote works of a complex nature, in which music was only a part, forming with poetry and scenic representation an invisible whole. But Liszt, great and generous soul, always ready to devote himself to a noble cause, had not taken into account the domineering spirit of his dangerous and colossal protégé, who was incapable of sharing the empire of the world even with his best friend.

We know now, since the publication of the correspondence between Liszt and Wagner, on which side the devotion was. The great artistic movement started by Liszt was turned against him: his works were thrown out of the concert-hall to make room for those of Wagner, which, according to the theories of the author himself, were written especially for

LISZT'S LATER DWELLING IN WEIMAR.

This was his home when he died.

the theater, and could not be heard elsewhere without danger of becoming unintelligible. Taking up again the arguments of the classic school, the Wagnerian critics undermined the foundations of the works of Liszt, by preaching the dogma of pure music, and declaring descriptive music heretical. Now it is evident that one of the greatest forces of Wagner, one of his most powerful means of affecting the public, had been precisely this development of descriptive music, carried to its extreme limits. He performed almost a miracle in this line when he succeeded during the whole of the first act of "The Flying Dutchman" in making us hear the sound of the sea without interfering with the dramatic action. He has created a whole world in this style. How are we to explain such a contradiction? In a way as ingenious as it is simple. "Yes," they say, "music has a right to be descriptive, but only on the stage." Miserable sophism! On the contrary, thanks to scenic representation, to the "stage setting," and so on, the theater is the very place where music can without great sacrifice be entirely devoted to the expression of sentiment. What becomes of the overtures and the fragments of Wagner's works when they are performed in the concert-hall, if they are not descriptive instrumental music, otherwise called "program music"? What, then, is the prelude to the third act of "Tannhäuser," which claims to relate all that takes place in the *entr' acte*, to give a history of the pilgrimage to Rome and of the malediction of the Pope? And what signifies the deference shown by Wagnerians to the works of Berlioz, who did not write a note of "pure music"? Enough has been said on this subject. The spectacle of ingratitude and dishonesty is too disheartening to dwell upon long.

DUCAL SUMMER RESIDENCE WHERE LISZT WAS OFTEN A GUEST.

Let us rather ascend the luminous summits of the works of the master, regretfully passing by many compositions of great interest, such as the marches, choruses, the "Prometheus," etc., in order to contemplate the great religious compositions into which he has poured his purest genius—the "Masses," the "Psalms," the "Christus," and the "Legend of St. Elizabeth." In these serene regions the "pianist" disappears. A strong tendency to mysticism, which shows itself from time to time in his compositions, finds here its place and its entire development. It is present even in the piano pieces, where it produces sometimes a strange effect, as in "Les Jeux d'Eau de la Ville d'Este," in which harmless cascades become finally the Fountain of Life, the Fountain of Grace, supported by scriptural quotations.

To the surprise of many, Liszt has made use of the voice with consummate art, and he has studied Latin prosody thoroughly and treated it with perfect correctness. The great composer of fantasias is a faultless liturgist. The perfumes of incense, the play of colors in stained-glass windows, the gold of the sacred vessels, the wonderful splendor of the cathedral, are reflected in his masses with deep sentiment and penetrating charm. The Credo in his "Gran Mass," with its magnificent ceremonial, its bold and beautiful harmonies, and its powerful coloring, its effect, dramatic but never theatrical, and this dramatic quality especially appropriate to and admissible in the mysteries of the church, is alone sufficient to place the composer in the front rank of the great musical poets. Blind is he who does not see it!

In the "Christus," and "St. Elizabeth," Liszt has created a kind of oratorio entirely different from the classical model, an oratorio separated into varied and independent scenes, in which the picturesque is a marked characteristic. "St. Elizabeth" has all the freshness and grace of the legend which gave it birth, and one cannot help regretting, in listening to it, that the author did not write for the stage. He would have brought to it not only the secular note of his personal charm, but also a great dramatic sentiment, and a respect for the nature and powers of the human voice too often absent in the celebrated works which every one has heard. "Christus," which the author regarded as his most important work, is a composition of exaggerated dimensions, and goes beyond the bounds of human patience. Endowed with grace and charm rather than force and power, "Christus," heard in its entirety, is rather monotonous, but it is so written that it may be divided into separate parts, which can be performed in fragments without mutilating the whole.

Viewed as a whole, the work of Liszt is immense but unequal. There is a choice to make in the works which he has left us. Of how many great geniuses must the same be said! "Attila" does not make Corneille less great. The "Triple Concerto" of Beethoven, the variations of Mozart on "Ah! vous dirai-je, maman?" Wagner's ballet music in "Rienzi" do not diminish the fame of their authors. If then there are among the compositions of Liszt some useless works, there is nevertheless not one which does not bear the marks of his touch, the imprint of his personality. His great fault is that he lacks moderation; he does not stop himself in time, but loses himself in stupid digressions of wearisome length. He was aware of this himself, and anticipated criticism by noting passages in his compositions which could be left out. These cuts often detract from the beauty of the whole, and it is possible to find better ones than those indicated by the author. His music bubbles over with melody, a little too much for the taste of Germany, and for those who adopt her ideas—people who affect great scorn for all singing phrases, regularly developed, and can be pleased with nothing but polyphony, no matter how heavy, sulky, awkward, or confused. It makes no difference to some people that music is devoid of charm and elegance, or even devoid of ideas and correct composition, as long as it is complicated.

But the richness of melody in the works which now occupy us is balanced by as great a richness of harmony. In his bold search in the world

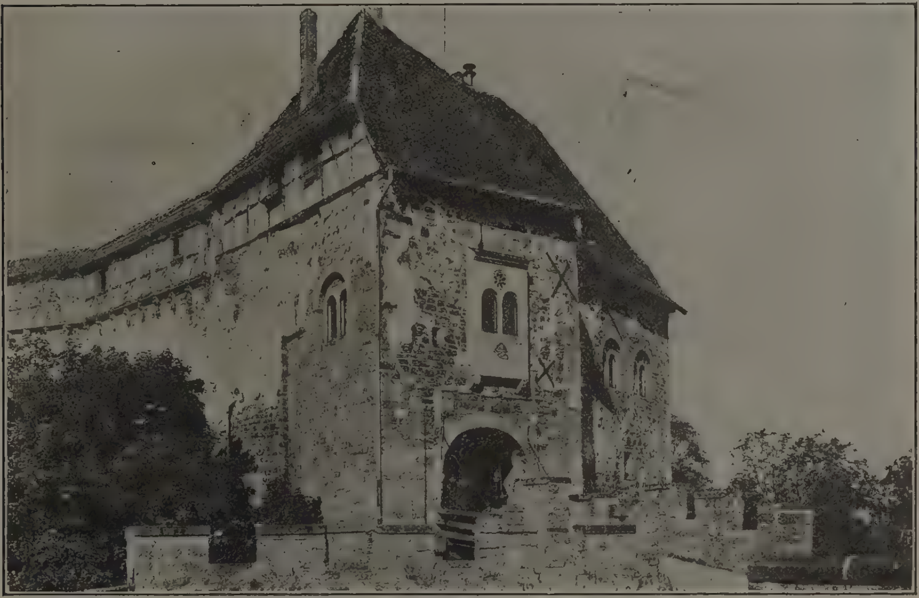
THE WARTBURG.

Here Liszt conducted his "Saint Elizabeth" on the 800th anniversary of the building of the castle. The singers' contest in "Tannhäuser" was held in the left wing.

of new harmony Liszt has far surpassed all that was done before him. Wagner himself has not attained the audacity shown in the prelude to "Faust," written in a hitherto unknown tonality, yet containing nothing to wound the ear, and in which it is impossible to change a single note.

Liszt has the inestimable advantage of having typified a people: Schumann is the soul of Germany, Chopin of Poland; Liszt of the Magyar. He was a delightful combination of pride, native elegance, and wild, tameless energy. These traits lived and breathed in his marvelous playing, in which the most diverse gifts met—those even which seem to contradict each other, like absolute correctness combined with the most extravagant fancy. Haughtily wearing his patrician pride, he never had the air of "a gentleman who plays the piano." When he played his "St. François-de-Paule Marchant sur les Flots," he seemed almost an apostle. One could almost see the foam of the furious waves dashing upon his pale, impassive face, with its eagle eye and clear, sharp profile. The most violent brazen sonority was followed by the fine-drawn cobwebs of a dream: and entire passages were given as if they were parentheses. The remembrance of his playing consoles me for being no longer young. Without entirely agreeing with M. de Levy, who said that "any one who could attain as great a technic would on that very account be farther removed from him," still it is certain that Liszt's prodigious technic was only one of the factors of his talent. It was not his fingers alone which made him such a marvelous performer, but the qualities of the great musician and the great poet which he possessed, his large heart, and his beautiful soul—above all, the soul of his race.

His great heart appears in all its nobility in the book which he wrote on Chopin. Where others would have found a rival Liszt saw only a brother-in-arms, and endeavored to show the great creative artist in one whom at that time the public still looked upon only as a charming virtuoso. He wrote French in an eccentric and cosmopolitan style, taking words out of his imagination, or anywhere else, as he had need of them; our modern symbolists have done far worse by us. Nevertheless, the book on Chopin is most remarkable, and helps wonderfully in understanding and appreciating him. I cannot take exception to anything in it, save one severe criticism on the "Polonaise Fantaisie," one of the last compositions of its author.[1] It is, to me, so touching! Discouragement, disillusion, religious thoughts, and hope and trust in immortality, all this in a winning and beautiful form. Is this nothing? Perhaps the fear of seeming partial, by always praising, inspired the criticism which surprises me so much. The same fear haunts me sometimes myself when I speak of Liszt. I have often been rallied for what they call my weakness for his



ENTRANCE TO THE WARTBURG.

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[1] M. Saint-Saëns is too charitable. Liszt succeeded in reading into the interpretation of Chopin his own temperament and moral atmosphere to a deporable degree.—EDITORS.

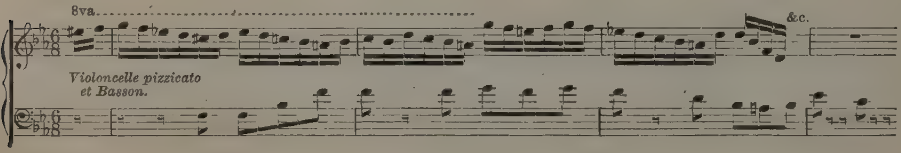
music. But even if the feelings of gratitude and affection with which I am filled come before my eyes like a prism to color his image, I do not deeply regret it. But I owed him nothing; I had not felt his personal fascination; I had neither seen nor heard him, when I fell in love with his first symphonic poems, which pointed out to me the path in which I was to find later my "Danse Macabre" and "Le Rouet d'Omphale," and other works of the like nature. I am, therefore, sure that my judgment is unbiased by outside considerations, and I am altogether responsible for my opinions. Time, which puts everything in its place, will be the final judge.

The sympathy which the great artist was kind enough to feel for me has honored me with the following precious letters. As a rule, there is too much praise (praise which I well know is in great part courtesy) to be appropriate to this article. But I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving some extracts:

ROME, July 14, 1869.

DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND: Your kind letter promised me a number of your compositions. I have expected them . . . and meanwhile I want to thank you again for your Second Concerto, which I admire greatly. The form is new and very happy; the interest of the three movements increases continually, and you take an exact account of the piano effects, without sacrificing the ideas of the composer—an essential rule in works of this character.

To begin with, the prelude on the pedal point in G is striking and imposing. After such a felicitous inspiration you did wisely to repeat it at the end of the first movement, and to accompany it this time with some chords. Among the things which please me particularly I note: the chromatic progression (last line in the prelude) and the one which alternates between the piano and orchestra (last measure on page 5), repeated afterward by the piano alone, page 15; the arrangement in sixths in triplets of eighth notes gives a fine sonorous effect, pages 8 and 9; it leads up superbly to the entrance of the fortissimo motive; the piquant rhythm of the second motive in the *allegro scherzando*, page 25. Perhaps this last would have gained by greater combination and development, either of the principal motive or of some accessory one. For example, this little bit of soothing counterpoint would not seem to me out of place:



. . In pages 50 to 54, where the simple breadth of the period with the sustained chords of the accompaniment leaves it a little bare, I should like in it some incidental additions, and some polyphonic combinations, as the German ogres call them. Pardon me this criticism of details. I would not risk it, could I not assure you in all sincerity that as a whole your work pleases me particularly.

I played it day before yesterday to Sgambati, of whom Planté will speak to you as an artist above the ordinary, and indeed more than that. . . .

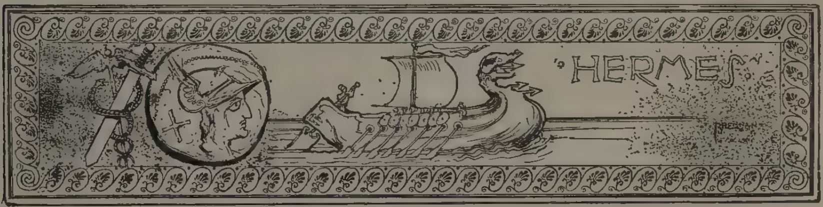
At my age, the business of being a young composer is no longer appropriate, and there would be no other for me in Paris, as I could not carry on indefinitely that of the veteran pianist on the invalid list. Therefore, I have resolved not to concern myself with my compositions excepting to write them, without any thought of spreading them abroad. If they have any real value it will be found out soon enough, either during my life, or afterward. The sympathy of my friends, who, I flatter myself, are very well chosen, is amply sufficient to me. The rest of the world may say what they will.

Rome, December 6, 1881

. . . No one realizes more than myself the disproportion in my compositions between the good intention and the results accomplished. Meanwhile I continue to write, not without fatigue, but from a deep inward need and old habit. But to aim high is not forbidden us; whether we touch the goal or not remains an open question. . . . You very kindly suggest my return to Paris. Traveling has become very burdensome in my old age, and I fear that I should be found out of place in great capitals like Paris or London, where no special obligation calls me. This fear does not make me ungrateful toward the public, and above all toward my friends in Paris, to whom I am so deeply indebted: I should not like to give up all idea of seeing them again, though the dismal execution of the "Messe de Gran" in '66, and the consequent talk, have left a painful impression upon me. Without false modesty or foolish vanity, I cannot place myself in the ranks of celebrated pianists wandering hopelessly amid compositions which have been failures.

Those who know my "Second Concerto" (in G minor) will notice that I did not profit by the suggestions of Liszt relating to the *scherzo*. This is not because I did not realize perfectly the justice of them. The counterpoint, which with charming hypocrisy he styles "soothing," would have greatly enhanced the passage which he mentioned. But I make it an invariable rule, in relation to my compositions (of whatever nature they may be), never to profit by any suggestion or outside influence. This is to me a question of honor. I do not think I have broken this rule in publishing in my "First Concerto" (in D major) the "facilités" which I owe to the ingenuity and indefatigable kindness of Liszt, who, to oblige me, did not disdain to descend to this humblest of work.

Camille Saint-Saëns.



BY PERMISSION OF ZEDLER & VOGEL, DARMSTADT.

HOFTHEATER IN WEIMAR.

Here Liszt conducted his Wagner propaganda. The theater is still open nightly.

A STUDY OF LISZT

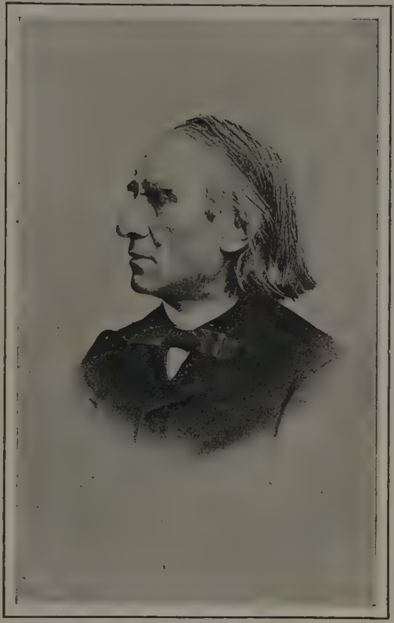
BY

ERNEST NEWMAN

WHEN one goes nowadays into ordinary musical society, and ventures to express the opinion that Liszt composed music, one is generally greeted with a smile of condescending incredulity. To nine men out of ten he is the pianist who wrote the thumping things they usually put at the end of the program of a piano recital, — the object of which seems to be to enable a candid virtuoso to demonstrate of what the piano is really incapable. Nevertheless, Liszt could and did compose, though his music has unfortunately been overshadowed by the prodigious achievement of Wagner, between whose work and that of Liszt there was a strong family resemblance. Liszt's transcriptions and arrangements of other people's music alone would stamp him as the possessor of a thoroughly *musical* imagination,—the imagination not only of the performer but of the creator; for there is nothing in the history of the art to parallel his re-creation of previous music, his power to make out of it something which, while still expressing the idea of the original composer, is yet so different from and in many cases so superior to the thing as it was at first, that he deserves to share the title of creator with the man whose work he was supposed to be merely "transcribing." Charles Lamb once remarked of a bust of Wordsworth that it was "more like Wordsworth than Wordsworth himself." Similarly one may say at times that Liszt's Schubert is more like Schubert than Schubert himself; and the same remark is applicable to half a dozen other cases.

However, it is not in this sense alone that Liszt was a creator. Wagner wrote eulogistically of him more than once, and there is no reason to think him insincere in what he said. Wagner, with all his defects as a thinker, had a remarkably clear insight into certain things in music that bore upon his own peculiar work; and some of his dicta on Liszt and Berlioz are quite noteworthy. He necessarily, of course, criticized them both with reference to himself, blandly taking his own art form as a kind of perfected vision of what the others had been blindly groping for, the consummation of what the others had aimed at but failed to achieve. Perhaps he was to some extent right in this, which may account for his talking with a lucidity quite unusual for him. At any rate, he thoroughly understood the relation of Liszt to his epoch; and that relation is even more interesting to us now than it was to Wagner.

Evidence of his originality is to be had in the fact of his immediately recognizing, like Wagner and like Berlioz, that Beethoven summed up a whole epoch in himself; that he represented the most gigantic achievement possible to instrumental music in one department, and that it was folly to attempt either to rival Beethoven on his own ground, or to go on merely echoing what Beethoven had already said so well. He perceived also that, great as was the speech of the master, he had not exhausted the possibilities of symphonic expression; that there was another source of musical emotion than that from which so much of the greatest music had sprung in previous epochs,—a source originating in a more specialized, more concrete order of experiences. It is noteworthy that the musicians who devoted themselves to this aspect of music were men of much wider culture, much more vivid lives, than the symphonists of absolute music. Berlioz, with his brain crammed with suggestions from the vital literature of his own and preceding ages, worked in the center of one of the most strenuous artistic movements of any epoch; and he took his main inspiration from large and pregnant poetical works like those of Shakspere and Goethe. Wagner lived not in music alone, but in almost every artistic and social movement that interested mankind in his time. Liszt, with an imagination quite as incandescent, quite as quickly receptive as that of Wagner or of Berlioz, enjoyed and suffered one of the most varied lives that ever musician lived,—a life full of the richest, most orchidaceous experiences. The stupendous charity and generosity of the man toward those who were poor and in misery,—indeed, to all who could profit by his help,—was one of the things that throw light on his artistic structure. He took fire from everything he approached; every experience of life, every scene of nature, every manifestation of human activity, stirred in him deep fountains of emotion. Living as he did, his music necessarily sprang from a different spirit and sought a different form from the music of the classical symphonists. There can be no step forward in the rational criticism of music until it is recognized that, though Beethoven's achievement was incomparably great of its kind, it by no means exhausted the possibilities of the symphonic form. As yet there has been no adequate analysis of the many varying species of emotional thought which we lump together roughly under the one generic term of "music." When that analysis is made, it will be found that the classical symphony is the expression of only one of these species; that Mozart and Beethoven wrote as they did because their mental world was not only molded, but conditioned and limited by the culture and ideals of their age; and that beyond that culture and those ideals there are


FRANZ LISZT.
From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

states of mind which modern music has set itself to express, new orders of experience for which the old vocabulary and the old forms are alike insufficient. Liszt's vivid and eager imagination set him at once upon the track of these new experiences and their proper musical expression. With him it is no longer a question of formulating a phrase of half-a-dozen or a dozen notes and putting it through a series of kaleidoscopic changes; his aim is to approach men directly upon the side of their actual life, to fashion accents, melodies, harmonies, rhythms that shall speak to them of the world of man and nature as they themselves have found it. The beauty of scenery speaks to him, and he translates his impressions of it into music. He sees a picture by Raphael and a statue by Michael Angelo, and out of his vision of them he shapes in sound his "Il Penseroso" and "Il Sposalizio." A picture of Kaulbach suggests to him his symphonic poem "The Battle of the Huns." Poems of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Schiller impel him to symphonic representations of them in his "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," his "Préludes," his "Idéals." The joys and sorrows of his native country speak to him in sharp and definite melodies and rhythms, incarnating themselves in the symphonic poem, "Hungaria." A German celebration of the anniversary of Goethe's birth, with a performance of his drama, "Tasso," suggests to Liszt a musical representation of the life-tragedy of the Italian poet. The "Divine Comedy," "Faust," and "Hamlet" prompt him to still further symphonic utterances. What is so remarkable in his musical career is the variety of quarters from which he received the impulse to create. Poetry, painting, sculpture, natural scenery, all contributed to stir emotion in him and to prompt him to translate his emotion into music.

LISZT CONDUCTING.

As in the case of Berlioz, the new *genre* of feelings was not to find adequate artistic expression without enormous difficulty. Men like Liszt found themselves standing midway between the two great currents of music,—between the absolute music of Beethoven and his fellows, and the music, as vivified and transformed by poetry, of Wagner and the new school of song-writers. On each of these lines it was comparatively easy to achieve an all-sufficing form; the struggle for form bore most heavily on the men who, rejecting the sacrosanct formulas of the classical symphony, flung themselves into the sea of poetic music without availing themselves of the support of actual poetry. The problem before them was as thorny as any that has ever presented itself in the history of music; and if Liszt has not always succeeded in solving it we must judge him not only in relation to what he aimed at but in relation to what his forerunners and his contemporaries had made it possible for a musician of his peculiar ideals to do. In any case, we remain greatly indebted to him for having brought into music, to a degree unparalleled by any previous musician, the vitalized experience of an unendingly active life. There was not a throb his pulse had ever felt that does not somewhere or other find expression in his music. Hence the strange compelling magic of his best phrases, the ring of sincerity and spontaneity in them, their suggestion of most intimate association with life as we ourselves have lived it. Here was no longer a musician occupied in reconstructing an ideal world from the depths of his own consciousness, ringing the changes upon half-a-dozen of the broader and more general emotions of mankind, but a musician whose quick intelligence, playing upon a copious experience of life of all kinds, prompted him to bring music one great step nearer to actual reality, and to express in tone the form and color and movement, the clash and struggle, of things as we know them to be in the world. It was probably the very intensity and multifariousness of the sensations and emotions he had to express that led to some of the defects of his music. His tendency to prolixity, his unfortunate trick of repetition without development, his occasional failure just to attain distinction of phrase, may quite reasonably be put down to the overcrowding of impressions upon the brain, for great artistic work has to be done with a concentration of idea and fixity of gaze that is sometimes, by an apparent paradox, more possible to the weaker intellect than to the stronger. The quest for perfect form becomes harder in proportion to the remoteness of your subject from the broad and easy path tramped out by generations of patient toilers; and the music of Liszt, if not always as formally correct as that of certain worthy academics, speaks to us direct of a particular man, and of the particular world he lived in, which the music of the academics, orally pleasant as it may be, never did and never will.

THE LISZT MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT BAYREUTH.

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG

NORWAY'S FOLK SONG HERITAGE

IN a life of only sixty-four years, the Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg (1843-1907), was enabled to draw to his native land the sympathetic attention of the outer world by a worthy example of political and artistic nationalism. For his own Norway he had broadened and refined those rich musical elements which were there inherent. Up to the present, beyond the great masters that are for all men there have been few great enough to seize upon the national idiom and to translate it into terms comprehensible to those for whom that idiom has no meaning. And herein lies the greatness of Grieg, who has implanted upon the melodies of Norway the impress of his own genius, so that through him all nations have grown to love and delight in a new world of music, vivid, picturesque and entrancing. But Grieg did not merely take the sad and somber songs or the lively dances of the North and present them to civilization in exquisite form, for quite the largest part of his work is original, although influenced by the style which he set himself to develop and copy.

Grieg's first studies had been in the conventional school, yet he pursued the style but a little way. He went out into his own fertile by-way, leaving the broad valley for the narrower region which he explored for the first time. It was in the small forms that Grieg was at his best. It was not for him to grapple with the larger forces as did Beethoven, to work out psychological problems, like Schumann and Strauss, or to trace the passions of love and despair to the very springs as did Wagner and Tschaikowsky. His lines fell in easier places; to paint the sunrise, to gaze upon the tiniest petals of beautiful flowers and to create the sweet sounds of the evening wind in the trees. All that is delicate, exquisite and tender can be found in his music, while here and there a touch of the wild barbarity of the Viking warrior, makes itself felt. There is passion, too, though never very deep or fierce. He could not have written an Eroica symphony, nor characterized the heroes of Wagner or Strauss. For this reason one questions his place among the immortals. There is none of that patient study requisite that rewards the persistent follower of Bach or Brahms. Of course it is not contended that the beauties of Grieg's music lie all on the surface, but they are scattered so thickly there that no one averse to diving beneath need do so. The main part of Grieg's popularity among amateurs is due to this immediate perception of the attractive element in his music, and his fine miniatures are indeed worthy of every tribute of admiration. It is only when the mind demands greater things that it is to an extent unsatisfied, and herein lies the difference between Grieg, who excelled in small forms, and the greater masters, who set the seal of their genius on works of every stamp, from the smallest instrumental piece to the mass, the chamber work or the symphony. We have then in Grieg an artist of consummate power in the miniature. He wrote works of greater caliber, but they are not numbered among his more fascinating compositions. Thus there are some lovers of music to whom he makes little appeal. To him whose delight is in the symphony, or its more modern counterpart, the symphonic poem, Grieg has little to offer, for he painted his orchestral colors in the most fragile of tints rather than with the flaming vividness which the lover of contemporary orchestral work looks for. Also the devotee of sacred music, the organ fugue and the mass, finds nothing in Grieg, yet Grieg is strong in his appeal in quarters where appeals are most readily met. The short piano piece, the love song or the national air, the rustic dance—of these there are many. It is a somewhat slender list of compositions that composes his life-work, slender in caliber rather than in amount or quality. Like the man himself, the qualities were gentle, tender, frail. Whether such qualities are sufficient to hand his name down to posterity as a genius for future ages is doubtful. But we must remember that Chopin's appeal is chiefly to the class who hear or play music for the piano, and Chopin is everywhere recognized as a true genius, whose conceptions have an imperishable beauty. So it may be with Grieg, who opened up a new train of thought. He is entitled to great praise for melodic freshness, harmonic power, and the rare ability to ingraft a really individual style upon the material offered by his country's dances and songs.

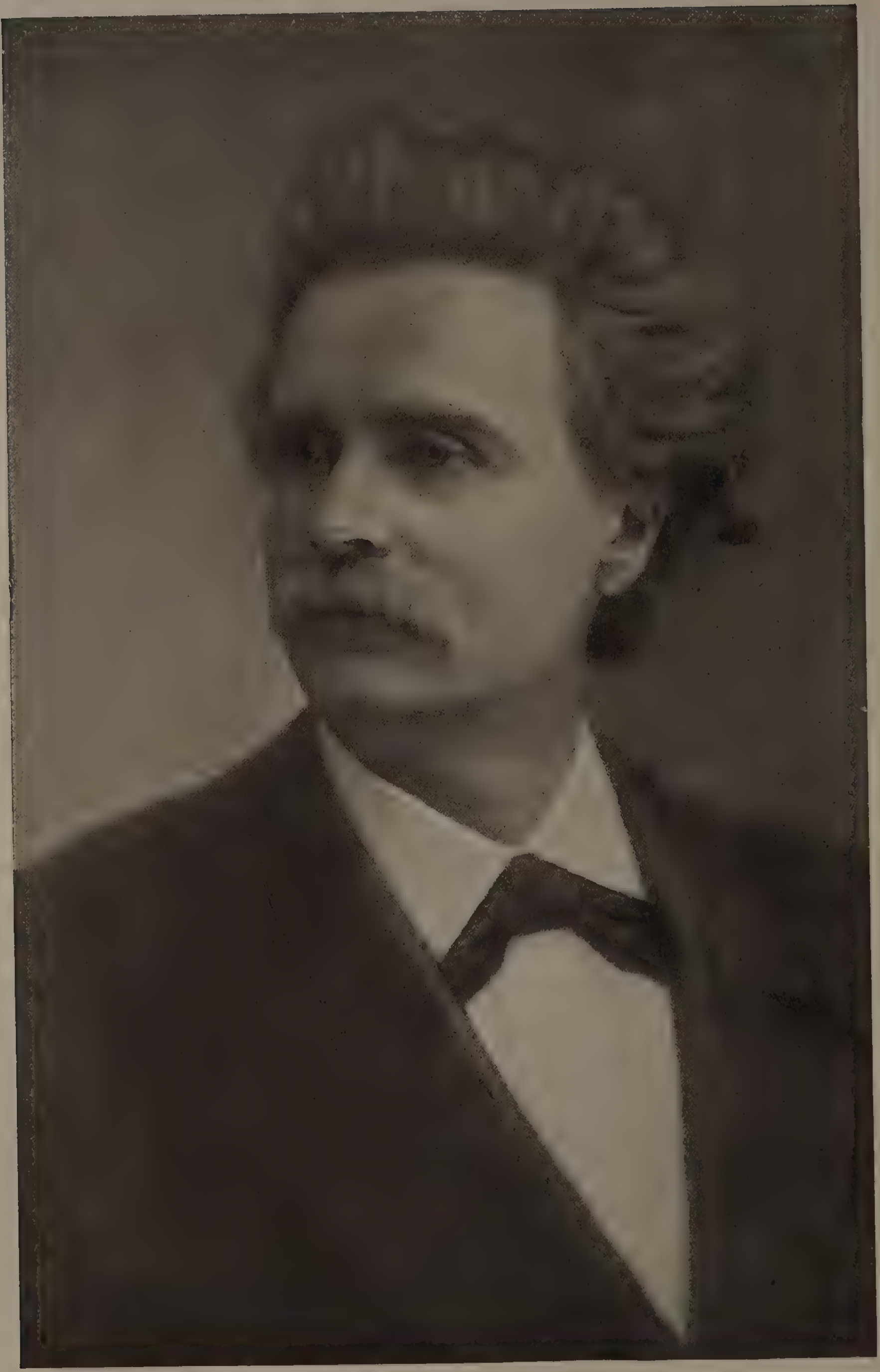
A few simple details of Grieg's early life and study may include the fact of his birth from a musical mother, who occasionally appeared as a pianist in her native city of Bergen. When the child was but six years old this mother began his musical training, and his nature was further molded well by the influence of cultured friends and the musical surroundings which characterized the home life from the start. No serious idea of embarking upon music as a profession seems to have occurred to Grieg, whose early leanings were toward the church and to the art of painting, until the momentous time when Ole Bull visited his parents. Grieg was then about fifteen years of age, and Bull was a fascinating person of about fifty years, who had led a Bohemian life, touring the world and performing mad freaks, such as playing his violin on the top of the Great Pyramid, or throwing himself and his instrument into the river when in danger of a vessel catching fire. He had visited America several times, once with Adelina Patti, and his audiences had been always aroused to intense enthusiasm. One can imagine the influence such a visitor to the house would have upon an impressionable youth, and when Ole Bull took an interest in the boy's compositions, which had dated from his twelfth year, and advised the parents to send the youth to Leipsic Conservatory, the parents gladly complied, and henceforward music was the object of the boy's life. Upon going to Leipsic he was for a time out of sympathy with the teaching there, but finally he made the public examinations which were then, as now, analogous to graduations from other academic institutions. Then it was that he decided upon a residence in Copenhagen, and this move proved a fateful and guiding influence for his later life. He came under the influence of Niels Gade, the greatest Danish composer, who was much more largely in the world's eye then than now. Grieg profited much from Gade's advice as to his compositions, but it was not in his steps that Grieg was destined to follow. Far greater influences were upon him in the romantic and inspiring forms of Ole Bull and Richard Nordraak, the latter a Norwegian composer of great originality, who died at the age of twenty-three. To accompany Bull, ardent prophet of all the potentialities of Norse song, to converse and discuss with Nordraak, the patriot composer, was to join their camp and push the cause of Norwegian music to the utmost. Grieg and Nordraak started in Copenhagen a society to produce works of young Northern composers. This was useful service, giving Grieg an idea of the best music of the rising school and enlarging his mind so that he grasped the possibilities of modes of thought other than the classic and romantic examples common to the time.

As to the chronology of Grieg's composing, it will be observed that he was twenty-one years old when, inspired by love of the cousin who became his wife, he wrote the fine song, "Ich liebe dich." The three years that elapsed before his marriage, in 1867, also brought the first violin sonata and the overture, "In Autumn." The next nine years, to the production of his very important music to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," further included the second violin sonata, in G-minor, and the piano concerto. These years, principally spent as a resident of Christiania, had so greatly enlarged his artistic position as first to bring from the Norwegian government a stipendium for the express purpose of permitting him to visit Liszt in Rome. In 1874, two years before the first public presentation of the "Peer Gynt" drama to his incidental music, the government granted an annual stipend of 1,600 kroner, a little more than $400.

Henceforth Grieg variously changed his place of residence, from Christiania to Bergen, and to Hardanger fiord, from which latter house, called "Lofthus," he journeyed to Bergen to conduct concert series in 1880, 1881 and 1882. It was in 1885 that he finally erected the residence "Troldhaugen" at a picturesque location near Bergen, and here he remained until his death on Sept. 4, 1907. His later years had been marked by activity, such as the concert visits to Vienna, 1896, and Vienna and Paris in 1897. He had appeared in England as early as 1888, amid conditions of great artistic triumph, and these visits continued to May, 1906, when he conducted an orchestral concert of his works, then participated as pianist in another concert which included his sonata with cello and the third sonata with violin. His death occurred at Bergen, whither he had gone to embark for a visit to Christiania. His illness had developed so suddenly as not to permit his removal to "Troldhaugen," and he died in the hospital to which he had been transferred from his hotel. The funeral was held at Bergen, Sept. 9, in the presence of some 40,000 people. Many thousands had earlier passed before the coffin as it lay in the Art and Industrial Museum, and all Norway did honor to the memory of her gifted son. Wreaths from foreign rulers and native institutions were strewn on the grave and regret was everywhere noticeable. Much of Grieg's own music was played by orchestras during the ceremony, and it included the march which he had composed forty years before for his friend Nordraak. He had intended to visit festivals in Leeds and London and now those programs partook largely of the nature of memorials. Evidencing the love of home and country to the end, Grieg left his estate of $75,000 to musical and dramatic institutions in Bergen.

For an epitaph let the artist again speak, as he did in the following lines which appeared in the "Svensk Musik Tidning" of Stockholm:

> Tone poets like Bach and Beethoven have erected temples and churches upon high hills. I have built abodes where people can feel at home and happy. In style and form I belong to the German Romantic School of Schumann. But I have also imbibed much from the source of national music. That is, I have made use of the rich treasures of Norwegian folk melodies, and it is from that hitherto little used emanation of the soul of the people that I have created a national musical art.



GRIEG

BY PERMISSION OF ELLIOTT & FRY, LONDON.

EDVARD GRIEG AND HIS WIFE.

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG

BY

WILLIAM MASON

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG — he omits the middle name in his published compositions, and in his private correspondence — was born at Bergen, Norway, June 15, 1843. His great-grandfather was a native of Scotland who emigrated to Norway. His first musical training was from his mother, a woman of great accomplishments, and a fine musician and pianist. He began his musical studies at the age of six, and composed his first piece when nine years old. It is related that he carried this for examination to the teacher who at that time had charge of his studies. This man must have been of a non-progressive and pedantic disposition, for he had nothing but fault to find with the boy's work, and emphatically advised him not to waste his time on "such trash." By the advice of Ole Bull, Grieg was sent in 1858 to the Leipsic Conservatory, where he received instruction in composition, orchestration, and pianoforte playing from Moscheles, Hauptmann, Richter, Reinecke, and Wenzel. Moscheles, at that time somewhat advanced in years, was very conservative, and held tenaciously to old ideas. He was deservedly one of the most celebrated pianists of his day, and was especially admirable in his Bach playing, although he held exclusively to the old up-and-down, hammer-like finger-stroke, and stiff, rigid-wrist style of playing. He was distrustful of modern tendencies and innovations, and especially did he look with disfavor on the compositions of Chopin, which he regarded as bizarre, affected, and anomalous, and his advice to his pupils was to let such music severely alone, lest they might be led away from the path of musical rectitude. He would not permit the playing of Chopin's music by members of his family; but after a while one of his daughters married and removed to London, where she could play the works of her favorite author to her heart's content. In this she was perhaps unwittingly following the example which her father had given her some forty years before, when he was a lad of about fourteen, studying in Prague under the direction of Dionys Weber, the well-known theoretician, composer, and music-teacher. This was about the year 1810, at which time Beethoven was actively engaged in composing, and new and fresh works of his were being published from time to time. Dionys Weber seems to have resembled Moscheles in his tendency to consider novel and fresh notions as unwarrantable innovations, inasmuch as, regarding Beethoven's compositions as wholly unorthodox, he forbade his pupils, Moscheles among the number, to play them; but Moscheles — who, by the way, was fond of telling this story — avowed in a spirited way that his fondness for Beethoven's music was so great that, whenever he could get a chance, he played nothing else.

IGNAZ MOSCHELES (1794-1870).

It is easy to conceive that Grieg did not sympathize with the unprogressive views of his Leipsic teacher, and doubtless he in turn devoted a large part of his time to the music of Schumann and Chopin. The antiquated and old fogy atmosphere of Leipsic was distasteful to him, and he became depressed and discouraged. He was graduated from the conservatory in 1862, and the following year he went to Copenhagen, and began his studies under Gade, who was more congenial to him, and who was not without influence in his further development. While in Copenhagen, however, he became acquainted with Rikard Nordraak, a young, enthusiastic, and genial Norwegian composer, and this event exercised the strongest influence in bringing out his personality and revealing to him his true nature. The two young men met, talked of patriotism, of folk-lore, and swore an oath of fealty to Norwegian art. Grieg says: "It was as though scales fell from my eyes; for the first time I learned through him the northern folk-songs and to understand my own nature. We abjured the Gade-Mendelssohn insipid and diluted Skandinavismus, and bound ourselves with enthusiasm to the new path which the northern school is now following." In this way Grieg became the exponent of the musical side of Norwegian art.

While original and spontaneous, his music is imbued with the old Norse melodies and folk-songs, which are distinguished from those of other Scandinavian nations by a certain robustness, ruggedness, and abruptness in harmonic changes, that are for the most part in the minor key, and abound in peculiar rhythms so irregular as to be almost without periodicity, or, in other words, almost without rhythm. Some of the older melodies are crude, harsh, and barbarous. Many of them present such a succession of rough and abrupt rhythms, without appreciable melody, as almost to prevent faithful and accurate notation. Grieg is always true to the Norwegian coloring, and the freedom of gesture and motion characteristic of peasant life is in his music. The strong contrast produced by marked emphasis and rhythm combined with syncopation, the constant recurring effects of light and shade through proper attention to dynamics, are very marked. He is, however, always within the bounds of good taste, and is never excessive or extravagant.

Grieg has been likened to Chopin — indeed, he has been called the "Chopin of the North"; but if this designation is intended to suggest the idea that he is in any sense an imitator, the comparison is unjust. Both composers belong in general to the same type and genius, and both have written almost exclusively in the smaller art-forms; but the individuality and personality of each is as distinct as his nationality. As writers for the pianoforte pure and simple, who thoroughly understand the nature and the possibilities of the instrument, and invariably conform to its idiomatic requirements, they both, with Schumann, stand at the head; but Grieg, like Schumann, is more than a pianist-composer, and is far ahead of Chopin in the matter of instrumentation for the orchestra. He understands the art of musical polyphony, and thus his treatment of the orchestra is euphonic and harmonious, as well in accompaniments for pianoforte pieces as in compositions exclusively orchestral. In this respect the work of most pianist-composers is unsatisfactory and disappointing — so much so that it is the opinion of many musicians that the concertos of Chopin and Henselt, for example, are more euphonious and satisfying with a second piano accompaniment than with that of an orchestra. For this reason, doubtless, as well as for the purpose of shortening the long and tiresome orchestral *tuttis*, Tausig was influenced to reinstrument the accompaniments of Chopin's E minor Concerto. Arthur Friedheim has lately completed a similar service for the Henselt Concerto in F minor.

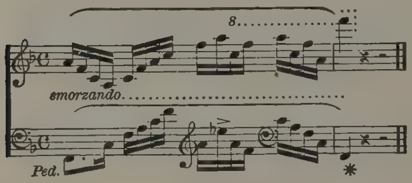
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Chopin did not write any large grand dramatic work in symphonic form. Perhaps Grieg's most successful orchestral works in dramatic style are the Peer Gynt Suite and the Pianoforte Concerto (Op. 16) in which the composer shows an originality which is especially attractive because it is unconscious, natural, and spontaneous. This composition is justly entitled to a place among the seven or eight representative and most celebrated concertos written by pianist-composers, as, for instance, those of Chopin, Schumann, Rubinstein, Henselt, Saint-Saëns, and latterly Paderewski. The concertos of Beethoven are not here included because they are more in the nature of symphonies in conception, design, and treatment than in the nature of pianoforte solos with accompaniment. Chopin recognized the fact that the pianoforte is an instrument which lacks the power of prolonging its tone and therefore constructed a series of charming sequences, arabesques, and dainty musical embroideries on a basis of scales and arpeggios, the effects of which are charming and delightful in the extreme.

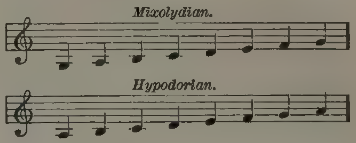
Grieg, on the other hand, while conforming equally to the nature of the instrument, is fonder of polyphony and part-writing, and so gets his effects in a different, but just as legitimate, way.

It used to be said of Chopin, that he always seemed to be listening to the wind blowing over the strings of an Æolian harp, and that he constantly endeavored to produce similar effects in his music by means of the prolonged and, indeed, almost never-ending dominant, or minor seventh chord, characteristic of that instrument.[1] There is some color of reason in this assertion, as will be seen on reference to his Berceuse, Op. 57, and the Nocturne, Op. 62, No. 1, near the close of both compositions, the passages in each case being in the nature of an organ point.[2] In one instance Chopin closes a prelude, Op. 28, No. 23, with an unresolved dominant seventh chord, leaving the hearer in the expectation of something yet to come, viz.:



The composer has indicated a special emphasis on the minor seventh, E flat.

While Chopin is so partial to the effect produced by a long-delayed resolution of the dominant seventh chord,[3] Grieg is no less fond of some of the old ecclesiastical modes, in which the leading tone, characteristic of our modern scale, is lacking, and its place supplied by a minor instead of a major seventh. He frequently uses harmonic and melodic progressions based upon the tones of the mixolydian and hypodorian forms,[4] viz.:



The hypodorian mode conforms note for note to the descending series of tones of our modern so-called melodic minor scale.

The following examples from Grieg's works, taken offhand as they occur to the writer, afford good illustrations.

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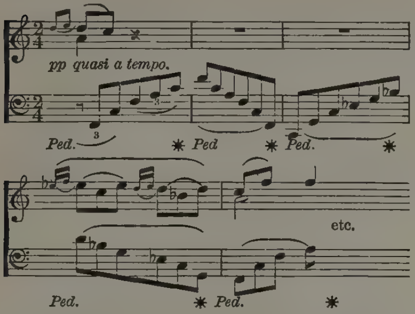
[1] The dominant is the fifth note of the modern diatonic scale, so called because it, and the chord built on it are the ruling elements of the tonality.

[2] Organ-point, *i. e.*, organ-note: a single tone sustained by one part in the harmony, while the other parts progress freely without reference to it except at the beginning and end of the passage. It is usually sustained by a pedal in organ playing, and hence called "pedal-point." Its use has sometimes been traced to the drone of a bagpipe. The bagpipe in France is known as the *cornemuse*, or the *musette*. Pianists will recall the "musette" which forms the second number of the gavotte — usually written over an organ-point.— THE EDITORS.

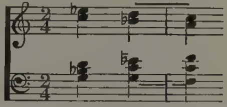
[3] The following incident related in Ferdinand Hiller's "Mendelssohn" illustrates the force of the unresolved seventh: "A large number of friends have been invited to hear Mendelssohn, Clara Schumann among them. He played Beethoven's great F minor Sonata ("Apassionata"); at the end of the andante he let the final chord of the diminished seventh ring on for a long time as if he wanted to impress it very forcibly on all present; then he quietly got up, and, turning to Madame Schumann, said, 'You must play the finale.' She strongly protested. Meanwhile all were waiting the issue with the utmost tension, the chord of the diminished seventh hovering over our heads all the time like the sword of Damocles. I think it was chiefly the nervous, uncomfortable feeling of this unresolved discord which at last moved Madame Schumann to yield to Mendelssohn's entreaties and give us the finale."— THE EDITORS.

[4] These names are inherited from Greek music. Each of its several modes, like the major and minor of modern music, possessed its own peculiar emotional character. For example, the Spartans directed that their youth should be educated exclusively in the use of the Doric (E to E), as the only one calculated to inspire self-respect and courage. The Phrygian, in which the familiar church tune "Windom" was originally written, was supposed to confer inspiration; while the Lydian, our major mode, was considered enervating and sensuous (*vide* Milton's reference in "L'Allegro" to "soft Lydian airs"). The ecclesiastical scales, the notation of which, associated with the names of Ambrose and Gregory, was the work of the early Christian Church, do not correspond exactly to the Greek originals whose names they borrow, but possess characters equally energetic. Since harmony and modulation have displaced polyphony, many of them have dropped out of popular use, except in the service of the Church, where they survive in the chants. But an examination of the people's music of Europe as late as the 17th century reveals a wealth of melody in these almost forgotten keys. It is only necessary to open a volume of Norwegian melodies to recognize one after another in spite of the alterations time has brought them, as having originated in these ancient tonalities.— THE EDITORS.

From the concerto Op. 16, last movement:



This passage, as it occurs in the concerto, produces in contrast with what has preceded it, a somewhat vague and dreamy effect, which is extremely beautiful, and suggestive of perfect repose. If the harmonies upon which it is constructed are presented in their simplest form, together with the chord progressions, the effect is harsh indeed, viz.:



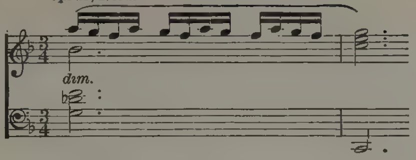
The consecutive fifths, occurring in the outer voices of the last two chords, are bald in the extreme.

"TROLDHANGEN."

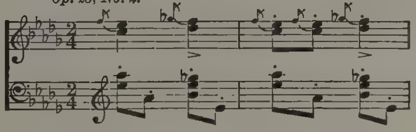
The home of Edvard Grieg, near Bergen, Norway.

The following are illustrations of similar progressions. Observe that in examples from Op. 28, No. 4, and Op. 38, No. 1, Grieg has, for the sake of precaution, placed accidentals before certain notes, although they are not really necessary, because already indicated in the key signature.

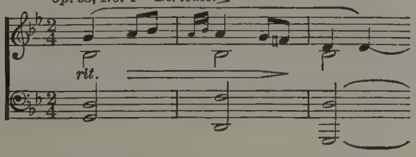
Op. 28, No. 2.



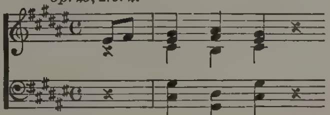
Op. 28, No. 4.



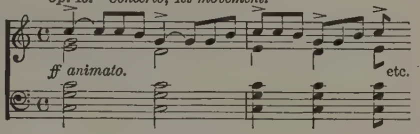
Op. 38, No. 1. Berceuse.



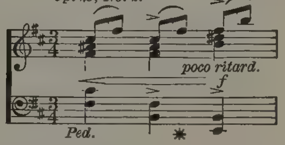
Op. 43, No. 4.



Op. 16. Concerto, 1st movement.



Op. 43, No. 2.



Grieg's works abound with such progressions, but these will suffice to illustrate.

Both Chopin and Grieg have written cradle songs, each characteristic of his individual style, and a comparison of the two is interesting. Chopin's Berceuse, Op. 57, suggests a blue-blood baby of aristocratic heredity and tendency, exceedingly well-bred and proper in behavior, who passes through her existence in a passive, ladylike way, without encountering any obstacle to her desires. She is an unruffled, quiet, peaceable, sweet-dispositioned baby, without a touch of restlessness. Her cradle is rocked in a conventional way throughout, and with an unvarying uniformity of rhythm. Grieg's baby,— Berceuse, Op. 38, No. 1,— a robust little fellow, with a

EDVARD GRIEG'S STUDY IN LOFTHUS, HARDANGER, NORWAY, FROM 1878 TO 1881.

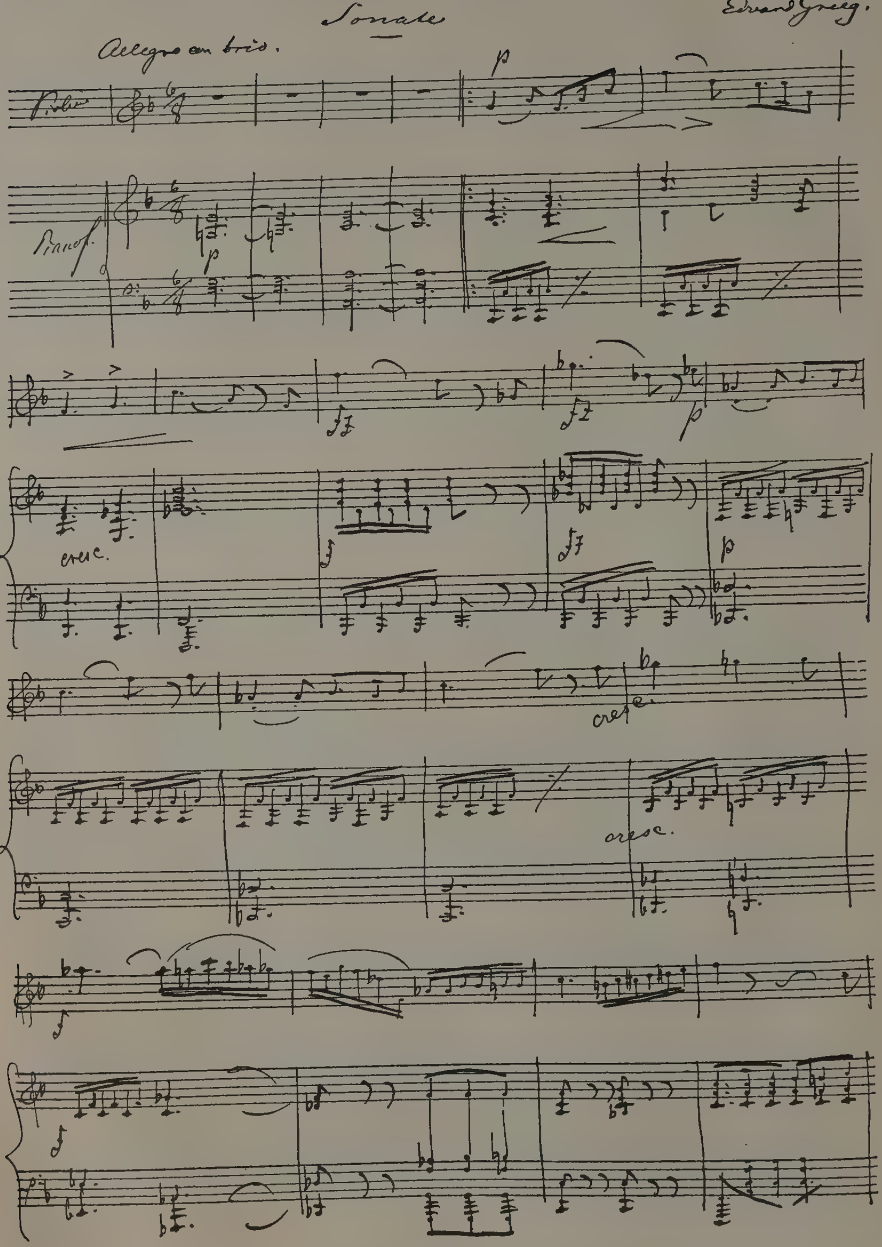
touch of temper, and a pair of healthy lungs which he does not hesitate to use upon occasion, is evidently at home in the cottage of a peasant. He may or may not have a more lovely and unselfish spirit than the other baby, but is of rougher externals, and somewhat more subject to the vicissitudes of life. In the beginning his slumber is quiet enough, but presently there are signs of approaching disturbance, which gradually increase until they finally culminate in a nightmare, as evidenced by a shriek of pain from the baby, who, however, recovers himself in a very short time, ceases his misbehavior, and falls again into quiet and peaceful slumber. The cradle is rocked here in a different manner. Binary and ternary rhythms combined, and strong melodic and harmonic contrasts of sudden occurrence, bear the impress of Grieg's personality.

Grieg's revolt against German classicism was the healthy instinct of a man who has a message to deliver, and seeks for it the most natural means of expression. His esteem for the highest and best in German music was none the less, and he would doubtless be among the first to acknowledge how much he has profited by its influence; but his imagination and feeling were imbued with the legends, the traditions, the folk-songs, and poetry of the peasant, and the scenery of Norway. He has expressed and translated these into music, and thus has directed the attention of the outside world to his native land, and brought its distinguishing characteristics more clearly into view. There are other Scandinavian composers of great talent and merit who have contributed to this result, but as Norway is bolder and more rugged than Sweden and Denmark, so Grieg in his music discloses corresponding qualities to a greater degree than do his Scandinavian confrères. This is his special mission, and well has he accomplished it, or rather is in the process of accomplishing it, for he is yet in the prime of life, and, being still engaged in composing, there is reasonable expectation that the world may continue to be enriched by the productions of his genius.

On the afternoon of July 1, 1890, having received an invitation from Grieg, I made him a short visit at Villa Troldhangen, his summer home, situated on the borders of the Nordsvand, a drive of about an hour and a half from Bergen. His house is of hard wood throughout, very substantial, and at the same time cozy and comfortable. The front door opens from the sitting- or music-room directly upon the lawn without any intermediate hallway. The grounds are beautiful, and in many places are thick with forest trees and shrubs, while here and there a clearing brings to view the waters of the fjord. The wild flowers, with their bright, rich colors, were especially attractive. Mrs. Grieg, a very charming woman of bright and cheerful disposition, entertains in a genial way. She is an excellent musician and singer, and has accompanied her husband on most of his concert tours. Her earnest and heartful singing, enhanced and supplemented by her husband's exquisite accompaniments on the pianoforte, has an effect of spontaneity as though improvised, and the result is in every way a genuine musical delight. Grieg himself is genial, cultured, and unaffected. He has a keen intelligence, and a cheerful disposition, which he retains notwithstanding the necessity of constant care of his health occasioned by a serious pulmonary affection contracted while studying at Leipsic. He is short in stature, and has a large and imposing head. His expression is serious, earnest, and artless, and he is by nature repugnant to anything like posing. He leads a very retired life, rarely going out, and then only on extraordinary occasions. He is patriotic and public-spirited, takes a constant interest in whatever affects his country's welfare, and he has felt much concerned about the political changes now going on in Norway. His intense nationality and marked individuality find constant expression in his music, the originality and style of which are unmistakable.

A NORWEGIAN FJORD.

After a painting by G. Munthe.



A MANUSCRIPT OF EDVARD GRIEG.

From the music library of C. F. Peters, Leipsic. By permission.

JOHANNES BRAHMS

THE INTERPRETATION OF HIS MUSIC

BY

JOSEF WEISS

MUSIC should be described only when it is absolutely necessary. If the music is bad, then it does not pay. If it is good, then it does not need it. But Brahms, in spite of his great vogue among artists and connoisseurs, is not completely understood by the Anglo-Saxon race. My readers know that I am not afraid to interpret Brahms in tone; but I should have to write like Goethe or paint like Raphael to express the color of his music by words. How shall I express in writing what I find in Brahms's music! I bring this offering to the interpretation of the master in the hope that my readers will give my judgment so much weight as to listen to Brahms with love and diligence, and approach him with respect and with the desire to read what he has written between the lines. For those who approach Brahms with arrogance and prejudice, or even with laziness, will always find the doors of Paradise shut.

Everybody knows Brahms the composer. What musician is not aware that, opera excepted, he is the most many-sided composer in the world of music? Church music, piano, song, chamber music, orchestra,—all these he produced rich in quality; and, in many styles, such as song (several hundred songs), very copiously. But in spite of this, no more modest man than he ever, in his lifetime, occupied such a place in the realm of tone. During the last years of his life the most important musicians and musical institutions vied with one another in showering on him honors such, alas!

as the immortal Beethoven scarcely knew to the end of his days. Mozart was famous, but not the world over, and when he died half his works were almost unknown. Brahms, on the contrary, was fully recognized and appreciated by the men of his own generation; but he was a ripe character, and lived, as an artist should, in the energy of creative life. He was never anxious lest people should not perform his works, or should incompletely perform them, as, for example, was Beethoven. He let men be men. Therefore he himself was what he would be—great and reaching to heaven from within. Beethoven would always make us aware that he was a majesty, a Titan, and to what rank he belongs we all know; but Brahms *was* a majesty, a Jupiter, so absolutely through and through that he was unconscious of it. He never condescended to insist on his greatness, just as a giant does not find it necessary to say, "I am a giant." Brahms was approachable, amiable, modest, responsible and businesslike in his dealings; and he was every moment of his life a pure character and a good man, with a will of iron.

That Brahms was wholly manly, that the joys and sorrows of the earthly existence had been richly tasted, he shows clearly by his compositions. He was the expression of a sound sensibility. He sprang from the people, and everywhere one meets the mighty lineaments and forms of his race in his compositions, which take root again among the people. In the houses of very plain folk the melodies of Brahms become true people's songs. His polyphony is unquestionably more sure and significant than that of Beethoven and Mozart. His piano works are massive as those of the classicists, but far richer and bolder, and enriched with many new discoveries. His song accompaniments, his orchestration, and his form are entirely a means to an end. They bear, without exception, the stamp of their spiritual contents. Not a single note among the million which Brahms has written down exists for the purpose of effect alone. If Schumann, the nearest related to Brahms in spirit, has a thought, he brings it to light in a gayest-colored series; but in Brahms's productions we almost always find each thought complete in the single form which he selects and paints before us. The collective thoughts which find place in the frame of his tone-poetry are unfolded clearly and logically in a series of tone poems such as no musician before him, without exception, has been able to create. That, like Bach, he writes fugues, and, like Beethoven, mighty sonatas and symphonies; that in richness of quality his songs are the only ones which approach to Schubert's; that, in one word, his technic and invention, although rooted in the classic, still offer the highest creative product, and that product always original, are facts which we have all known for thirty years.

The great art of Brahms consists in its being a means to an end, and this end the highest. The artist should become a man of great ideals through his art. If Berlioz had applied his artistic skill purely to great things, he would have approached nearer to Bach than did either Beethoven or Brahms. But Berlioz, if, for example, he composes a symphonie fantastique, undeniably gives a glimpse behind the scenes into his artistic and spiritual life. But is such a personal exposé true art? Interesting as the Symphonie Fantastique is to our generation of blasé modern men, it must be said that it carries the stamp of degeneration on its forehead. French art declined because it passed beyond the expression of character into that of personal anecdote. Its theme is its own passions. Beethoven was a dramatist of his own emotional life, but he did not write his personal biography into his works. Thus, Beethoven and Brahms stand nearer to Bach, the old father of music, and as long as the names of Brahms and Beethoven are spoken Bach will be reverenced as Wotan, the father of the gods. Each of his works, sublime in its freedom from restless personal delineation, is an oasis in the desert of earthly misery. "I would go on foot twenty German miles to hear something by Bach, but I would not willingly go as far to direct one of my own works," Brahms once said to me. The genius of Brahms is akin to that of Socrates and Goethe. He was a philosopher and a God-ordained poet in tone. Operas he did not create; but dramas, dramatic scenes, comedies, epics, and tales in music he poured forth in profusion.

There is only one true and blameless conductor of Brahms—Herr Steinbach of Meiningen. All others brew water instead of beer. The public can penetrate into the great and serious works of this master mind only when everything is clearly played, every mark carefully noticed, and every point of the spiritual interpretation exactly brought out. Artists demand the impossible of the public. Can the public see what is invisible to the player himself? Of course it is much easier to-day to get out the hidden things in Chopin and Mendelssohn than those in Brahms. In the orchestra Bülow has brought out the style of Brahms in the clearest way; but Joachim goes deeper into its spiritual meaning. Joachim, however, Beethovenizes Brahms too much in his interpretation. Joachim, Rubinstein, and Bruch through all their lives have never emancipated themselves from Beethoven's influence. Very pretty; but what remains of the great and original Brahms?

Brahms requires from a soloist or from a singer a thousand nuances of tone color and of dynamics exactly as from an orchestra. Even the rubato, fully banished by Beethovenizers, Brahms demands, and pressingly. Dry, classical playing is of no use. His music requires life, naturalness, constant contrast. The dramatic scene shifts quickly with Brahms. Whoever dreams or only beats time is lost.

I heard the Duo Symphony under Bülow's and under Brahms's direction. Each directed in turn. Certainly Bülow was more sure and more pointed; but Brahms's presentation was more to my taste, and the public waved their handkerchiefs full of enthusiasm over it. The entire audience went with him to the station on his departure for Vienna, just as if he had been the Kaiser.

I have said that what I did not like in Joachim's interpretation of Brahms's violin concerto was the rendering of it as if it were Beethoven's. As, twenty-four years ago, my teacher Volkman and I were listening to the general rehearsal of an orchestral concert in Budapest and heard this joint production of Brahms and Joachim, we had both been prepared for great things; but neither of us beyond Brahms's general features could remark anything of his spirit. Brahms, judging by his baton, was desperate. He was not satisfied. Joachim injured Brahms in such cases more than could be imagined. Yet his intentions were good and noble, and at that time Joachim and Bülow were the only virtuosi playing Brahms. Joachim was a great and strong tower for the living Brahms, but even he acknowledged the master's full greatness only after his death. His speech at Meiningen testifies to this. He never said in Brahms's lifetime that he was the "benefactor of mankind." But for the most part Brahms had a very happy life. Were the works of Goethe appreciated outside of the Weimar circle? A hundred times no! And Goethe certainly belonged to the number of those to be envied.

The social life of Brahms was great and important. Beethoven had a painful part to play in society, and he comprehended the meaning of his fate. But he was the first real musician known to the Viennese, and he had to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for his great successor. That a composer could be a true aristocrat, a great character,—yes, even a hero,—Europe before Beethoven's day never imagined. He was the path-breaker. Schumann was the first to see that the social demands of musicians were necessary, and to insist on them purposefully. After him came Liszt. Schumann called Brahms a worthy fellow-fighter. It is significant that once, when some one praised Wagner too highly in Brahms's presence, he responded that "Wagner honored the guild of musicians in his own person because he allowed himself to be so much honored by the world."

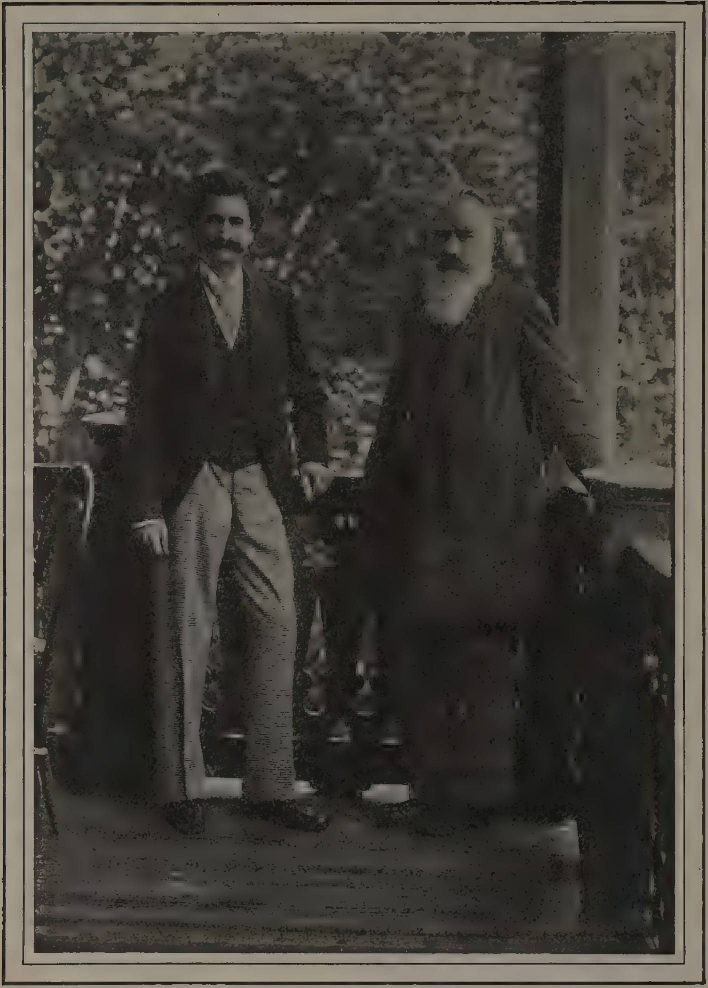
Every one needs a Brahms for his life friend; but the modest, gentle Brahms himself had few associates with whom he could be in daily intercourse. Joachim, Billroth, and Hanslick were all. I am glad that I had an opportunity to talk with him. I spent four never to be forgotten days with him two years before he died, and then never saw him again. I marked this much while in his company—that among his few intimates he played the game of life nobly, and lost more than he won. Joachim treated him the best; it was he that many years ago created a Brahms cult. In spite of Brahms's convictions and his character (for the framework of his character was hard as iron), he lived peaceably with his friends. In his character, as in his genius, Brahms is very closely related to the Scandinavian spirit, the type of Ibsen and the Northern school. The strength, the ruggedness, the manhood of the Northman are in him.

Toward striving musicians Brahms was full of goodness, and had an open heart; but he had too little time for holiday pilgrims. He was not conceited enough to pose in the rôle of benefactor. Besides, as everybody knows, he had enough to do for himself and his family; and, too, Brahms lived on a high plane as to amassing money.

Every gifted artist, productive or reproductive, should project his art creations to heaven from within; he should not deliver himself over to personal advertisement. Woe to the musician who makes it the end of his art to amass money! What for common men is either foolish or barbarous is fatal to him. The musician is not an anchorite to turn away from worldly things; but if he begins to catch at them, it is quick out with his art. Musical agents and advertisement there must be; I do not inveigh against these necessary folk who bring order into the affairs of those artists who are tainted by this illusion of wealth. But Brahms lived to compose, not to boom his reputation and enrich himself by his compositions. He preserved the simplicity of the true artist's life to the end. In his art itself Brahms had but three spiritual predecessors —Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven.

Seven years ago I inquired of Simrock (Brahms's publisher) for a singer of Brahms *par excellence.* He was grieved to answer that he knew of none. No one had taken the place of the dead Hermine Spiess. Of course all singers with a classical repertory, like all dilettanti of the better class in Europe, include Brahms's songs. Many are good; of late some are very good. But Brahms has no advocate such as Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann found in Liszt, who transcribed the songs of the last so beautifully, and initiated thereby a new departure which was and is very successful. Brahms's songs may thank themselves for their popularity. His taste in poetry was very fine. He made more of Goethe's songs than Schumann did. He composed, besides, to the poetry of Hermann Lingg and others of the realistic modern school of the north of Europe. He had the right impulse to go with this new school of poetry. The character of Brahms is the hardest and most Norse and harsh of all German composers.

In spite of the cosmopolitan style of his music, Brahms is to-day the composer of common songs of the German people. I have often heard them in the most humble surroundings—everywhere, in fact, where a piano could go. His songs are like stairs of every degree, from the simplest to the deepest and most complex and the most fundamentally magnificent. He has put everything into his music—old saws, people's songs, aphorisms, ballads, philosophy, comedies, dramas—in short, everything that appealed to him in any way. Schumann once said that a thorough musician must be able to set a menu to music. Brahms fulfilled his conception. Songs, he wrote, of fate; hero-songs; the "Requiem," in



JOHANN STRAUSS AND BRAHMS.

From a photograph by Krziwanck, made in Vienna.
Used by permission of A. F. Czihak, Successor.

German words selected by himself from the New Testament (he was a diligent Bible reader); "Song of Triumph"; "Rhapsodie" (Goethe's words); "Nanie,"—all for chorus and orchestra. Then the "Funeral Song" (Op. 13), for chorus and wind instruments; the Twenty-third Psalm, for three voices, women's chorus, and organ; the "Marienlieder" (Op. 22), for mixed chorus in chapel; motets; spiritual songs; trios; duos; quartets; a drinking-glee; love songs; one waltz for quartet and piano; gipsy songs (four stringed instruments); and four grave-songs. In all these different subjects Brahms, from the first note to the last, gives free rein to his spirit of composition with the most fascinating liveliness and truth. All these compositions are regularly played. To shut one's self off from Brahms for years of one's musical life is an impossibility. To realize his popularity, look over a handbook of concert programs, or, better still, Raabe's Berlin Year-book. It will be apparent that Brahms is played oftener than Beethoven.

Among the most noteworthy songs of Brahms are the Romances from L. Tieck's "Magelone" (Op. 33). They are each so important that they outrank all former songs. Certainly Tieck inspired well, and the "Romances" are full of the happiness of love, its sorrows, its philosophy, and its very essence. How wonderfully well has Brahms set all this before us in music, and what a deep look does he give us into love—such as no one before him has done! For instance, the song to the words, "Beat, longing power, in the deep, true breast. Like fleeting flute tones escapes the sweetest pleasure of life! Ah, how soon does its wonder escape me!" That sounds exactly as if, after a short separation from one's beloved, one again embraces her—never again would cease to love her. Brahms paints the remorse that love always feels for its own shortcomings. The music of Brahms, which is so characteristic in everything, affords an almost perfect enjoyment of ideas of this genre. Modern life necessarily carries in itself the dramatic element. Brahms's songs are not always dramatic; but even an unmusical public would be fascinated in hearing an opera constructed from his songs.

Why did not Brahms write an opera? He explains that in a letter, as well as why he did not marry. "Have I never spoken to you of my beautiful principles? Among them is never more to seek an opera nor a marriage. Otherwise I believe I would quickly take in hand two operas—'König Hirsch,' after Gozzi, and 'Das Laute Geheimniss.' If now, dear friend, you have a right understanding of the underlying reason, you can make it clear to yourself how much money I shall save in not getting married come summer, and in not buying opera texts, and how much I shall have over for a journey into Italy. Can we not go there together? I cannot manage Italy very well alone." Brahms's works contain a hundred operas, and who knows how many times Brahms has loved, and loved truly? His works tell it.

If one does not press the comparison between music and poetry too closely, there is only Goethe to be compared with Brahms. As a young man Brahms, like Goethe, was charming. (Riemann quotes Von Sahr as writing of Brahms: "He is a heavenly creature! The days since he has been here belong to the most beautiful of my life. He is exactly the ideal I had formed to myself of an artist as an artist and as a man. Enough! you know him yourself the best." And, according to Wüllner, the youthful Brahms was "a slim youth with long blond hair and the head of St. John, with St. John's energy and spirit sparkling in his eyes, a boyish being whose clear voice and simple little gray coat made a most pleasing impression.") Brahms's inner life was charming to the last moment, and not without good reason did he like the social life of gay Vienna. Although he was generally reserved, he was equally enthusiastic when he encountered sympathetic natures. I willingly own that that may not have happened often.

In the middle movement of the song, "Her eyes shine like a pair of stars, Her golden hair caresses her cheek" (No. 7 of the Romance cyclus), Brahms leads us into a star-clear summer night, full of gay soulfulness and the happiness of love. The conception is bold and at the same time highly original. To my idea the "Rest, sweet darling, in the shade" is the queen of all slumber songs, sung by an enchanting woman to her beloved. Not that she loves him merely, but she has the gift to show us a picture of the perfect ideal of love, and does reveal it. Where are all the raspberry water and "sweet and sour" slumber songs which even great and celebrated masters have given us beside this? Brahms has, as we may say, studied the anatomy of the great immortal gift of love. In such a way its light has streamed upon us from no other musician. In the first moment we are unable to comprehend this. We are dazzled by the very simplicity and naturalness and the clearness of the musical composition. When art shall lead us back to nature; when we are forced to walk once more in nature's paths; when we realize the drops of spiritual poison which have penetrated the civilization that hems us in, then we must bow the knee to Brahms while we pray, because he is a savior and benefactor of mankind. I borrowed the phrase "benefactor of mankind" from Joachim, who used it, as we have seen, at the dedication of the Brahms monument in Meiningen. I read his speech, which surpassed in appreciation everything given before in the musical world, in the very paper of Lessman, which had persistently thrown mud on Brahms for thirty years.

At its first appearance the variation form indicated nothing more than a florid repetition of the theme—as Germans put it, "the same in green." The new form of classic variation indicated by Haydn and established by Beethoven is just the opposite of the earlier musical structure. I would like to call the modern variation, at least that of Brahms, the "symphonic variation."

The more magical and mysterious is the connection of the variation with the theme, the higher is the artistic work and the less forced is the bringing out of the theme in the variation. How apparently unconstrained and unimpeded flow the voices of a fugue, and yet how completely they are bound together! Variations must likewise flow naturally, as if they were independent pieces. In art it counts even more than in life when you can divine the intention of the composer by sympathy. Only a real genius can take a thought and draw it forth, upon a single theme, in contrasts, as though it were a symphony. Fugues and variations are equally born of the symphonic germ, and stand in the same relationship to it as does rhymed poetry to poetical prose.

If one would get the best that Brahms's variations contain, he must have gone a long way on the musical journey, and among men. But let us suppose that the reader is not yet convinced that with Brahms every note is a part of an original and noteworthy thought, but is willing to accept it, and that then he has the mischance to hear a piece of Brahms's played by some one who is too lazy or too uninspired to see a thought, or to bring it to light when seen. Do you suppose, dear reader, that if you had been present you would have become intelligent? Why do I write that? Answer: If in the year 1900 one listens to the peculiar judgment passed on Bach and Brahms by the better classes, the explanation is plain. Under what circumstances do we hear the fugues and the variations of the classics given? They are the first numbers on the concert program, placed there for the warming of the player's fingers. At the best the public receives from them but the impression of a good musical finger exercise. It is easy to understand why even the improvising of a genius works more refreshingly upon the spirit than the best-played piece of the so-called good pianist.

The powerful individuality of genius will always be apparent in early youth, but its perfection comes only with the ripeness of maturity. For all that, it was the ripe genius of Beethoven which, in the last sonata (Op. 111), built up the C major variations so wonderfully, yet it must be conceded that Brahms began his musical career by giving quite a new character to the variation form in his first variations on the andante (Ops. 1, 2, and 5). The finale, *andante molto*, is magical in its aggrandizement of the first, *poco piu lento* ($\frac{4}{16}$); and in the andante (Op. 2) he actually excelled the all-experienced Beethoven.

Brahms attained perfection in his variations on the Haydn theme, using the variation form as the means at hand, and displaying to the fullest a power over it fairly demoniac, as his genius plays upon his subject like fierce flashes of lightning.

In the last orchestra symphony (Op. 98), using separate music parts, and also the orchestra group, he delineates the world and the compelling impulses of mankind. This is indeed a building made without hands, built of love, strength, holy passion and character, mountains, seas, sun, and freedom. Like a true poetic spirit, he shows us all this in conflict, in the struggle of life and death. In doing this Brahms avails himself of the old dance form of the *ciaconna.*

Though master as none before him of all imaginable virtuosity in the forms of music, yet these were to Brahms absolutely but a means to the expression of his artistic purpose. His collective variations are therefore totally different from each other in technic and in substance. Thus the variations on a theme by Schumann (Op. 9) are an impressive memorial of true friendship to Schumann himself. The theme, an album leaf by Schumann, sounds as if the dying composer had written his own epitaph. The variations portray Schumann and his restless strivings between love and suffering. In the ninth variation he actually lets Schumann himself speak, inasmuch as he permits but a single sigh from his own bosom to flow into the melody of the theme, which is otherwise a piano piece of Schumann. The end of the tenth variation, the third measure from the last, is a motif of Robert and Clara Schumann,—the variations in C major. The eleventh variation is exactly as Schumann would have written it. The bass part of the first, and the last four measures of the sixteenth variation are from a theme of Clara Schumann, to which her husband had himself written variations. The succeeding variation leads his loving friend into eternal peace. The final variation closes as a memorial of his friend.

Schumann had described the youthful Brahms as a new, great, and powerful genius who knew his Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven perfectly, as did few others of his time. Even in these early variations Brahms is already master of spirit and material. They seem a sweet, mysterious swan song. Never could one artist describe another more tenderly or more sympathetically. The variations are full of love, and those who recognize the lofty spirit of Schumann and his fast increasing melancholia will appreciate the lover's gift of the greater but modest and grateful Brahms.

The "Original Theme and Variations" (Op. 21, No. 1) presents an epic breadth and a balsamic fervor, half churchly, half symphonic, which depicts Brahms as he then was. In these variations may be discovered a Brahms by turns epic, lyric, and in the ninth variation gigantic, all happily united into one clear symphonic whole.

The variations on a Hungarian theme (Op. 21, No. 2) are pictures from the life of a Magyar. Brahms rehearses the sad songs, the blazing, passionate pangs of love, the gaiety of wine, the czardas, marches, troops of dancing maidens, and wedding processions, till he finally opens a heaven of symphony above the whole company, and closes with the Hungarian theme in the form of a hymn.

The spirit of Händel controls the variations which bear his name and carry us modern people back into his own time. The theme is as simple as that of Haydn (Op. 56), but instead of being delivered piously and fervently, it is almost always given roughly and loudly. The variations paint the ceremonious customs of Händel's day—the church-going, the organ, the inside of St. Paul's dome, the hunt, ghost stories, out-of-door sports, walks, bagpipes, fifes, peasants, true love (variation 20), religious tumult, and the triumph of faith in a powerful fugue which secured the youthful Brahms a place of honor on the classic Olympus by its sympathetic and fresh swing, its religious fervor, and iron counterpoint.

The "Paganini Variations" Brahms himself called studies, and these twenty-eight variations are certainly a treasury of noble, diverse, and great technic in a solid legato style, springing out of a Beethoven-like piano style. Every variation is a work of art in thought and fervor far beyond the scope of the étude. From the whole speaks the renunciation of the consecrated artistic soul, now lyric, now heroic and tragic. Technic should be a secondary matter in playing these variations. It is a pity that so few artists perceive this. They care only to show their virtuosity, and ruin the art work. Graceful, sometimes depressed, sometimes enthusiastic, these variations must be felt through their initial idea — Paganini playing them on his violin. They are as if Paganini had chosen to play lyric themes, — to indicate sentimental sonnets, voice bursts of enthusiasm, — to run, in short, through a whole gamut of poetical fancies, violin and pianistic by turns, each of which Brahms reproduced on the piano.

The variations on a theme by Haydn begin with a choral of St. Anthony, the peculiar instrumentation of which depicts for us the far-away time and far-away land. Yet how? That should be only a variation which we listen to. And what is this we hear? The figures of a dead time begin to move and have life—shapes ponderous, graceful, hurrying. All is so pleasant and lovely. The prayers, so fervent and true-hearted, flow through the melodies. Soon the churchly themes recall the church in its mood of worship. Then crowds of people stirring over field and city, while the feast-day music, half holy, half merry, blends with the scene. Loving couples wander up and down. Night falls. Belated wanderers, respectable citizens, hasten to save themselves from unholy darkness in friendly, bright homes. Now begins the wonderful *andante finale*, the symphony constructed from the theme, in which Brahms is always so strong. What do we hear in all this movement? Imagine that shortly after the setting of the sun you are on a hill near a little city, in the time of Joseph Haydn. The heavens are deep blue, the air is full of early spring, and you see the city brilliant with lights, people in festal attire, gay masses of color, the churches lighted up. You hear the bells playing a part of the choral; you see them in their regular swing sending a message of peace and happiness; all you behold is full of gladness of heart, and while you gaze your own heart is uplifted, every vexation is forgotten, and in harmony with yourself you dream it all over in your sleep. Such are the variations that Brahms has written on Haydn's theme.[1]

I take this opportunity to speak of Brahms's instrumentation. He has done as much with it as with composition. People have been saying for fifteen years that his instrumentation is gray, and, moreover, too thick and too full. I scarcely need characterize the foolish emptiness of the charge. What Brahms has done he has done better than any one else, living or dead. Nor need I remind you that he was colossal in all he did. In fact, Brahms was such a master of music and her instruments that he used instrumental combinations before unknown, while he brought out unsuspected beauties in the instruments themselves. See what he accomplished for the clarinet, for the string quartet, for the wood wind, for the horn, for trumpets, the harp, the organ, and (in the "Requiem") for the chorus of many voices with and without accompaniment! His instrumentation is like himself. What he chooses always gives the exact color and the thought which he desires for the working out of his idea. Then the piano! His sonatas and chamber music comprise pieces which are not only perfect for the piano, but which in composition are almost concertos in themselves. Technically Brahms's piano pieces are not easy; but each note is of enduring value, and well worth the trouble of learning.

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[1] These variations have been excellently arranged for two and four hands.

The sonata for piano and violin in A major is a symphony for both instruments. We may name the three movements after the seasons — spring, summer, autumn. There is not a measure in the wonderfully beautiful first movement, *allegro amabile*, in which the clarinet is not present. Throughout the whole there is a refreshing breath of outstreaming sentiment,— the maidenly green of the landscape, the still power of nature, young love swelling in its earliest tender buds.

The second movement, *allegretto tranquillo*, frequently suggests an orchestra (strings and oboes); the feeling hints at a late summer afternoon; birds fly past before a storm; the sun goes down with its beautiful evening glow; content in nature and living beings; wide, fruitful plains; a harvest dance; night. Nothing is missing. With an outlook earnest and holy, the poet dwells upon these most beautiful and restful moments of our being.

The third movement, *allegretto grazioso*, unearthly beautiful, extols the moment of death. "Warte nur, bald ruhest auch du." The picture which this classic genius gives here might have been done by Raphael. The Death Angel, of incomparable beauty and dignity, in long, billowy, swelling garments, opens the doors of heaven. Unending harmonies are wafted out. The nearness of eternity and a flowing toward the Almighty are felt, and the sore-tried human soul finds now its fullest refreshment. The wonderful violin melody streams through this entire movement. In simplicity and in poetry this sonata is the loveliest that Brahms ever wrote.

The sonata in D minor for piano and violin is a work of the highest rank and full of the interest of life. Over all the peaks, borne by the wind, there sounds a sweet, mournful melody, and that melody reveals all the happenings of life. The development of the theme, before the leading theme which enters for the second time on an organ-point, is a quite unusual touch in art; light, wind, rustling leaves, depression, rain-drops, the damp, fresh air,—little separate motifs submerged throughout. We think we see it all; while we feel a sense of the nothingness of life, and our wildest, sweetest longings for this nothingness.

The third movement, this most beautiful of Brahms's adagios, is distinguished by the highest and most artistic repose united with the richest beauty. Here the wonderful is hidden by the unsurpassable. This movement shows an incisive originality, by turns mournful and gigantic. The fourth movement again stirs the deepest depths of earthly conflicts, yet it is not wanting in the most sweet, consoling tones.

The sonata in F minor was written immediately after Brahms's famous visit to Schumann; he was then about nineteen years old.

Allegro maestoso—the germinal idea, a Gothic cathedral. The vaulted roof dim and high; the rows of arches,—"frozen music,"—rising veiled in incense; the play of broken color from the pointed windows; the choir, unseen, but chanting litanies, are successively brought before us. The second theme (very short) is the only personal element. It enters as a traveler enters to receive the spirit of adoration into his heart, bow in supplication, and return to the world.

The andante bears Brahms's own motto:

Der Abend dämmert, das Mondlicht scheint,
Da sind zwei Herzen in Liebe vereint,
Und halten sich seelig umfangen.

Evening falls, the moonlight shines,
Two hearts are united by love,
And join in a holy embrace.

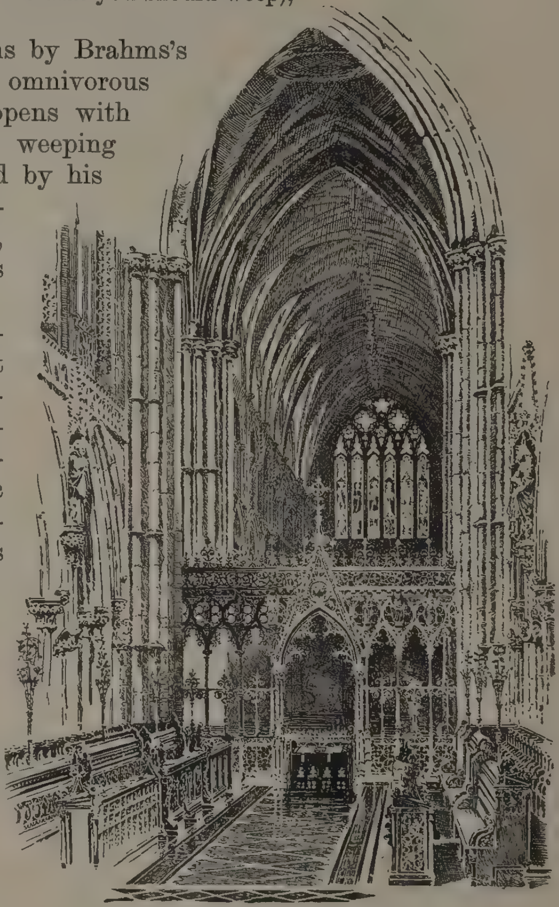
It belongs to Brahms's Leipsic visit. To its theme, so like Beethoven's first period, may perhaps be traced Schumann's prediction that Brahms would prove a second Beethoven. The construction of the opening measures is in canon form. Brahms has written "rückblick" after the intermezzo which follows. It is a fine piece of reflective music. The scherzo is in Schumann's style, and, Schumann-like, it represents a jollity rather than a jest. The finale is a ballad of Brahms's young life, containing many romantic episodes. Each new motion suggests a fresh hint of narrative behind it, a story of the composer's student period, where singing, learning, loving, and fighting each played a part.

We come now to the smaller piano pieces of Brahms, each a picture complete and exquisite in itself, and varying from the minute finish of a cameo to the heroic proportions of a grand canvas. I take one or two at haphazard from my late concert programs. The themes may well be classed as fugitive poetry, sometimes on an original thought, sometimes like the schottische from Herder's "Volkslieder" which bears the lines,

> Schlaf sanft, mein Kind, schlaf sanft und schön,
> Mich dauert sehr dich weinen sehen
>
> (My babe, lie soft, lovely in sleep;
> It grieves me sore that you should weep),

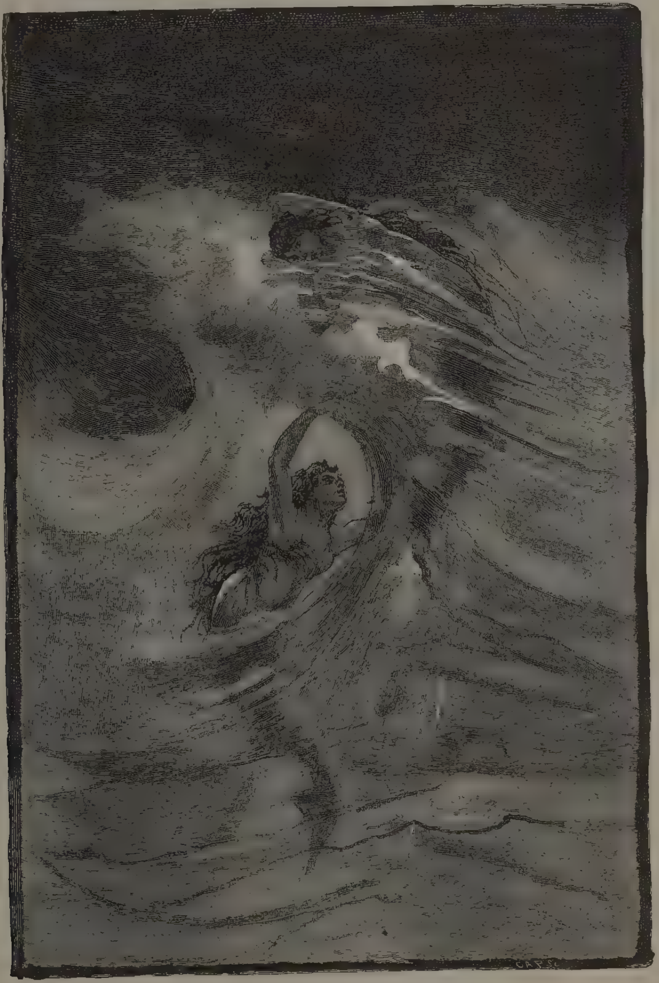
on ideas caught from poems by Brahms's favorite authors. He was an omnivorous reader. This intermezzo opens with a lullaby, succeeded by the weeping of the child, who is hushed by his mother. Nothing could exceed the truth, simplicity, and exquisite poetry of this song.

Of the intermezzi belonging to Opus 118, the first sets forth the question and reproach of fate, bitter but wonderfully appealing. The second is a Schubert-like lyric of Beethoven's depth, Schumann's romance, and Chopin's melancholy—all are full to running over. The ballad in this opus is a Nixies' legend. The stream rushes on, the Nixies appear in the Rhine, they send me sweet glances, and yet I am without hope and alone with my suffering. In the fourth number deep, gloomy, mournful thoughts rush through my mind in the night-time. Memories, love, and pain rush by like shadows. I struggle with imaginings, but in vain. Powerless, I sleep again. In the romance the scene is laid at sunset. Evening bells sound; it is a festival evening. Fays dance in the moonlight. All is at rest and dreaming in a wonderful peace. The last number, an intermezzo, is a painting by Boecklin—a scene at the entrance of eternity. On one side the sea; on the other green meadows where two



"A GOTHIC CATHEDRAL.
THE VAULTED ROOF DIM AND HIGH."

piping shepherds are turning away from each other and at the same time playing their pipes as they go (Jean Ingelow has the same conception in "Divided"): nature and death—a landscape which makes a most intense and poetic impression.



"A NIXIES' LEGEND."

Opus 119 is equally interesting from the point of view of what may be called its literary contents. In the intermezzo in E minor, Brahms offers us reminiscences of his youth. He thinks once more upon the magnificent vista of his rich inner life and love. But it was long ago! Sad mists must vanish, many furrows of time must first smooth out; long must he ponder the secret of his resigned heart before the picture of the poet shows itself fully. Then it appears to him in all the vigor of his first youth. Goethe has told the same story in another way:

And grasps me now a long, unwonted yearning
For that serene and solemn spirit land;
My song, to faint æolian murmurs turning,
Sways like a harp-string by the breezes fanned,
And the stern heart is utterly unmanned.
What I possess I see far distant lying,
And what I lost grows real and undying.[1]

As the dreamer will wake from sadness into cheer, so the next intermezzo (in C major) shows itself absolutely psychological in its backward swing into gaiety.

The "Rhapsodie" in the same set is the last piece which Brahms ever wrote for the piano, and is almost certainly the impression of his travels in Italy. It represents a nocturnal festival there — torchlight, songs, people coming and going, guitar-playing, bandits, lights, shadows, motion. Brahms was sixty-five years old when he composed it.

Brahms's best monument is his German "Requiem," so called to distinguish it from other similar works, which are all in Latin. This requiem places Brahms among the immortals. Even the three great predecessors, Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, aforementioned, must do obeisance to this unequaled and holy monument of Christian love and greatness. Hearers in sympathy with this requiem see by it into the beyond. Brahms paints death equally well in "Death, that is the Cool Night" (Op. 96), in the "Churchyard" (Op. 85), and in "Fear of Death" (Op. 86), where his object is attained most perfectly in the closing part, in the resolution of the dissonances of the world. Only a colossal genius can paint so healthfully and so strong; such a genius as, coming from the Creator, reminds us of the likeness of man to God. Brahms demands a full surrender before he can be understood. He exacts the unconditional obedience of a good father; but experience teaches that when he perhaps promises little he performs a thousandfold.

In the first part of the aforesaid requiem the angels descend from heaven as by a ladder, and praise as holy all those who are suffering pain — a hymn to tears — the soothing of the bitterest pain, the smoothing out of wrinkles from the forehead in heavenly fashion. So they come, and so again they rise to heaven, their voices gradually losing themselves in the clouds.

Then the burial, with its crowds of heavenly witnesses. "All flesh is grass!" And as trio, "Be patient, dear brother; wait for the future of the Lord." It sounds as if we were kneeling under a great dome and heard angel voices resound from its heights, sending us heavenly sweet consolation and warming our hearts, like the first rays of the sun after a heavy storm.

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[1] Prelude to "Faust" (Taylor's translation).

The great barytone solo and chorus, "Lord, teach me to know mine end," especially the tremolo and pianissimo passage, make a highly dramatic and beautifully truthful impression. It is so truly Bible truth that one feels one's self unwittingly set down upon Mount Sinai, where the prophet held communion with Jehovah. This must be recognized as the highest achievement of art in the expression of nearness to the Eternal, of human nothingness, of human repentance, and, finally, of self-conquest and perfect at-oneness with God. There is nothing in the world of art to be compared with it.

The major movement of the same barytone solo, "Ah! how are mankind as nothing, who yet live so securely," expresses the greatest refinement and fitness of composition. How he says it! As if he were yet dreaming of Sinai, and now suddenly comes back to consciousness of himself, and, going to his window, looks down on Carolsgasse (in Vienna) in morbid gaiety and satyric sarcasm, and calls out, in the Vienna Strasse Prater and Schönbrunn tone, "Whither away so fast? You are all nothing —dust, air, and chaos!" The last words of the solo, "Securely live," are drawn out into five andante measures, in which the wonderfully beautiful accompaniment, with augmented and diminished intervals, is delightful with many delicacies of feeling, and is, moreover, extremely effective for the purpose in hand. All of a sudden you let go repentance to "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Brahms has exhibited his vein of satire to the fullest elsewhere in his compositions.

In the "Now, Lord, how shall I be comforted?" with the sustained orchestra harmonies and the wave motion of the strings, the chorus ask the question, deep in thought; at the same time the orchestra sounds in the heights, but not in unison, lightly repeating in pianissimo; then the wonderful mild over-song for finale, "My hope is in Thee," in quarter triplets, beginning softly but feelingly the crescendo growth of hope and courage. The trumpets take up the motion. Now begins the finale, rich in counterpoint and built on a single pedal-note, "The just souls are in God's hand, and no pain shall disturb them." It expresses a mixture of resignation, trust, and iron resolution, and is given in a forte lasting thirty-six measures, but swelling, in spite of the forte, gently to the end.

The fourth number, "How beautiful are thy dwelling-places, O Lord!" expresses Brahms's thanks for God's gracious intentions toward all humanity.

The fifth number, "Yet in my flesh shall I see God" and "Your joy no man taketh from you," is Greek in form and simplicity. Gluck would have written it thus, had he entered into the body of the composer Brahms.

The sixth number brings before us crowds of pilgrims in dusty columns: "For we have no abiding city here, but we seek an eternal habitation." Here the spiritual and prophetic barytone solo is wonderfully reflected in the equally spiritual motive in the orchestra and the chorus (always pianissimo, with protracted entering notes). The highest point of this mysterious impression is reached by the unison in the orchestra of the same motifs, also pianissimo. In this "Last Judgment," to my mind, there are no exotic instruments of percussion such as Meyerbeer and Richard Strauss delight in. What does Brahms give us instead? "In the time of the last trumpet" there enters a trumpet chorus, a gigantic crescendo, with a stormy orchestral accompaniment, loud and mighty, like an army of angels of wrath, with Justice, dreadful and severe, at their head—the Resurrection of the Dead. With so few strokes and so few colors, so frightfully real and true, only a Brahms can paint. So, too, the Redemption. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" makes through Brahms such an overpowering impression on our minds that we must believe in life eternal. Only a Brahms could so take up the battle with death and conquer. If a moral victory is a victory, then Brahms has mocked at death and annihilated its terrors forever.

The chorus is as if all mankind stand on the battle-field, courageous unto death, sending lightning flashes from their eyes and fire from their mouths, in the far-reaching, shrill, distinct rhythm. The contrabassi and tympani thundering with gigantic steps; wood-wind and violins representing the lightning strokes; the brass calling, penetrating through the midst of all. Then, with the words Death! Victory! Hell!—all with a prolonged shout of victory (trembling of the strings, and with the greatest possible effect of the brass instruments),—Brahms makes us stand on another planet and see the earth consumed with fire and all returned to chaos. Then comes the strongly accented finale, "Lord, thou art worthy to have praise and honor and strength," representing the conquest of nature; the basses in the finale, marching with hasty feet (many octaves), descend step by step below, while the rest of the orchestra, with sustained notes, strive toward heaven; anon, beginning *piano expressivo*, humbly and true, "Because thou hast created all things," and ending with the "Lord, thou art," the musical thought,—wandering, unhappy, seeking,—with which this part began, closes like an apotheosis,—upon one side, mighty mountains; upon the other, the ocean; above, the blue heaven and the undying sun.

The last part, "Happy are those who die in the Lord," resembles the first part (the last twenty-two measures are exactly the same). The way in which Brahms comes back on those twenty-two measures is wonderfully soulful. These two parts close the "Requiem." A more beautiful gift Brahms could not have made us. The more familiar we become with it, the more religious the work seems. It is not formal church music. It is like the Lord's Prayer. Brahms wrote it after the death of his mother.

BRAHMS'S RELATION TO THE LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY

FANNY MORRIS SMITH

BRAHMS is the musician's poet, just as Spenser is the poet's poet. After a musician has suffered with Beethoven, fought with Wagner, loved with Gounod and Chopin, and made his experience of the world with Liszt and Meyerbeer, he turns from them all with a sigh of relief, and rests his spirit in Brahms. For Brahms opens the door to a world outside self, just as Spenser does. These poets do not say, "Come, suffer with me," but "Be my guest, and look through my eyes at what I will show you,"—which is another way of saying that they belong to a school of composition which preceded our modern romantic. Bülow did not call Brahms "a holy spirit" from pure love of saying striking things. It was because of Brahms's spiritual quality and the great quietness of his soul. Little of the turmoil of modern life echoes in the music of Brahms. He paints the character of Schumann, the times of Händel, the Eve of St. Anthony, the dreams of Goethe; but on that ground where Wagner and Zola meet in spirit, however dissimilar in their costuming of their subject, Brahms never treads. Perhaps it is because, like "Will of the Mill," the stream of personal experience flowed past the door of the hermit-musician, observed but unexplored.

That which the stream of life brought down to Brahms was for the most part modern. His likeness to Spenser ends with the purity of his lay and the innumerable poetical fancies, landscapes, and episodes which form the subjects of his tone poems, all conceived in the spirit of a genial philosophy. How closely akin to modern poetry his muse shows herself becomes clear when we turn to the philosopher-poet of our day, Browning. Both Brahms and Browning were at once impressionists and realists. In both we see the same concentrated strength of expression, the same determination to set forth their ideas, grim, complete, and living, at all costs of grace and beauty; the same rapid glance from object to object, each drawn with one brush-mark and all the stronger for that. To make the comparison clearer, look, for example, at the following lines of Browning which I have chosen because Brahms has written an intermezzo which paints very much such a scene, and prefixed the lines,

Der Abend dämmert, das Mondlicht scheint,
Da sind zwei Herzen in Liebe vereint,
Und halten sich seelig umfangen,

to make his meaning entirely clear. Browning wrote:

The gray sea and the long, black land,
And the yellow half moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each.

Here is a picture every line of which contains an image set forth so forcefully and

HOUSE IN HAMBURG WHERE BRAHMS WAS BORN

directly that the whole exquisite scene stands absolutely firm and distinct before the eye. The words which paint it are chosen for their strength and fitness; but try to read them aloud and their dissonance is almost impossible. Observe the alliterations between “*p*ushing *p*row,” “quen*ch* its *sp*eed,” “*s*lu*sh*y *s*and,” “ta*p* at the *p*ane,” “quick *sh*ar*p* *s*cra*tch*,” and the ending with the unmusical rhyme between “sea-scented beach” and “each to each,” which last, by the by, happens to correspond with,

> Da sind zwei Herzen in Liebe vereint,
> Und halten sich seelig umfangen.

The suggestive tone painting is strong, indeed, and Norse, and precisely in Brahms's own style, but a departure which leaves Tennyson, as Brahms leaves Chopin, in another quarter of the sphere. Compare the lines,

> A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
> And blue spurt of a lighted match,

with two of Tennyson's, for instance:

> And drowned in yonder living blue,
> The lark becomes a sightless song.

In these examples the two p's in “ta*p* at the *p*ane” correspond to Tennyson's d's in “*d*rowned in yon*d*er,” and the s's in “*s*har*p* *s*cratch” with those in Tennyson's “*s*ightless *s*ong”; but in the one case the result is cacophony, in the other euphony. An intermezzo by Brahms and a prelude by Chopin present a precisely similar contrast. Brahms manages his progressions and dissonances in the style of Browning, Tennyson in that of Chopin. Both belong to the epoch which in poetry, music, and painting is dominated by considerations of tone-color.

At the dawn of modern music, poetry and song were one art; there was no music and no poem which was not sung. The impulses which control the creation of these two forms of expression are still equally potent in each art, and it is not forcing a comparison to observe the similarities of poets who work side by side in these parallel art developments. It is therefore of interest to the musician to recall that modern poetry contains two race elements totally independent in origin. The troubadour verse, which has exercised a controlling power on classic music and classic verse, both in meter and method, borrowed from its Arabic source the charm of rhyme. On the other hand, Gothic poetry contributed its own art form, alliterative verse. Norse poetry depended on its consonants for its charm, while Provençal poetry relied on its vowels.

I quote in illustration from Sismondi the poem which the Emperor Frederick I composed in compliment to his Spanish guests. The order of lines is Arabic.

Plas mi cavalier Francez,
  E la donna Catalana,
E l'onrar del Ginoes,
  E la court de Castellana,
Lou cantar Provençalez,
  E la danza Trevisana,
E lou corps Aragones,
  E la perla Juliana,
La mans e kara d'Angles,
  E lou donzel de Toscana.[1]

The tone quality of Provençal verse was so intoxicating that the meaning of the words sank to secondary importance. It was music rather than poetry, although its own delicious flow was almost always married to pure melody. Compare to the euphonious chime of this poem the following specimen of Norse verse, as given by Horn:

*B*ram*á*ni skein *bruna*
*Brim*s of ljósum hi*m*ni
*Hrista*r hörvi glae*strar*
*Hauk*fránn á mik l*auk*a
En *sá* *geis*li *sysl*ir
*Si*õan gullmens F*r*iŏar
*H*v*ar*ma tungls oy *hrin*ga
*H*l*in*ar othurft mina.

There is no question that this is an art form, but its beauty is in its dissonances. It is strong, harsh, and vigorous. If the Norse poem were read, in connection with Browning's lines quoted above, to some one who understood neither language, he might possibly think they were stanzas by the same author. If you tried the same listener with Longfellow's "When the hours of day are numbered" and the Provençal verses quoted above, he would recognize their similarity in melodious quality.

Teutonic poetry, English and German, and modern music possess both these warring instincts. Now Gothic and now Provençal elements come to the surface in their creative forms. In Browning and in Brahms the Gothic racial instinct controlled their composition. A comparison on grounds of rhythm and meter would yield similar results.

Nor does the parallel between Browning and Brahms end here. The realistic homeliness in the "blue spurt of a lighted match" is precisely in line with Brahms's musical imagination. The nervous succession of Browning's images indicated with a word and hurriedly passed in the narrative has a precise analogy to the succession of episodes in Brahms's tone poems, where three or four measures paint an object or a scene which instantly gives way to another. And there is an austerity in his description which is like Brahms, who may have painted love, but not on Wagner's principle of love scenes by the half hour. There was much in the intellectual life of Browning and Brahms which was akin. Both loved Italy; both were omnivorous readers and caught inspiration from whatever excited their imagination in fields farthest asunder from that of art; Browning was passionately fond of music, and Brahms of poetry, and they were both philosophers.

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[1] A Frenchman for my cavalier,
  A Catalonian lady;
The honor of a Genoese,
  A Castilian court,
A singer from Provence,
  Dances from Trevisan,
The body of an Aragonese,
  The pearl of Julian,
An Englishman's hands and face,
  And a Tuscan youth.

From this it follows that the mind of Brahms is unlike that of other modern composers. His creative standpoint is even more apart from theirs. These strive to express emotions and motions in sound; such is the genius of the romantic school. Brahms, on the other hand, has undertaken to express the ideas and scenes which cause emotion, in sound. That is, he writes from the literary standpoint, not the musical. He is often confused with the classic school of music, because he, too, is often content to exploit but one phase of feeling in each composition. Bach himself, within these limits, often reached the heights and depths of emotion. But it is much easier to trace in Brahms's ideas a likeness to the classic school of poetry than to that of Bach and his successors in music. For instance, Pope's lines,

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit! O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

. . . .

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

correspond precisely to the *allegretto grazioso* of the Sonata in A, for piano and violin.

A GLIMPSE OF BRAHMS'S LIBRARY.

The point of similarity here, however, lies in the rapid narrative style, and in the picture to be expressed, which happens to belong to those grave and death poems by which the return of English poetry to romanticism was heralded. Brahms breaks with classicism in his rugged grandeur. He conceived the thoughts of Pope, but he uttered them with Norse vigor.

Why is Brahms always counted as the "last great classic composer" as opposed to the romantic school? The question turns on the variety of meanings which have become attached to these two words. The English "Augustan Age" of poetry, Provençal in its rhymed meters, which romanticism, with its return to the Middle

Ages and to Celtic and Gothic legends, displaced, was an imitation of Greek ideas and ideals. All contemporary art sympathized with the popular taste,— architecture, painting, poetry, and even that well-spring of art, religion, or rather irreligion, for faith never burned more dimly in England than in the day of Addison and Pope. The return to romanticism was the awakening of religious emotion, of fancy, imagination, passion, and Gothic art and Celtic poetry awoke at their touch. In respect to their subject-matter Brahms and Beethoven and Wagner are equally a part of this romantic epoch. The difficulty of classing Brahms as romantic arises from the peculiar character which the movement assumed in Germany. Here the warfare turned on the elements of what may be called musical rhetoric. Bach, Scarlatti, Händel, and Beethoven wrote in melodic forms which had been derived from ancient verse and dances — in short, conformed to the requirements of lyric poetry, which is founded on rhyme, and is parallel with the English Augustan verse. Theirs is formal classicism. Bach himself began the romantic movement by exploiting one emotion in each tone poem. Romanticism is an assertion of the paramount value of feeling, and as the tide rose Bach's simple forms of construction did not suffice. One by one the characteristic forms of the architecture of music, as Germans love to call it, began to melt and flow in the heat of modern passion. Lyric music gave place to declamation, polyphony to harmonic progressions, melodies shrank to motifs, and modulations and open chords covered the deficit. A moment's observation discovers the secret. Classicism in music stood for the perfect and regular development of beauty in formal terms which is connected in the mind with Greek art. Romanticism, which threw away form to get play for feeling, allies itself with the Gothic and the Celtic genius. Brahms is classic in so far as he values form and insists on melody; but in spirit he is in that vanguard of romanticism, realism.

If we concede the parallel between Browning and Brahms, the differences between the latter and Schumann are evident. Schumann and Browning have nothing in common. Schumann formed his principles of art on Jean Paul Richter. He was the prince of healthy German sentimentality, which endows every object within sight with the sacredness of one's own personality. His music is usually narrative — the balls he attended, the walks he took, the aspirations he felt, the fears he entertained, the crowds he strolled among. We know where he went, and how he felt at each step. Brahms gets far beyond his own life — into the world's life. He is objective and, to those who seek the note of personal passion, cold.

Not that Brahms's music is not emotional. All music is emotional, without exception. But Brahms was not introspective, nor subjective, nor sentimental. He had a strong bent toward painting rather than toward drama. He is so objective in all that he has written that it is impossible to get rid of the scenes which he conjures before you. They actually form part of the composition. Indeed, the Brahms player is intelligible in proportion as he is able to bring up the pictures he imagines before your eyes. Brahms's music played without a program (at least in the artist's mind) is meaningless and unbeautiful. It may be added that each of the descriptions which Mr. Weiss has given in the preceding paper is the result of long study brought to the test of the concert platform. Each of them may be regarded as the artistic key to the particular composition discussed.

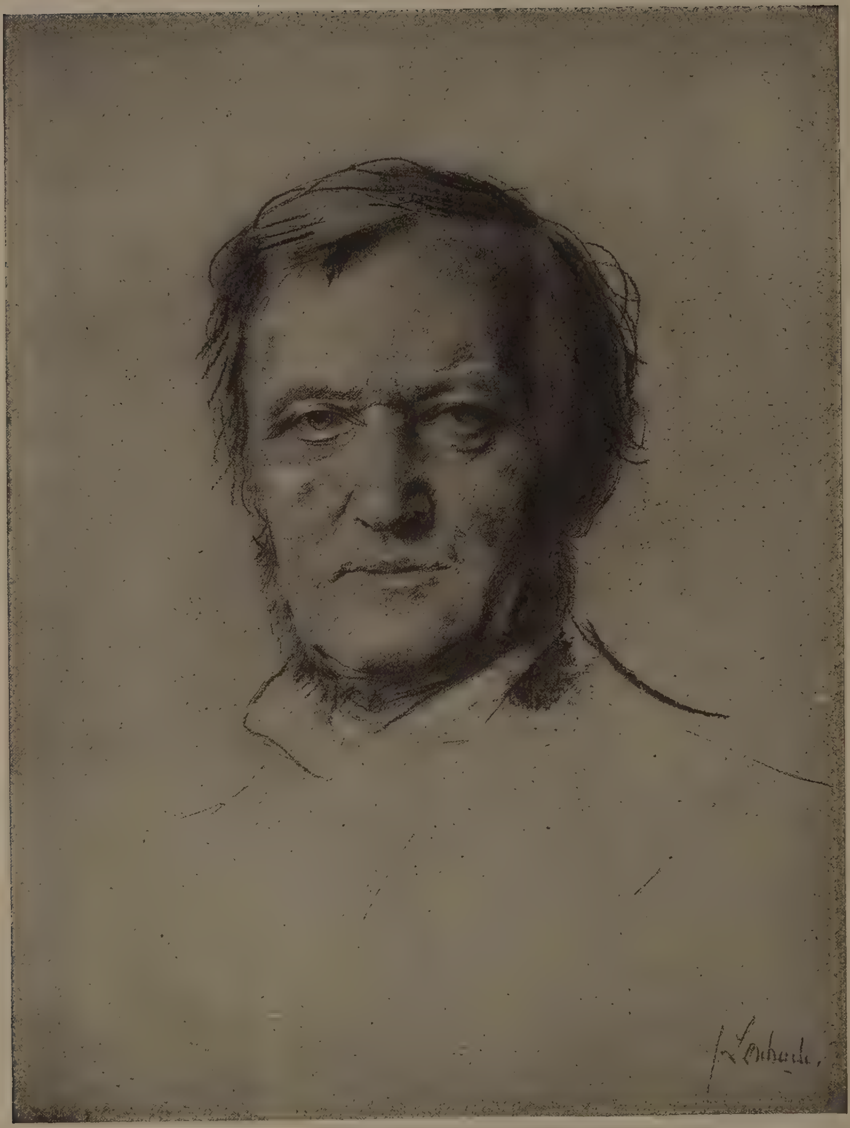
I have said that, unlike Liszt and Wagner, Brahms's method of utterance is not declamatory, but melodic. On the other hand, he is a profound master of orchestra. Here, too, the Norse instinct is paramount. It was not by accident that the troubadour countries developed melody to its utmost perfection, while orchestra flourished where Norse and German blood flows strongest. The same instinct that seeks the tone color of alliteration knows how to blend the consonants of the orchestra. Brahms has no superior in orchestration, but he does not follow the path of modern composers. He is not dramatic. He could easily have set "Sordello" to music, but "Egmont," "Coriolanus," "Faust," never. Philosophy, narrative, elegiac poems, historical pictures, and impressions of travel are his themes. This is much like Browning, and, like Browning, cults and societies have sprung up to interpret and to disseminate his spiritual and philosophical revelations.

It follows that Brahms is very difficult to bring before the public in the concert-hall. The every-day public cannot grasp him. Those points of excellence which concert-goers have been trained to seize and appreciate make no figure in a Brahms program, while musical faculties upon which pianism makes little demand come into play and afford the lover of Brahms the most exquisite enjoyment. The music of Brahms is so different from all other in its artistic requirements for delivery that the listener needs an entirely new preparation of mind to enter into it. The creative germ in the composer's mind was either orchestral or vocal, never pianistic. Brahms, transcendent pianist as he was, never wrote piano music in the sense in which Liszt, for example, wrote it — music designed to bring out the peculiar excellences of the instrument and at the same time conceal its defects. His original compositions for the piano amount to transcriptions from orchestral or vocal scores. The most obvious source of enjoyment in listening to them, as distinct from their spiritual contents, consists in hearing a symphony with all its instrumentation clearly brought out, where the composer has merely indicated a pianist playing a sonata. While the entire repertory of feats of extraordinary virtuosity is drawn upon to compass these orchestral effects, the virtuoso's bid for applause in their delivery is impossible.

To sum up, Brahms is not charged with a message of peculiar beauty, like Tennyson and Chopin; nor with the revelation of passion, like Byron and Wagner; nor with the dramatic expression of heroic moods and agonies, like Shakspere and Beethoven. He is a philosophic poet without parallel in music, who uses the classic forms of Beethoven and his predecessors for the vehicle of his thought; who is Norse in poetical instinct, orchestral in method of working out his material, religious in inspiration, and Protestant in his self-control and reserve. As to his style, Brahms is to be enjoyed on account of his literary quality. He has so absorbed the entire contents of each musical epoch that he reproduces the characteristics of each composer by turn. If he writes variations on a theme by Händel, he becomes Händel. If he enters Wagner's territory, he becomes Wagner. He has his moments of Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, and Schumann, the latter oftenest of all.

Thus Brahms achieves the last supreme endeavor of our modern muse — the longing to make music reveal not only feeling, but thought. And he succeeds not by formulas cleverly woven into a language, but by tone-painting through orchestral color.

BRAHMS'S MUSIC ROOM.



RICHARD WAGNER

From a charcoal drawing by F. von Lenbach

RICHARD WAGNER

BY

CÉSAR SAERCHINGER

THE appearance of Richard Wagner upon the horizon of opera has always been regarded in the nature of a phenomenon. He has not been viewed as an individual link in one of many chains of development, nor merely as the founder of a school, like Weber, nor as the conclusion of a movement. He has been thought a movement in himself, a colossus who spans the universe and grasps in his mighty fist a whole world of expression. Now that we are beginning to view his work from the angle of historical perspective, his figure loses much of its sheer abruptness, for he is as logical a development as Beethoven was before him; his relation to the past becomes closer and closer. But if he seems less anomalous, less arbitrary, he is none the less great. If those that would exalt him as a deity no longer fall upon their faces in awe, those others who decried him as unworthy, a false priest of the divine muse, have also conceded his authority in the realm of pure art, and the great mass of humanity, to whom music appeals as the language of the heart, love him more deeply than ever before. For a generation he was decried by many, extravagantly worshipped by others, neither of whom understood him. To-day he is admired by all, because we do at least in a measure understand him.

To say that Wagner is the greatest master in the history of opera is to-day only a platitude; even the dictum of some that he is the greatest composer of all time no longer altogether shocks us. But to point out wherein lies his greatness, just what he brought to music and to the drama, is difficult. For even as partisans we no longer accept his own doctrines without reserve; his discovery of the ideal musical declamation is seen to be only an individual expression, after all, not a universal ''recipe''; the ''music of the future'' is already a term of the past; the music drama, the unified work of art has not been ''invented'' by Wagner—not more than by Gluck or the Florentines. It would seem that art history works in circles, that ever and anon we pass the same point of departure, we are discovering the music drama over and over again, definitive as each discovery appears; and each time proceed promptly to abandon our ideal. Wagner's theories sound peculiarly like Gluck's, just as Gluck's were mere echoes of an earlier age. Opera started with an ideal which is unattainable; for truth of expression, like all truth, is merely relative, and the nearer we seem to approach it the more unattainable it appears. But, theories aside, the work of creation went on apace. The artist's imagination expanded far beyond the vision of the doctrinaire; creation outstripped theory, and so —now that the doctrine lies battered and wounded,—the work of pure art, the land

RICHARD WAGNER'S BIRTHPLACE IN LEIPSIC

unwittingly discovered, the world of tonal beauty, the symphonic cosmos, lives and shines out in wondrous splendor. The India of dramatic logic remains a myth, the America of rapturous sound is a reality.

EARLY LIFE

Richard Wagner was born in Leipsic, May 22, 1813, the son of a police official. He lost his father in infancy, and his mother soon after married the actor and playwright Ludwig Geyer, who had been a friend of the family for years and whose influence on its members had been considerable. Wagner's own father was himself greatly preoccupied with literature and the stage, and these subjects always formed the principal subjects of discussion in the family circle. Both Wagner's elder brother and sister became attached to the theatre, the former as singer and actor, the latter as actress. When Richard was eight years of age the stepfather died also, and the family removed to Dresden, where the boy received his education in the famous Kreuzschule.

His inclinations were at first decidedly in the direction of poetry. Shakespeare was the chief object of his worship, and to write a great tragedy in the style of the English bard was his ambition. Meantime his elder sister Rosalie became an actress, and the family again settled in Leipsic, where she had her first engagement at the Municipal Theatre.

There music first began to engage Richard's attention. The stage of course had a powerful fascination for him from the first. Now, between his studies at the Nicolaigymnasium, where his fervor for the great classics of literature was constantly nurtured, he spent most of his spare time in the theatre, and much of it behind the scenes. Since opera held an equally important place in the repertory with the drama, it is natural that his emotional nature was attracted to this potent form of expression.

Encouraged by his sister in all his artistic projects, he studied the piano under Gottlieb Müller, a local organist, and later, while pursuing courses in philosophy at the University, took some counterpoint lessons with Theodor Weinlig. Achieving rapid mastery of the principles of musical composition he plunged at once into independent creative work. His opus 1 was a piano sonata, opus 2 a polonaise. These were followed by a fantasy, a string quartet and four overtures for full orchestra, one of which contained a fugue—all rather academic and undistinguished attempts at "pure music."

But now his love for the stage got the upper hand in his musical endeavors. An opera, "Die Hochzeit," was quickly written; its weird passionateness roused his sister's objections, however, and he destroyed it. A sextet from it, already composed, was admired by Weinlig.*

This was in 1832. In 1833 he visited his brother Albert in Würzburg, where the latter held an engagement at the Ducal Theatre. There Wagner composed "Die Feen," a three-act opera, the text of which he modelled upon Gozzi's fairy tale, "La Donna Serpente." In speaking of the work in his autobiographical sketch, he says: "Beethoven and Weber were my models; much in the ensembles were successful; especially the finale of the second act promised great effectiveness.'' But the director of the Leipsic Theater rejected it after some hesitation and it was never performed during the master's lifetime.

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* Chamberlain remarks that the fragment recently rediscovered already reveals Wagner's manner of treating musical phrases symphonically. Thus early began the strife for unity of form. The pronounced plastic nature of his motives is already apparent—his method of musical thinking in short, expressive phrases appears as an inherent habit of mind.

FIRST CREATIVE PERIOD

In the following year Wagner secured the post of musical director at the Magdeburg Stadttheater, and at once embarked on the composition of a second opera, ''Das Liebesverbot'' (after Shakespeare's ''Measure for Measure''). Here we have the beginning of the peculiar dualism of Wagner's creative sequence—pairs of works almost simultaneously produced and radically different in both ideals and method; on the one hand ''Die Feen,'' an outgrowth of Weberish romanticism in the spirit of fairy-tale fantasy, on the other ''Das Liebesverbot,'' an Italian opera of licentious and frivolous character. ''Rienzi'' and ''The Flying Dutchman''; ''Tannhäuser'' and ''Lohengrin''; ''Tristan'' and ''Die Meistersinger''—the sequence of extremes persists to the end. Wagner himself has remarked: ''If anyone should compare this score ('Das Liebesverbot') with that of 'Die Feen' he would find it difficult to understand how such a complete change in my tendencies could have been brought about in so short a time.''

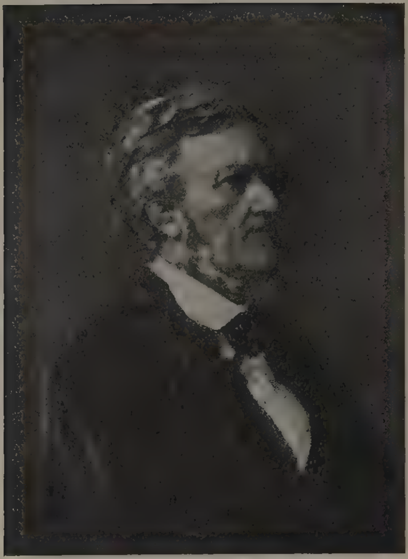
''Das Liebesverbot'' was performed in Magdeburg in 1836, under Wagner's own direction. It was to be his ''benefit,'' but turned out an artistic and financial disaster. The first performance was ruined by insufficient rehearsal, the second (Wagner's farewell night) foundered in a collision with a real-life domestic tragedy, fought out by the artists behind the scenes. When much later the opera was to be revised in a Wagner festival in Munich, it was found to be so absurdly licentious, and its music so naïvely Italian, that the singers could not suppress their mirth.

Yet Chamberlain finds a poetic relationship between the two works. Redemption through love is the basic motive in both, as indeed in nearly all of his subsequent dramas, from the ''Dutchman'' to ''Parsifal.'' Musically both contain kernels of the master's later individuality. The overture to ''Die Feen'' is built out of the most important dramatic motives, and breathes the genuine spirit of Wagner; the introductions to Acts II and III contain moments of passion and traces of that inimitably noble expression which Wagner later uses for the portrayal of elevated majesty. ''Liebesverbot,'' despite its Italianism, contains melodic premonitions of ''Tannhäuser'' and ''Lohengrin.'' Beethoven, Weber and Marschner were the inspirational source of ''Die Feen''; Bellini and Auber the principal ones of ''Das Liebesverbot.''

Immediately after the ''Liebesverbot'' fiasco the Magdeburg opera troupe was dissolved, and Wagner, who had become engaged to one of the members of the company, Minna Planer, followed his fiancée to Königsberg, where she had secured an engagement. There he at length got himself appointed musical director, only to lose his post after a few months, when the company went bankrupt. The newly established theatre in Riga soon offered a fresh opportunity. In the fall of 1837 he went there as Kapellmeister, and for two seasons conducted not only opera but also a series of symphony concerts, for which he himself wrote two overtures, ''Columbus'' and ''Rule Britannia.'' While there he and Minna Planer were married, and their domestic difficulties began shortly after, in 1839, when Wagner once more found himself without a situation, for his friend Holtis suddenly gave up the management of the theatre.

In Riga Wagner began the composition of ''Rienzi,'' for which he himself had written the text, after Bulwer-Lytton's novel. Before it was finished, however, the composer and his wife embarked in a sailing vessel, bound for Paris by way of London. Paris, the scene of Meyerbeer's triumphs, was the Mecca of opera composers, and Wagner's frank intention was to enter the lists in competition for public favor.

If his disappointment was keen, the personal hardships and physical suffering which he had to undergo were even more so. Even with Meyerbeer's somewhat luke-



RICHARD WAGNER

After a portrait by Lenbach

warm assistance he could not get a hearing for ''Rienzi.''*

As for ''The Flying Dutchman,'' written and composed in Paris, he could only sell the text to the Opéra for the use of a ''better-known'' composer, Pierre L. Dietsch, who promptly set it to made-to-order music. Poor and deserted, Wagner passed in Paris the better part of three years of utter misery, during which time he was obliged to do all sorts of musical hack work for the publishers, and to write articles under various pseudonyms for the newspapers in order to gain the bare means of sustenance. During this period, however, he made the acquaintance of Liszt, Berlioz and other distinguished men, some of whom were to play important parts in his career.

The end of his troubles came—for the time being—with the acceptance of ''Rienzi'' by the Dresden Opera. ''The Flying Dutchman,'' too, was accepted, through Meyerbeer's influence, in Berlin, and in April, 1842, Wagner returned to Germany full of hope.

These two operas form the second pair of irreconcilables among Wagner's works. The composer's frank avowal of his purpose to out-Meyerbeer Meyerbeer explains the apparent anomaly of ''Rienzi.'' His confession about his own disgust over the discovery that he was about to ''make music à la Adam'' gives us a little insight into the inward struggles of the artist at this time. But his regeneration was already in progress, though not till ''The Flying Dutchman'' was it complete.

''Rienzi'' is important chiefly because it was Wagner's education in operatic routine—the acquisition of a technic which even in learning he developed to its utmost degree. The subject will be seen to have all the essential elements and potential effects of the Grand Opera—love and revenge, mercy and treason, religion and maledictions, crime and expiation. In it there are soldiers, processions, dances, festivals, mobs, firebrand and apotheoses. There is a ballet (though in Wagner's mind at least it had a dramatic *raison d'être*) and, as Dr. Bie adds, even a ''trouser rôle.'' In other words, it is opera and nothing more.

Viewed in this light we cannot wonder at its subservience to traditions and old forms, its fondness for Spontini-Meyerbeer tricks, and its generally inflated, empty musical texture, its blatant brass and foolish Italian coloratura. In spite of all these a certain degree of unity is already achieved by the copious use of ''leading motives.'' Such motives were not new to the Grand Opera of the Paris school, but no one had used them to the same extent and the same consistency as Wagner. Of course they do not yet constitute a system, as in Wagner's later works. Neither are they subjected to subtle changes according to the mood of the moment; but here they are—some of them with the assertiveness of an *idée fixe,* as for instance the battle hymn ''Santo Spirito, cavaliere!'' with which Rienzi rouses the populace to fight, and which echoes back to him even to the moment of his death.

The success of the opera, first performed October 20, 1842, was such that Wagner was requested to recall ''The Flying Dutchman'' score from Berlin in order to have it also brought out in Dresden. It was produced there on January 2 following, with Mme. Schröder-Devrient as the first Senta. Meantime the conductor of the opera died, and Wagner had the good fortune to be made court Kapellmeister in his stead.

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*Meyerbeer admitted that the libretto was the best he had even seen.

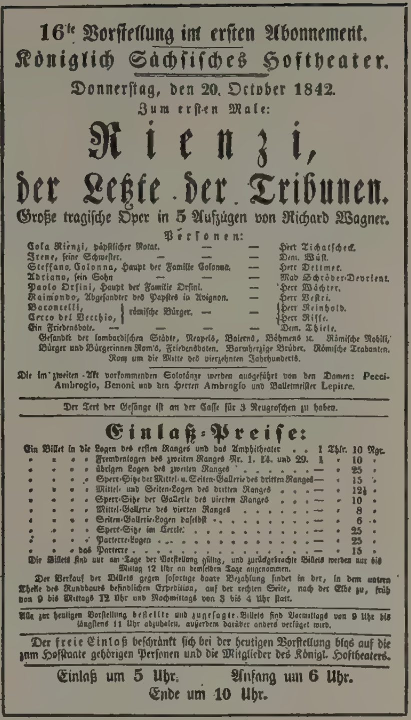
The idea for "The Flying Dutchman" had come to him as early as the spring of 1838, while he was engaged on the book of "Rienzi." Heine's version of the legend was his first acquaintance with it. When on the journey from Pillau to London (on the way to Paris), the story, repeated by the mariners in the midst of storms and the danger of shipwreck, took definite shape in his imagination. The coast of Norway, where the ship took refuge in a tempest, made a deep impression upon him with the weird magic of its scenery.

Musically, the work is the very antithesis of "Rienzi"; while the latter is a *tour de force,* its successor is a piece of genuine inspiration. Technically, too, it shows a tremendous advance in the direction of dramatic unity and harmonic development, though the old operatic forms are not yet entirely abandoned. This is because of the nature of the poem itself, which is in fact a dramatized ballad and demands an essentially lyric treatment.

But already Wagner was at work on the next pair of works, and while his reputation as conductor grew, his own creations prospered.

Before the rehearsals for Rienzi had begun, Wagner had made the first sketch of Tannhäuser. Both "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" existed in the composer's mind before any of his works (except the immature "Liebesverbot") had been proved by performance. Throughout his career we observe this remarkable dovetail development. Before the score of one work is finished, one or two others are invariably being sketched, or their text prepared. Within two months of the première of the "Dutchman," the poem of "Tannhäuser" was completed. Its compositions went forward during 1844; in the spring of 1845 the score was finished, and on October 19, 1845, it saw its first performance, again in Dresden.

In "Tannhäuser" Wagner abandons the conventional forms to a greater extent than before and substitutes for them "form" in its deeper symphonic sense, knitting the various parts of his drama together with related themes. These are no longer merely reiterated, but metamorphosed according to the changing mood of the poem. In short, form is determined only by the spirit; hence it is spontaneous—natural, instead of arbitrary.



16te Vorſtellung im erſten Abonnement.

Königlich Sächſiſches Hoftheater.

Donnerſtag, den 20. October 1842.

Zum erſten Male:

Rienzi,

der Letzte der Tribunen.

Große tragiſche Oper in 5 Aufzügen von Richard Wagner.

Perſonen:

Cola Rienzi, päpſtlicher Notar.	Herr Tichatſcheck.
Irene, ſeine Schweſter.	Dem. Wüſt.
Steffano Colonna, Haupt der Familie Colonna.	Herr Dettmer.
Adriano, ſein Sohn	Mad. Schröder-Devrient.
Paolo Orſini, Haupt der Familie Orſini.	Herr Wächter.
Raimondo, Abgeſandter des Papſtes in Avignon.	Herr Veſtri.
Baroncelli, römiſche Bürger.	Herr Reinhold.
Cecco del Vecchio, römiſche Bürger.	Herr Riſſe.
Ein Friedensbote.	Dem. Thiele.

Geſandte der lombardiſchen Städte, Neapels, Baierns, Böhmens ꝛc. Römiſche Nobili, Bürger und Bürgerinnen Rom's, Friedensboten. Barmherzige Brüder. Römiſche Trabanten.

Rom um die Mitte des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts.

Die im zweiten Akt vorkommenden Solotänze werden ausgeführt von den Damen: Pecci-Ambrogio, Benoni und den Herren Ambrogio und Balletmeiſter Lepitre.

Der Text der Geſänge iſt an der Caſſe für 3 Neugroſchen zu haben.

Einlaß-Preiſe:

Ein Billet in die Logen des erſten Ranges und das Amphitheater	1 Thlr.	10 Ngr.
" " " " Fremdenlogen des zweiten Ranges Nr. 1. 14. und 29.	1 "	10 "
" " " " übrigen Logen des zweiten Ranges	— "	25 "
" " " " Sperr-Sitze der Mittel- u. Seiten-Gallerie des dritten Ranges	— "	15 "
" " " " Mittel- und Seiten-Logen des dritten Ranges	— "	12½ "
" " " " Sperr-Sitze der Gallerie des vierten Ranges	— "	10 "
" " " " Mittel-Gallerie des vierten Ranges	— "	8 "
" " " " Seiten-Gallerie-Logen daſelbſt	— "	6 "
" " " " Sperr-Sitze im Cercle	— "	25 "
" " " " Parterre-Logen	— "	25 "
" " " das Parterre	— "	15 "

Die Billets ſind nur am Tage der Vorſtellung gültig, und zurückgebrachte Billets werden nur bis Mittag 12 Uhr an demſelben Tage angenommen.

Der Verkauf der Billets gegen ſofortige baare Bezahlung findet in der, in dem untern Theile des Rundbaues befindlichen Expedition, auf der rechten Seite, nach der Elbe zu, früh von 9 bis Mittags 12 Uhr und Nachmittags von 3 bis 4 Uhr ſtatt.

Alle zur heutigen Vorſtellung beſtellte und zugeſagte Billets ſind Vormittags von 9 Uhr bis längſtens 11 Uhr abzuholen, außerdem darüber anders verfüget wird.

Der freie Einlaß beſchränkt ſich bei der heutigen Vorſtellung blos auf die zum Hofſtaate gehörigen Perſonen und die Mitglieder des Königl. Hoftheaters.

Einlaß um 5 Uhr. Anfang um 6 Uhr.

Ende um 10 Uhr.

POSTER FOR THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "RIENZI"

Minor events of this period are the composition of "The Love Feast of the Apostles," a cantata, the revision of Gluck's "Iphigenie in Aulis," and the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

About this time Wagner came into collision with the authorities. After his participation in the revolutionary outbreak of May, 1849, he was forced into exile and found refuge first with Liszt in Weimar, then in Paris, and finally in Zürich, where he remained and composed for several years. Here too he produced a number of literary works of polemic and didactic character, in which he set down his theories regarding music and the drama, and his artistic philosophy in general.

Before his escape from Dresden Wagner's next opera, ''Lohengrin,'' had been completed. Its first performance took place under Liszt in Weimar in 1850. But not till 1860 in Vienna did Wagner, the exile, witness it—after ''Tristan'' and half of the ''Ring'' had been written.

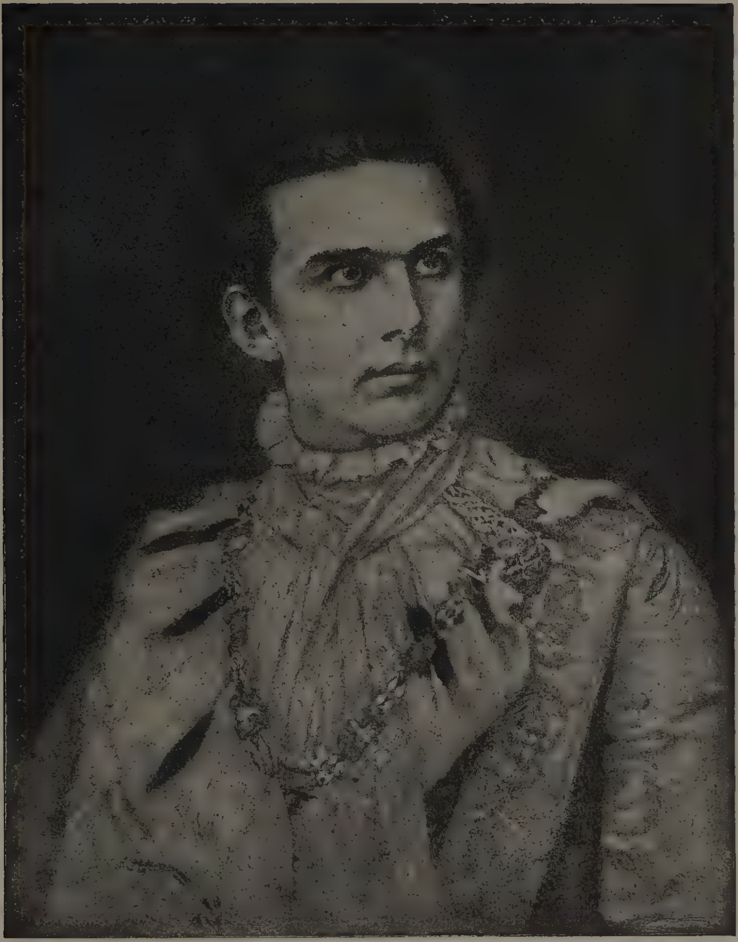
Musically, or musico-dramatically, ''Lohengrin'' is generally thought to form the last chapter of Wagner's development period. Its advance over ''Tannhäuser'' is enormous. Thought of as standing between it and ''Tristan'' it is nearer to the latter. At any rate it is the parting of the ways. Not only are the formal divisions definitely abandoned, but the spiritual content is made the sole formal guide, the symphonic development of the themes, motifs, if you will, is consistent; the carrying of the mood is definitely consigned to the orchestra, which is rarely used for mere accompaniment and which constantly communicates to the listener the unexpressed emotions of the characters. The disposition of choruses and ensembles is entirely free and absolutely determined by the dramatic need. Moreover, the declamation shows an unmistakable improvement; hardly anywhere is it mere recitative, but every phrase is filled with its own poetic sense, and made characteristic of the speaker. The consecrated heroism of Lohengrin, the majestic dignity of the king, the naïve tenderness of Elsa, the malevolence of Ortrud, all live in the musical phrases assigned to these characters, and these phrases at the same time carry the individual significance of the words. Short ejaculations, like Ortrud's ironical ''Gott?'', the impressive emphasis of Lohengrin's admonition not to question him, repeated a semitone higher, the touching confidence of Elsa's ''Er soll mein Streiter sein''—these are mere instances of what has now become a finished method.

The orchestra shows perhaps the most remarkable phenomenon. Its resources are markedly increased, the wind instruments are three each; there is a quartet of horns, another of three trombones and tuba; the bass clarinet and English horn are fixed quantities. The whole technic has become more sophisticated; instruments are grouped for special effects of color, the violins divided infinitesimally, the strings exploited for their individual color; and woodwinds are oddly arranged to yield new blends. In short, the orchestral palette has been increased; it can portray every variance of mood, every shade of suggestion.

Volumes might be written of the harmonic and melodic idiosyncrasies of ''Lohengrin,'' for in this work Wagner demonstrates his technic for the first time in thoroughly developed and matured form. Here we may content ourselves with pointing to his marvelously beautiful use of dissonant progressions, and his ceaseless modulations, which, while it often disturbs all sense of tonality, never wearies the listener, because it is most naturally directed by the melody—melody and harmony forming an indissoluble bond.

The performance of ''Lohengrin'' was entirely due to Liszt's efforts. Thanks to the propaganda of that self-sacrificing friend, ''Tannhäuser'' was produced at a number of theatres throughout Germany from 1853 on. Wagner's fame now spread beyond the borders of Germany, and in 1855 he conducted a season of the Philharmonic Society in London. A second assault upon the operatic citadel of Paris, however, was little more fortunate than the first. After a series of three concerts, which resulted in a considerable deficit, he finally secured the performance of ''Tannhäuser'' by command of the Emperor in 1861; but the opposition against the ''foreigner'' on the part of a certain clique was so violent that the work had to be withdrawn after the third performance, following a most shameful exhibition of rowdyism in the auditorium of the Opéra.

At length Wagner secured an amnesty and returned to Germany in 1861. Meantime ''Tristan und Isolde'' had been completed (1859) and accepted in Karlsruhe and Vienna, both of which cities the composer visited. The projected performances were postponed, however, and Wagner went



LUDWIG II, KING OF BAVARIA

After an etching by Egusquiza

into retirement at Biebrich on the Rhine in order to work on "Die Meistersinger," which was completed in 1863 in Vienna, after a concert tour to Prague and Petrograd. These were years of doubt and struggle, during which the master often reached the point of despair. Harassed by debts and disappointed again and again after performances of his works had been promised, he was, at the age of fifty-one, forced to seek the refuge of a hospitable roof—the home of his friend, Dr. Wille. Suddenly in 1864 his most cherished plans came near to realization, for the young King Ludwig II of Bavaria, who had just ascended the throne, had long been an admirer of his works, and now, as one of his first acts as King, summoned the composer to Munich, gave him a villa for his abode and promised him every support in the realization of his ideals. These included, of course, the completion and production of the greatest of his works, which, as projected, was far beyond the capacities of existing theatres.

VILLA TRIEBSCHEN, ON LAKE LUCERNE
Where Wagner lived from 1866 to 1872

Upon his recommendation his pupil and friend, Hans von Bülow, was appointed court pianist, then director of the Royal School of Music, re-formed according to Wagner's ideas, and court Kapellmeister. Under his direction "Tristan" was produced June 1, 1865, and three years later, June 21, 1868, followed "Die Meistersinger."* These two works, the next "pair" in our chronology, must now be briefly examined.

The first sketch of "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" was composed immediately after the completion of the score of "Tannhäuser," the tragedy to which it was to be the "satyr-play." Thus in point of first conception the work preceded all the others in Wagner's "second period," although its creation was not resumed till 1861, in Paris, after "Lohengrin," "Tristan" and much of "the Ring" were composed. The poem was finished in 1862 and after the composition of "the Ring" had been completed at the wish of King Ludwig, Wagner returned to Triebschen to write the score of the "Meistersinger." It was completed, orchestration and all, October 20, 1867. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to adopt a chronology for these great works of Wagner's maturity, since in a sense they sprang simultaneously from the master's brain. Their ultimate completion, moreover, has little to do with the case, as that was undoubtedly largely influenced by outward circumstances. "Die Meistersinger" in its embryonic state, at least, still belongs to the first period, and, more significantly, it is the only one of the later works which might be designated as an opera—it is the sublimation of the old opera world upon German soil.

But a veritable abyss separates this first dramatic sketch from the ultimate work. Real profound humor was already a quality of this incipient Hans Sachs and the showing-up of certain absurd public conditions was the principal dramatic purpose. Not the force of true humor, "sublime, pain-stilling mirth," but mere irony of external form was the subject of this poem. But since Wagner had now realized consciously what he had hitherto instinctively felt—that the real music drama should not express outer manifestation, but only the inner processes of the heart—he felt a revulsion against his subject, which led him to abandon it. Hence, after he had finished "Tristan" he conceived the character of Sachs in a new light. Within this symbol of the creative artist, the liberal, progressive mind, the foe of pedant and charlatan alike, there arose the sublimely noble nature of a magnanimous man, capable of renouncing his happiness for that of others; who, putting aside his own desires, feels the deepest sympathy with the troubles of others. It is Hans Sachs' love for Eva and its resignation in favor of Walther that now becomes the central point of the drama. Here was a subject worthy of the master's hand; he became the creator of a figure which for largeness and nobility will perhaps never be surpassed.

SECOND CREATIVE PERIOD

If, as we have pointed out, "Die Meistersinger" bears a close relation, in substance and form, to "Tannhäuser," a similar connection may be established between "Tristan und Isolde" and "Lohengrin." In "Lohengrin" the drama, the veritable music-drama, in which music serves as the chief means of expression and serves to interpret the inner meaning of the action, and the psychological processes of the characters, was the ideal—though still but partially conscious—of the author. The symphonic treatment of the orchestra, the development of a new form of melody accurately interpretative of the moment, yet essentially lyrical, were to be noted, and the action, reduced to as few scenes as possible, aimed to develop their dramatic substance to the utmost in order to bare the underlying motives.

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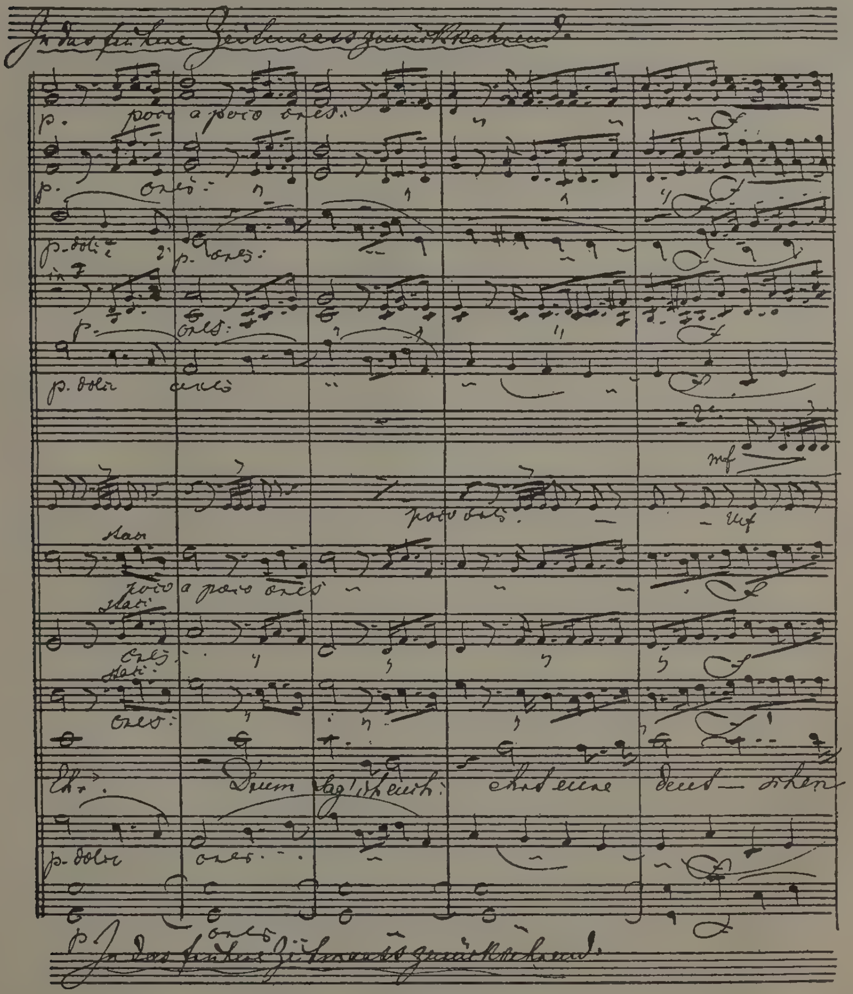
* Popular suspicion, fed by intrigues against him, forced Wagner to leave Munich, shortly after the production of "Tristan," and, thanks to the bounty of King Ludwig, he was able to live quietly at Triebschen, on Lake Lucerne, where he finished these works and much of the "Ring" during a period of six years.

In "Tristan und Isolde," the first work completed in his "second period," Wagner has carried out these aims with full consciousness and extreme deliberation. Ten years of meditation, of critical and theoretical work, intervene between the two works —years in which "Art and Revolution," "The Art Work of the Future," "Opera and Drama" and the "Two Letters" were published. These labors could not be without influence upon the master's own creative work. He himself stated that he had taken a greater step here than that which lay between "Die Feen" and "Tann-



WAGNER'S MANUSCRIPT OF A PART OF THE SCORE OF "DIE MEISTERSINGER" häuser.'' And hence the world has come to look upon ''Tristan'' as the true reform work of Wagner's career, for in the master's own words, he ''permitted to be made upon it the strictest demands emanating from his theoretical assertions.'' But it must not be inferred that Wagner deliberately formed ''Tristan'' in accordance with definite rule. He moved with the utmost freedom and totally without regard to any theoretical consideration. Nevertheless he was spiritually compelled to construct the work after his own ''system,'' and in so doing he soared far beyond it.

Not a merely technical advance lifts ''Tristan'' into a class apart from its predecessors, but the conscious realization of the law that only the ''purely human'' can be the subject of the music drama. Now in ''Lohengrin'' the inner process of Elsa's heart is revealed only by the co-operation of complicated outward circumstances; Chamberlain points to the end of Act II as an instance. In ''Tristan,'' on the other hand, the matter is so arranged that the greatest part of the poem is devoted to the demonstration of the inner motives of the action. Love is the central point of the action in ''Tristan''; it furnishes all the motives. To reveal this exalted passion in all its phases and workings, is the poet's chief business. He dwells upon it on all occasions, even to the detriment of dramatic progression. What words cannot convey he summons a veritable magic sound to tell us; till at the end we are overwhelmed with the infinite power of this love as with the fatality of a superhuman force.

The ''endless melody,'' as Wagner himself has called his incessant eloquent flow of musical substance, is here used in its ultimate expansion. The word, the singers' declamation, is but a part, and not the most important, of the total expression. The orchestra gives forth an inexhaustible flood of motives, phrases, melodies, rhythms and harmonies, reflects like a clear mirror the mood and the emotion in minute detail. It says what speech cannot say, and which in a manner needs no interpretation. Wagner believed to have achieved in ''Tristan'' a far more intimate fusion of the poem and the music than before, because here the words, the verses, are so designed that they prescribe the course of the melody and hence require no repetition to make them ''fit.'' The mere fact that there is no repetition of words is not so important, perhaps, as he thought, for it is not the word in itself but the word as carrier of the emotion, that makes the value of his music.

On the other hand, the charge that by this method of co-ordination the melody is hampered in its development and freedom Wagner refutes with the words that ''in this procedure the melody and its form achieve a wealth and inexhaustibility'' that was unknown before. Beethoven had created a type of music that in effect is nothing but one closely connected melody. Now Wagner strove for a parallel achievement in opera. Needless to say, in order to do this he had to break altogether with what he calls the dance forms. He had to create the poetic counterpart to the symphonic form, which, while it entirely fills the requirements of symmetry, conforms at the same time to the innermost laws of dramatic form. Here in a nutshell is the ''reform'' which Wagner adopted in ''Tristan'' and which became the ideal for a new musico-dramatic style.

THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG

As early as 1846, when the composition of ''Lohengrin'' was going forward, shortly after the first draft of the ''Meistersinger'' poem had been sketched, Wagner conceived the idea of a great drama upon the subject of the Nibelungen saga. Between that date and the thirteenth of August, 1876, when the first performance of the great tetralogy was given in the newly completed Festival Theatre at Bayreuth, there intervened thirty years of artistic labor—a period of almost ceaseless storm, of misery and tribulation such as has hardly ever been the lot of genius. During these years ''Lohengrin,'' ''Tristan'' and the ''Meistersinger'' were completed, volumes of theoretical, critical and poetical works were produced, a new artistic creed was formulated. The master, a political exile during the greater part of this time, despairing of the task of piling up "silent scores," hard pressed by material want, had virtually given up all hope of recognition for his genius, and the crowning work of his career interrupted again and again, seemed destined to remain a fragment. Yet "Lohengrin," already a favorite, was acclaimed through the length and breadth of Germany, while its composer was not privileged even to hear his own work. It was the hearing of a performance of this work that determined the young King Ludwig of Bavaria to go to the master's rescue. To his generous intervention in the crisis of Wagner's life the completion of the "Ring" is due.

We cannot here dwell upon the literary origin of the story of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." The "Siegfried" legend, as preserved in the mediæval High German Nibelungenlied, which has been not inaptly called the German Iliad, furnished an immediate source; the ancient Edda, the treasure of Norse mythology, a deeper one.

In a prose draft of 1846 Wagner combined these elements into a sequence of legendary events none too strongly held together. The last part of this draft he worked up in 1848 into a dramatic poem entitled "Siegfried's Tod," corresponding to the present "Götterdämmerung." But he was soon led to follow this up with another drama, "Der junge Siegfried" (1851), corresponding to the present "Siegfried." Then, going back to his original plan, he now sketched out the entire "stage festival play" for three days and a preliminary evening. The poem of "Die Walküre" was finished July 1, 1852, and "Das Rheingold" the following November. The music of the different parts was written in the following periods:

Rheingold: Fall, 1852–June, 1854.
Walküre: June, 1854–March (?), 1856.
Siegfried: Begun second half of 1856; interrupted June, 1857; resumed 1865, etc.; completed, February, 1871.
Götterdämmerung: October, 1869–March, 1874.

The sequence of events in the completed poem is essentially the same as in the preliminary draft. But just as in the ultimate working-out of "Die Meistersinger" an "inner drama" had been added, so in the final conception of "the Ring," the "soul" of the whole action, the innermost center about which all these events rotate, is provided in the personality of Wotan, the chiefest of the gods, the All-Father. It is his ambition for world power that furnishes the central motive of the action. Corresponding to the mere conflict of personalities in their contest for this possession of world power there had to be invented an inner conflict, a conflict of forces. And so we get the symbolic thought that furnished the philosophical kernel of the drama, namely that gold (the symbol of power), as long as it serves only an æsthetic, ideal purpose, is pure joy and virtue; but that as soon as it is desired for selfish purposes it becomes a curse. Love and egoism are two irreconcilable forces, and only he who renounces love may avail himself of the power of gold. This is the underlying motive of the whole drama.

In "the Ring" Wagner first employed his system of typical themes (leit-motifs) with conscious consistency. It is therefore natural that his mastery of material should not be as complete as it became later, notably in "Tristan"; but the very magnitude of the tetralogy induced a broader, if not denser, development of the method, while the co-relation of the four individual works by the use of identical terms has here emphasized what we might call the "philological" or linguistic properties of the themes more than anywhere else. Meeting with the same motifs in the different works, in various harmonic or melodic transformations and different tone-colorings according to the varying environment, their psychological significance, which is often extra-musical and acquired only by an association of ideas, makes them seem fundamentally or absolutely characteristic, whether they are or not. It seems as though here were a whole vocabulary, which might be used as effectively by another musician desiring to express similar ideas. But it is, of course, merely Wagner's individual expression, and that is, after all, arbitrary, as all art expressions are.

Aside from all its sophistication, its

dramatic ingenuity, its terse power of characterization, “the Ring” derives its greatest significance from symphonic unity, and from its intrinsic musical beauty. It is as a marvelous symphonic structure that the work must astound us the more we familiarize ourselves with it. Forget all the dramatic ingenuities down to the smallest detail, the strength of its characterization, the sophisticated objectivity, and you will continue to revel in the spontaneous fancies of a musician of inexhaustible creative force, who, by a process of progressive generation, fashions his material into ever new shapes—shapes whose variety is as infinite as their common relationship is definite, while their beauty becomes more and more wonderful as we abandon ourselves to its charm.

Let us dwell a moment on the orchestral revolution that was wrought in its making and which had a lasting influence not only on Wagner's later works, including “Tristan,” “Die Meistersinger” and “Parsifal,” but upon his successors, irrespective of schools. First of all there must be recorded the complete harmonic emancipation of the individual “color groups” by the addition of the fourth, or fifth, instrument: the English horn to the three oboes; the bass clarinet to the three clarinets; a fourth flute; three trumpets and a bass trumpet; three trombones and a contrabass trombone; two tenor and two bass tubas, with a contrabass tuba. Thus the lowest register is complete in all the different qualities of “wind.” There are eight horns, no less than six harps in the orchestra (rarely used outside of Bayreuth), besides one on the stage; two pairs of timpani, besides percussion instruments for every conceivable effect. All the strings are divided into “choirs”: the violins into eight, the violas and cellos into six.

WAGNER AT REHEARSAL

Caricature by Mènzel

But this is not merely an increase of resource, no mere whim or passion for greater volume. It is an increase in the means of expression, made inevitable by the infinite fancy of the poet. Now he is free to characterize an idea, a personage or situation as his imagination wills, he may paint his Valhalla entirely in low brasses, characterize the “Wanderer” with trombones only, the “brotherhood in arms” or the “announcement of death” entirely in trombones and trumpets. He may build up a crescendo by sheer addition of instruments, as in the opening E-flat chord of “Rheingold,” without increase in strength; he may use any color, any shade in any register that his object requires, without harmonic alloy of false color.

His color distinctions have become more minute; new and unsuspected suggestions are gotten out of individual instruments. The horns color the Valkyries' ride, with trills, with string glissandos, harp and triangle figures woven about them; the forging of the sword and the rising of the sun, in “Götterdämmerung”; not only they but all the brass, even the trombones, are muted to suggest sinister intrigue and mystery. The harp gives the rainbow its glow, with strings and flute; it makes the scintillating gleam of the magic fire; the flute paints the color of the molten metal, in

"Siegfried," and the joy of Brünnhilde's awakening. The special and bizarre effects of each individual instrument are exploited as never before. We have mentioned the muting of the brass and the divided strings. He goes further: instruments are made to groan, violins play *col legno;* drum beats on cymbals suggest Mime's world dream; divided *pizzicati* of the strings surround Loge's fidgetings. There is an unheard-of prodigality of technical means; a whole polyphonic web to give a tint; a rush of strings to throw a shadow; figurations, arabesques, infinitesimal pointillage effects make a canvas that is unique in the magnitude of its variety. All that had been timidly attempted, carried out in detached instances—individualization of the instruments, the unrestricted exploitations of orchestra colors—now becomes an organized accomplishment.

The music of the first performance of "Rheingold," in September, 1869, promised the fulfilment of Wagner's dream—the establishment of a national theatre dedicated to the masterpieces of German genius. In 1871 he settled in Bayreuth, the quiet Bavarian town which he had selected as the site of his "festival theatre," and in 1872 he was able to lay the foundation-stone of the great edifice. The funds for the enterprise were eventually raised through the organization of Wagner Societies throughout Germany, and the first complete performances of the "Ring" tetralogy took place in the new building in the presence of Emperor William I, King Ludwig of Bavaria and the leading artists of many nations.

Wagner was now at the pinnacle of his success. Meantime his private relation life had undergone considerable change. The unhappy union with Minna had come to an end some time ago, and in 1870 the composer married Cosima, the daughter of Franz Liszt, who had been the wife of Hans von Bülow till the year before. A son, Siegfried Wagner, was born soon after, and this furnished the occasion for the composition of the charming "Siegfried Idyll," based on themes from the opera.

THE VALKYRIES' RIDE

After a painting by Hendrich

There remains to be recorded only the composition of Wagner's last work, "Parsifal." That he intended this, not perhaps as the crowning achievement of his career, but as a work different and apart from the others, is indicated by the designation "Consecration Festival Play"* (Bühnenweihfestspiel). In a letter to King Ludwig of September 28, 1880, the master wrote: "Indeed, how can and may any action in which the sublimest mysteries of the Christian faith are openly put on the stage be performed in theatres like ours—it was with quite the right feeling for this that I entitled 'Parsifal' a 'Sacred Festival Drama.' For this reason also I must dedicate a special stage to it, and this can only be that of my Festival Playhouse standing apart in Bayreuth. There and there alone shall 'Parsifal' be performed for all future time: Never shall 'Parsifal' be produced at any other theatre for the amusement of the public!"

The "public" has decreed otherwise. There is no further need for pilgrimages to Bayreuth in order to hear the crowning work of the master's genius. It has become the common property of opera managers the world over. We shall not attempt to say whether this is a desecration or not—we only desire to record the master's own attitude toward his "legacy to the German nation." It is necessary for us to know this in order to understand the nature of the work. It was the deliberate rounding out of a creative career that is without parallel. In it the master sought to demonstrate no new method, no technical advance over his previous works, but, having arrived at the fulness of his power he desired to crown the achievement of his life, to consecrate it for posterity in a worthy and lofty spirit. That he turned to the Christian faith for his inspiration denotes not necessarily a dogmatic conviction, but the fundamentally religious side of his character and a deep reverence and appreciation for the ethical and æsthetic value of the most beautiful religious symbolism in the world.

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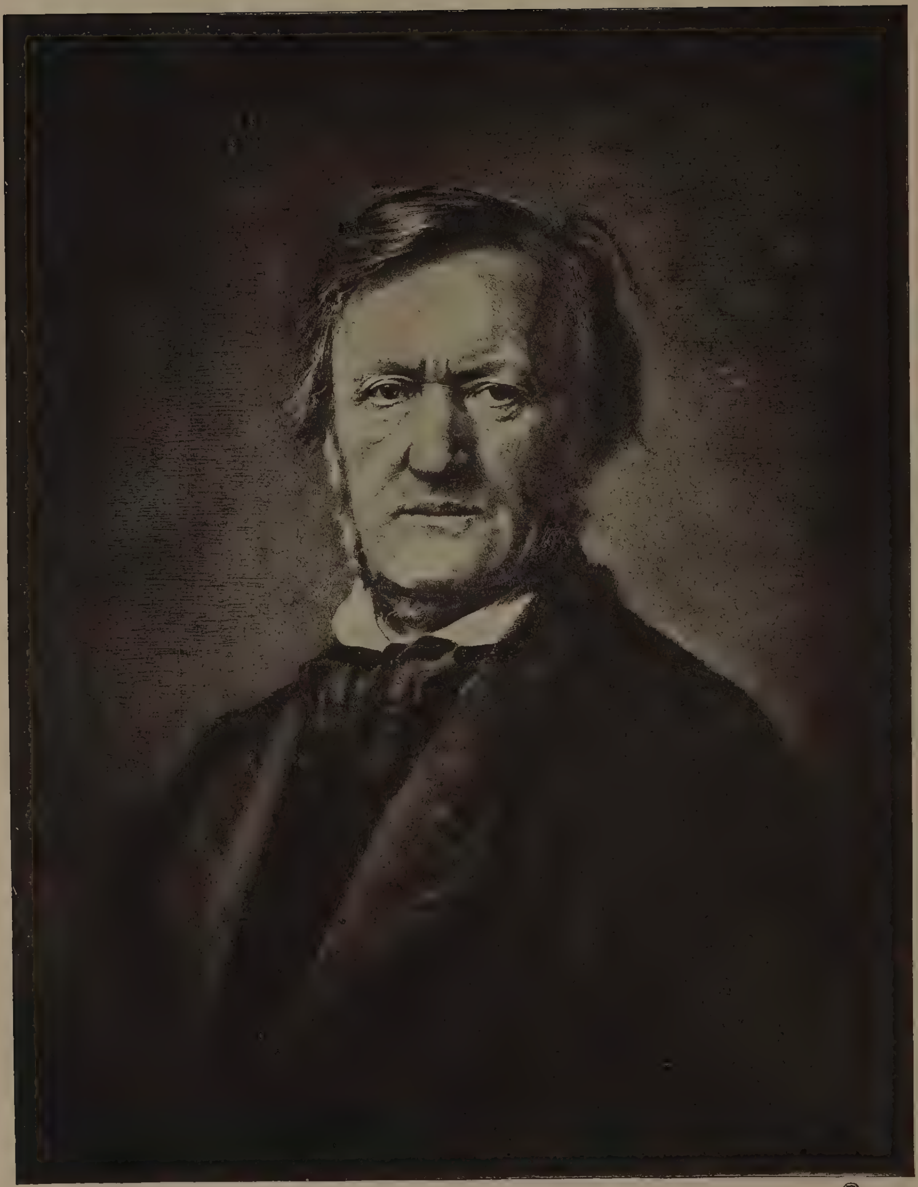
* "Rienzi" was designated as a grand tragic opera, "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" were romantic operas; "Tristan" was subtitled simple "Handlung" (action, or drama), and the "Ring" a stage festival play.

Technically there is nothing new in "Parsifal"; the fact that Wagner has at last even given up the division into scenes is a mere outward change significant of the evolution toward complete unity of form. The orchestra has nothing new except the mechanical direction of a covered pit, its effects being calculated with respect to this. In regard to stage technic, the moving scenery, doing away with the breaks between the different tableaux and allowing the music to be continuous, only need be mentioned. But because of associations and its significance as the crowning work of the greatest master of the music drama, it will always occupy a place apart from all operatic works.

The text of "Parsifal" was first drafted in August, 1865. It was materially altered in 1877; in August of that year the composition was begun. With the exception of six months' interruption (October to April, 1879), Wagner worked upon the composition almost continually till it was completed. The orchestration was finished on January 13, 1882, and the first performances took place at Bayreuth between July 26 and August 19, 1882. On February 13, 1883, in Venice, the master died.

"TO BAYREUTH"

Decorative panel by A. Frenz



RICHARD WAGNER.

FROM AN ETCHING BY EGUSQUIZA. MADE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT MUNICH AND APPROVED BY WAGNER, WHO DID NOT LIKE THE USUAL PROFILES MADE OF HIS FACE.

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Egusquiza

WHAT DID WAGNER DO?

BY

FANNY MORRIS SMITH

THE student who attempts the study of the Wagnerian movement is confronted with the fact that Wagnerism during its development implied much more than a musical cult. Besides its relations to the opera, it comprehended a political bias, a religious philosophy, and an artistic departure.

POLITICAL WAGNERISM

POLITICALLY, its founder was animated by three hatreds: hatred of Paris, which dictated those "fashions" his philosophy repudiated; hatred of Jesuits, whom he charged with reducing Christianity (and incidentally music) to "a lifeless artificiality"; hatred of Jews, whose kingdom, at least in musical matters, was under the leadership of Meyerbeer and Halévy, and decidedly of this world.

The Franco-Prussian War, the political relations of the Jesuits to Germany, and the money power of the Jews, were matters constantly attracting public attention in Germany during Wagner's creative period. In the name of German patriotism he mixed all sorts of political passions with the propaganda of his music, "German art and German arms against the world."

THE HANS SACHS MEDAL.

THE WAGNERIAN PHILOSOPHY

NIETZSCHE, in repudiating the Wagnerian philosophy after what he termed "Wagner's return to Jesuitism" in "Parsifal," sums it up (in condensed form) thus:

"Wagner became the heir of Hegel. Music as an 'Idea'! German youth understood him. The two words 'infinite' and 'significance' sufficed. It is *not* with music that Wagner has won the youth over to himself; it is with the 'Idea.' In the midst of Wagner's multiplicity, fullness, arbitrariness, they are justified, as it were, in their own eyes. They are 'saved.'

"Whence comes all the evil in the world? Wagner asked himself. From old conventions, he answered, like every ideologist. That means from customs, laws, morals, and institutions, from all that the old world, old society, rest on. How does one get rid of the evil in the world? By declaring war against 'conventions' (traditional usage and morality). *That* is what Siegfried *does*. . . . Wagner's vessel ran merrily on this course for a long time,—then ran on a reef. The reef was Schopenhauer's 'Philosophy.' Wagner, who had set optimism thus far to music, now translated the 'Ring' into Schopenhauerism. Everything goes wrong; the new world is as bad as the old."

Thus arose what the cult called "The Gospel of Wagner" on the same principle by which Mr. Swinburne alludes to "The Holy Writ of Théophile Gautier." A theory of morality lies behind the art in each case—just the kind of theory that instinctively borrows the nomenclature of religion. Observe Wagner's tribute to *Gretchen* and the "Eternal Womanly" in his essay on Beethoven. The Schopenhauer theory of music, embraced by the entire cult, carried Wagnerism into the position of a religion. I cull from Wagner's essay on Beethoven.

"While in the other arts nature is apprehended by the intermediation of cognition, the musician's music is an idea of the world in itself, in which the world exhibits its essential nature without intermediation. For while pure perception reduces the individual will of the plastic artist to silence, the individual will of the musician awakens, and transcending all perception as such, most clearly recognizes itself as self-conscious. Hence the fundamentally different effect of music and painting. For in hearing, the door is opened through which the world crowds in upon the will, and it finds its outlet to communicate with the world. This prodigious overflowing of all limits of phenomenality must necessarily evoke in the inspired musician an ecstasy with which no other can be compared. In it the Will recognizes itself as the Almighty Will in general." Hence Wagner concludes (as summarized by his disciple Weitzmann), "*our civilization*, especially as far as it determines artistic man, *can be reanimated only by the spirit of our music*, which Beethoven emancipated from the bonds of fashion."

We have, then, music oracular, like the oracle of Delphi, interpreted by the text of Wagner's operas. As the cult conversed and lived à la Schopenhauer, passions rose to dogmatic heights. The very wreath which lay on Wagner's coffin bore the words: "Salvation to the Saviour."

WAGNER'S LITERARY RELATIONSHIPS

WAGNER'S popular success was intimately related to the spread of Gothic Romanticism. This needs definition. "The Romantic feeling has its origin in wonder and mystery. To the Greeks the world was a fact, to us it is a problem. The essence of Romanticism is aspiration." So far Dr. F. T. Hedge. "Romanticism is really on one side retrogressive, as it seeks to bring up the past; on the other, progressive, as it seeks to break up the traditional order of things." Thus, Professor Boyesen. "Subjectivity, love of the picturesque and a reactionary spirit, are," Professor Phelps sums up, "the marks of Romanticism."

The Wagnerian movement was, in fact, bitterly reactionary. It not only put forth the orchestral drama against the classic opera, but, even more eagerly, the claims of music "as a language expressing ideas," against music as the expression of feeling merely. Music as a language is constructed of motifs; this was a reaction against the classic school, which required complete melodies (i. e., in poetical and dance forms). The movement also instituted a still wider departure in the development of dissonance and of enharmonic modulation.

On its literary side the choice of Gothic literature as the source of his operatic material identified Wagner strongly with the Gothic movement.

This movement had been initiated in England in 1755, by Henry Mallet's "Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarck," which first drew public attention to the Scandinavian myths. Walpole had built his Gothic country house Shrewsbury Hill about that time. In 1777, Wieland was writing to Goethe's mother: "Your son sits in the Wartburg, like Dr. Luther a century and a half ago, and is enjoying himself thoroughly, I think, among the ghosts of chivalry who have their home in that noble castle." Goethe, who lived till 1832, saw the current set back from the classic spirit of his maturer years to the enthusiasm for Bards, Druids, Gothic Architecture, and Knighthood that was rife in his youth. Patriotism and medievalism in opposition to Napoleonic aggression became, in the language of Scherer, "the watchwords of the day," and were summed up as "Romanticism."

Contemporary literature was then reflected completely in Wagner's librettos. His ideas of Greek elocution and its application to German opera were the inheritance of the Greek period of "Iphigenia" and its contemporaries immediately preceding.

Beethoven had been alive to the value of the chivalric period for opera. He once sent to La Motte Fouqué for a libretto for himself. Wagner, however, rejected historical drama as too difficult for opera. He wanted to get rid of "conventions." Perhaps he realized the immense difficulty in finding actors who can sing. "Once lift one's theme into the region of the supernatural and all goes easily" was his theory. Gothic myth offered him everything he desired.

Wagner's movement, like that identified with Darwin, has thoroughly penetrated the age. These men's personalities crested great waves of contemporary thought; but while Darwin and his fellow-scientists have remade theological dogma, the Wagnerian reforms as time advances prove more and more to have been vital only in the domain of orchestral and dramatic music. "Freedom" was Wagner's watchword, and music needed freedom.

MEDAL OF THE "WAGNER ORDER," SO CALLED, BESTOWED BY WAGNER UPON HIS CO-LABORERS.

"The actor, the mime, the dancer, and the lyric poet are fundamentally akin in their instincts and one in their essence; but they have gradually become specialized and separated from one another till they are in contradiction," wrote Nietzsche. "The lyric poet remained longest connected with the musician, the actor with the dancer." Wagner desired to exorcise the dancer and the lyric poet, and reunite the musician and the actor. "Wagner," cries Nietzsche, disgustedly, "belongs to the advent of the stage-player in music." Dramatic virtuosity—the virtuosity by which rhythm expresses dramatic gesture—has been the distinctive characteristic of the movement. Paganini bewitched Liszt, who in turn infected Wagner. Then came "the program," already created by Berlioz—"music as a universal language." "Wagner," Nietzsche admits, "has immeasurably increased the speaking power of music. He is the Victor Hugo of music as language"—and Wagner's instrument was the orchestra.

WAGNER AS A REFORMER OF OPERA

As to the purely operatic reforms: in Wagner's "A Visit to Beethoven," he makes the elder composer announce that he has projected an opera in which recitatives, arias, choruses, dance tunes, should all be fused into one homogeneous utterance, without entr'actes, finales, or any set forms whatever. This was his way of developing his own ideas from the "Ninth Symphony"—a capital tenet of the cult.

Wagner has, however, admitted his obligations to the French opera, for which he wrote "Rienzi"; to Von Weber, from whom he imbibed naturalism and supernaturalism at once; to Schroeder-Devrient's wonderful dramatic renditions of Bellini's rôles; to Gluck, "whose reform consisted mainly in his energetic efforts to place his music in more direct rapport with the action"; and to Liszt. But to Meyerbeer's historic drama, and Berlioz's "Idée Fixe," he had no word of acknowledgment. Nevertheless, the debt was heavy. Wagner had spent long years in conducting operas, French and Italian, before he ever produced a successful one of his own. It was in practical conducting, as he says himself, that he hammered out his ideas.

He was not a melodist. He could not tread the path opened by Bellini. He found light in the orchestration of Beethoven, and, besides light, he averred that he found the *leit-motif*. This is a principle of construction, not creation. Creation is an act, not a formula. The *leit-motif* is *architectural*, to borrow a word more often in the mouth of the modern Wagnerized critic than almost any other. It is the "architecture" of his school that the German musician loves. Wide apart as Wagner and Brahms may be in other respects, in the constructive instinct they are at one. I have quoted freely from Nietzsche because, in spite of his distaste for "self-denial," he voices the ideas and instincts that inspired the Wagnerian movement, and Nietzsche makes a pregnant distinction. "The architect," he writes, "represents neither a Dionysian (emotional) nor an Apollonian (intellectual) condition. The architect is always under the suggestion of power." It is the passion for power that has inspired the construction and the effects of modern German music, and made it at once architectural in method and dramatic in intention; and it is its architectural power that more than anything else has hypnotized the world into abject submission to its claims.

Doubtless the religious and amatory elements of Wagner's music were of great value in the result. As a matter of psychology and physiology, music is the joint production of the instincts of love and religion; consequently, no great music exists that is not the expression in artistic terms of one or both of these fundamental emotions of humanity. Wagner rang the changes of these emotions in every opera as he advanced step by step through "Rienzi," "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Tristan und Isolde," "Siegfried," "Die Meistersinger," "Die Götterdammerung," and "Parsifal." While he is painting love and religion, Wagner is strong — the linden leaf against the shoulder of his art is his philosophy. Art, which is the expression of emotion in terms of beauty, does not admit of philosophy as a subject, but only of the emotions produced by the action of the laws elucidated by philosophy. Consequently, Wagner became less inspired the more he believed himself to be a prophet. To foreigners, too, the librettos are a disturbing element. There is a German word for bad manners. That word is *grob.* The moment Wagner began to put himself into words his manners came to the front, and it is difficult to parallel the bad manners of Wagner's characters. *Hunding, Siegfried, Tristan, Fricka, Parsifal*—to cull at random—were *grob.* It is evident that Wagner made the fatal error of mistaking coarseness for power. Compare Wagner's poems with Tennyson's Arthurian cyclus, and the difference in the breeding of the characters is startling. Yet the materials for both were drawn from the same stores of legend; and the music of Tennyson's lines is inspired by the same orchestral instinct that led Wagner's music to victory. In fact, Tennyson was making poetry orchestral at the moment that Wagner was making music a language.

The philosophy of the "Ring" and of "Parsifal" will ere long become a curiosity of the nineteenth century. The political polemics of Wagner and his cult will be referred to the effervescence of a young nation eager to set all society to rights. Music as the language of ideas can hardly go farther than Richard Strauss's reiteration of Nietzsche's dismal propositions in "Thus spake Zarathushtra," unless it adopts a code of formulæ, like telegraphy. The pendulum has already begun its backward swing toward Latin art. But the *music* of Wagner, free and clear of all accidentals of time, will live on, beautiful, noble, and unique, while civilization endures.

WAGNER MEDAL MADE IN 1875-76 AT BAYREUTH,
BY ANTON SCHARFF OF VIENNA.

AFTER WAGNER,—WHAT?

BY

ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM

"A TRANSCENDENT genius, a sparkling spirit of flame, worthy to wear a double crown of fire and gold." This statement, addressed to the public of fifty years ago, aroused more anger than conviction, for the judgment of the critic was quite as much a subject of distrust as were the works which inspired it. Never before had a young composer stirred one of his most famous contemporaries with such enthusiasm. It required a Wagner to elicit the utterance, and a Liszt to give it voice. Since then Wagner's name has waxed great. In the year 1890 he was rightly regarded as the Bismarck of music. To-day he narrowly escapes the notoriety of a Dreyfus.

It is a profound wonder to me that the products of a genius of such peculiar quality should ever have become the fashion. These works have no equals, but the number of people capable of fully appreciating them must always remain small. The secret of Wagner's popular success does not lie in his stage effects, for his orchestral music has ranked first in quality the world over for at least twenty years. It must therefore be the music itself which has begun its final conquest of the "fourth estate." Its most astounding quality is its power of exciting admiration in people who could hardly be supposed capable of the emotion.

The wide diffusion of Wagner's works is cause for naught but satisfaction. Their triumphant flight completely exonerates an age which has been maligned as particularly prosaic. Never since the classical period of

Greece has mankind crowded to witness, in an intoxication of delight, such ideal creations as these.

These successes, unparalleled and splendid as they are, have a phase of sadness for the initiated; a collection of photographs reproduces quite as much of the beauty of the great paintings of Europe as does the great majority of the representations that of Wagner's operas. Those only who have made the score of "Tristan," for instance, a part of themselves realize how much is missing in what passes for an excellent production. Rather than endure the suffering incident to conducting grand opera, men of artistic organization, especially when very fine-strung, are apt, like Felix Weingartner, to renounce the profession and dedicate their lives to the concert-hall.

The cause of the mischief does not lie in the too great spirituality of the art. Not at all! It is, to use Liszt's expression in a letter addressed to Wagner some fifty years ago, "the brutal commercialism" with which Wagner's works are pushed. At that date, however, the Weimar theater knew but one dominant will; the representations were most conscientiously prepared, and a good result was obtained with very limited resources. To-day, on the contrary, with a staff of famous singers and a great orchestra, distorted pictures of Wagner's originals are by no means rare. Thus the "Ring" has been given before a London audience without a cut and with an hour's intermission between the acts, quite according to the Bayreuth model. But Capellmeister Felix Mottl jokingly advised his friends to stay away from the performance of "Rheingold," as the management had been able to allow him but one rehearsal. The other operas could not have gone much better. Under extraordinary pressure, the "Ring" was given three times; Mottl felt that the last cyclus went passably well; but some one remarked aptly that it was not surprising, since it had had three rehearsals. The situation is always and everywhere the same. Among the many famous opera-houses in the world there are but three that offer exceptions: at the head of the institutions of Dresden, Vienna, and Carlsruhe are art-loving directors who have the power to enforce their wishes. Here the refractory star, an evil from which the productions of Wagner's operas suffer almost as much as from lack of rehearsals, is unknown. The famous Mr —— is really just as unmusical as is Mrs. —— or Miss ——. Too often these artists have the greatest difficulty in barely learning the notes of their parts; they have a shadowy idea of what they are to portray: but woe to the conductor who ventures to suggest a better conception out of his deeper knowledge, or who openly opposes them. We drop the curtain on the consequences of such an indiscretion.

Wagner's works are not spectacle-plays; but it is surely a most mistaken policy to allow a niggardly economy or, as oftener occurs, a crass ignorance to infuse a comical element into the most serious situations

It is hardly fair to make Wagner's Bayreuth theater subject of comparison; but the fact that even here all is not always as it should be shows how difficult it is to satisfy the composer's demands.

The very worst enemies of good production are the court theater intendants and theater directors, because they usurp the authority which should be the sole prerogative of the orchestra director.

Wagner fares much better in the concert-hall because but one commands here. Bad usages, however, may obtain even on this favored ground; for instance, each director believes himself to be the only one who has correctly understood the overture to "Die Meistersinger." Certain of Wagner's pieces, therefore, are heard to surfeit. It may be blasphemy to my readers, but the ever-increasing number of these surfeits will before long lead to the inevitable reaction, and the evening of "Wagner exclusively," so attractive at present, will lose in charm. Commercial considerations govern this over-production—the great public wishes to hear Wagner, and the concert management has no higher ideal than to meet the demand, no matter to what excess.

Nevertheless, Wagner's works tower to-day majestic and sublime upon their lonely height. Whether time will steal something from them is an imperative question. The luster of "Tannhäuser," upon the whole, seems even now somewhat dimmed. But we may trustfully leave the glory of "Tristan" and of "Die Meistersinger" to the future.

The phrase "man of his time" has sometimes been applied to Wagner as a title of honor, but Wagner was very far ahead of his time. When millions of enthusiasts exclaim that Wagner is gigantic, the initiated reply: "Yes, and greater than you can know. How doubly great must he be to enchant you as no tone-master ever could before, when you know him almost entirely in disfigured and disjointed fragments!"

Friedrich Nietzsche was Wagner's bitterest critic, but he alluded to him as "the enchanter." Robert Schumann was not especially drawn toward Wagner, but after hearing "Lohengrin" in Düsseldorf he, too, wrote that a peculiar enchantment streamed forth from this music.

When the master's adversaries speak thus, what must be the feelings of those who from childhood have been accustomed to look up to him with shy reverence? The youths of former days are grown into men's estate; some of them are so extremely rash as to long to escape at any price from the old benumbing and suffocating domination. The Zeus of Bayreuth shall no longer command, like Jehovah, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." It will not be made easy for them! However strongly we may try to oppose this dictatorial Olympian, there are times when his inexhaustible opulence, his unconquerable power of expression, the pregnancy and force of his strong figuration, and, more than all else, his irresistible sincerity and directness of musical speech, are overpowering.

In the first days of the Wagnerian movement the conservative faction invidiously declared that this master would never found a school. Absurd as the reproach against the living Wagner appeared, it has proved just. The only existing work which has been created throughout under the influence of Richard Wagner is the "Barber of Bagdad," by Peter Cornelius. This is still occasionally given; all others vanished promptly at their first appearance.

The idea of a school properly belongs to the arts of painting and of literature. It is correctly associated with the delivery of music, but as applied to composition in its strict sense it has no justification. For instance, it might be affirmed that Wagner proceeded from the school of Weber, in view of the undeniable likeness in points of capital importance which exists between these two masters; but this is saying at once too much and too little, and, worst of all, not exactly what is meant. Who would think of asserting that Beethoven founded a school? But all instrumentalists since Beethoven's day have made his creations the foundation upon which they have constructed their new works, each according to his own differing inspiration and with differing success. It has been well said that Schumann is in chamber music a younger Beethoven, but who speaks here of a school? We can predict with certainty that the next to accomplish something great in opera will have proceeded directly from Wagner. A return to the pre-Wagnerian operatic form is impossible. There is no escape from fully accepting the principle of the Leitmotif. In what way and how far it may be deviated from later we cannot foretell. The next really great composer will be compelled to begin in the forms created by Wagner, just as Wagner himself once wrote in the styles of Meyerbeer and of Weber.

Granting all the gratitude due to Wagner from the present generation, it must be regarded as a favorable sign of the times that the hysterical Wagnerite of the former days has died out; the fever of the seventies and eighties has been gradually allayed. Others besides Wagner are at last attracting public attention. Universal judgment begins to clear. One man in particular—Johannes Brahms—has succeeded in gathering about himself a crowd of followers and adherents approaching Wagner's in number, but even more fanatic. A famous Russian musician has even asserted in absolute good faith that Brahms and Wagner are the same thing reversed. It is difficult to understand his standpoint, since the two composers have practically nothing in common. Both may be traced back to a joint root,—Beethoven,—but they are very far apart on the common stem. Wagner starts from the Ninth (Chorus) Symphony. Beethoven's art of developing his themes, as seen in the last movement of this symphony, Wagner transferred to the orchestra. The principle of the Leitmotif, so manifest in Wagner's later works, was evolved from this idea. Brahms absolutely ignored this revolutionary conception, and held to Beethoven in general. He also clung strongly to Schumann. Wagner was a most energetic innovator; Brahms faced backward. The works of the latter belong to modern times in appearance only. He is a pronounced conservative. His followers are therefore to be found in lands of German speech which have always fought novelty most bitterly. Brahms has no national color; but his spirit is so intimately German that in countries alien to his own he can scarcely achieve universal popularity. I do not include in this opinion Brahms's songs, the majority of which are masterpieces such as, in the language of Schumann, "impel the critic to sink his weapon and salute."

Another master of our time hardly belongs in the same class, although at first inspection he has the appearance of it. Peter Tschaikowsky, as he himself has stated, sprang from Schumann, but developed into independence under the remarkable influence of the Russian national character.

Franz Liszt, a revolutionist, a symphonist of very different style, who, as he himself realized, was undeservedly executed amid the clamor of the Wagner cult, is now slowly awakening from the dead. In Germany a movement in his favor is observable, which will slowly but all the more surely spread to other lands. As a composer Liszt is still sneered at in America. People who may have heard one or two symphonies badly played by a favorite orchestra are ready to pronounce judgment upon him; but it is easy to condemn things which are very difficult to comprehend. The art of Liszt is not measurable by a passing glance. There are gifted connoisseurs who require long years of acquaintance to come into intimate sympathy with Liszt; but with the adept his music gains by twenty years of study.

The career of Brahms affords a strong contrast to that of Liszt, who has many points of contact with Wagner. Liszt and Wagner are the true reversals of the same medal. Liszt in the symphonic field has accomplished what Wagner did in that of the drama. It is not advisable to push the comparison further.

It is absurd to suppose that Liszt's music offers great difficulties to the modern orchestra. The compositions of Richard Strauss, which offer complexities beside which those of Liszt and even of Wagner appear almost childish, are thoroughly brought out. It is too soon to give a definite judgment of Strauss. He is ascending the mountain. But it is obvious that this intensely interesting man has been developed much more from the spirit of Liszt than from that of Wagner. In orchestral coloring he has already attained great eminence. His contribution to literature in this respect is independent, novel, and important. We may confidently expect something great from this richly gifted nature.

In Germany much is expected from young Max Schillings. He is a perfect master of Wagner's form, but unfortunately is not Wagnerian in form only. We begin to look longingly for some one who speaks in his own musical language, and who especially shall have emancipated himself from that of Wagner. This is the cardinal point.

In choice of dramatic material it is certainly unnecessary to imitate Wagner. There are worlds hidden, but waiting the touch of him who has the power to waken them to new life. It has been often said that Wagner, like all great composers, went too far in many ways. The most fanatical Wagnerite can scarcely maintain that the myth is the only suitable subject for dramatic treatment. Wagner himself, in spite of his earlier thesis, has by "Die Meistersinger" most brilliantly proved the contrary. The world of German saga is, however, especially his own; and to choose material in the slightest degree like Wagner's is to speak one's own death sentence.

Richard Wagner

Wotan! Erda! Erda!

(Siegfried. acte 3) A [illegible] [illegible] Fantin

The most dangerous cliff which threatens those who would stray along Wagner's private paths—the only paths just now imaginable—is the fact that Wagner was so fortunate as to be both poet and musician. All his immense greatness arose from this. In this respect he stands alone in the history of the art.

The desire to furnish the text for one's own opera is held to be tremendously daring by the present generation, but when we consider how every detail of Wagner's art, whether words or music, is obviously cast by the same master hand and conceived in the same brain, the temptation to the attempt is very great. When will time reproduce such a brain?

The generation which has grown up in familiarity with Wagner's art is on the average well educated, and therefore versed in poetry and even in philosophy; but, though these deepen one's life, they do not make one a poet. What Liszt once said of Paginini is equally true of Wagner: "The threatening shadow of an heir to his fame never projected itself from the future." It was fate's ironic jest that the youth who spoke these words was that very shadow whose fame was soon to eclipse the object of his admiration. No such ominous shadow projects from the writers of the Wagner necrology. Had there been such a one, it would have made itself obvious in the nineteen years that have flown by.

In the great mass of matter which has been put forth relative to Wagner there has been a strong endeavor to glorify the musician as a man. Some years ago Hanslick very justly remarked, apropos to a new Wagner biography, that because no reasonable man could doubt the artistic greatness of the master, there had been an attempt made to cover up as much as possible scenes, which could not be altogether excluded, relative to Wagner's part in the revolution of 1848. This is unnecessary. Great men, in the nature of things, have great faults. We may be silent respecting them or drag them into publicity. One sins against truth in either case. Wagner confesses in a letter to Liszt that at times he had his "agonies" and then behaved very hatefully. According to eye-witnesses, he was then unbearable. Should he be reproached for his passionate temperament? Shall the superhuman be demanded from a man? Wagner has accomplished great things in his own direction; all this grumbling about his character should cease. How many would have courage to throw stones at Wagner if their own habits and actions were as exactly known to the public as must necessarily be the case with every celebrated man? Wagner's published correspondence shows that he had a clear self-comprehension. What could be more conclusive than the explanation that during his "agonies" nothing was sacred to him and he despised and scorned what he ordinarily cherished—for example, his widely published opinion of Liszt's work?[1]

Wagner's adversaries did their best to push his "agonies" to full bloom, as in that disgraceful protest in the fifties, joined in by Joachim,

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[1] In a lately published letter of the year 1857, Wagner writes: "There is much which we willingly confess between ourselves; for instance, that since my acquaintance with Liszt's compositions I have become quite a different fellow as a harmonist from what I was before," etc.

Clara Schumann, and Brahms, against the "art-destroying mischief" which (referring to Wagner's operas and Liszt's symphonies) was emanating from Weimar. The protestants showed a painful poverty of artistic insight in this publication, which was personally ungracious, for Joachim was directly and Clara Schumann indirectly indebted to Liszt in many ways. Perhaps these, too, suffered from bad "agonies," and, as the true inwardness of the situation declared, quite regularly *in collectivo.* If so, they, like Wagner, should have put off making oracular predictions till the agony was over. How many of Wagner's "agonies" has Hanslick upon his conscience? how many, Bernsdorf and similar dwarfish spirits?

When Wagner says that he feels himself impelled to set down Meyerbeer's creative talent as absolutely *nil*, he has plainly exaggerated his effort to belittle this composer. A deep look into the fundamental antagonism prevailing between the two clearly explains the situation. As to Wagner's verdict upon Mendelssohn, he was conclusively not wrong. He applied his own measure to everything, and, therefore, many much lauded treasures must have appeared very odd to him.

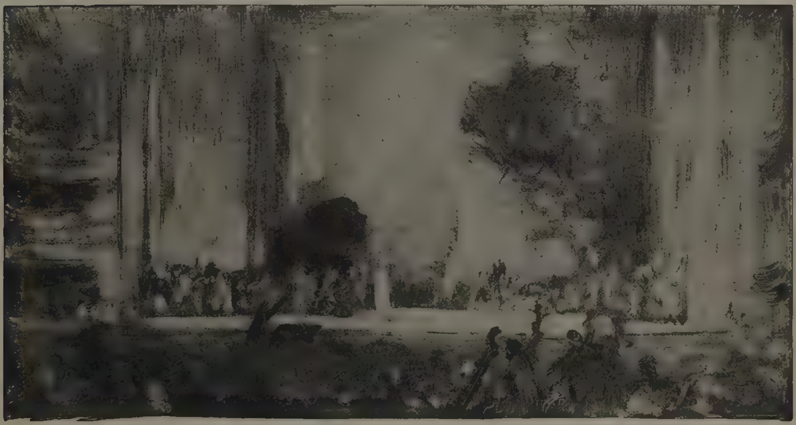
Young Johann Svendsen and Wagner once held a conversation in which the latter spoke most freely in disapproval of Schumann. Svendsen, confident in his case, hinted that whereas a Svendsen could not overlook his contemporaries, so great a man as Wagner had the right to do so. He was so successful in driving Wagner into a corner that the latter confessed that he knew nothing at all of Schumann's greater works.

It may seem impious, but it has been all the better for art that Wagner devoted his time to the creation of his own works instead of studying the symphonies of Schumann and Brahms. His preoccupation does not affect the intrinsic worth of these symphonies.

In the attacks on Wagner's moral character, and in the emphasis on his customary readiness to condemn, there is a perceptible intention to strike somewhat from the crown of fire and gold which Wagner wears by grace of genius. But why is Wagner picked out as the only one who should be just to his contemporaries? When this point comes up in connection with Beethoven, Weber, and others, we shrug our shoulders and laugh. Is justice, especially in spiritual matters, so common among men? Do you always find it in the halls of Justice herself? Why is Liszt's impartiality so revered by posterity, except that he is one of the few exceptions to the common rule? Thoroughly unselfish traits, instinct with that pure love of mankind into which no one can be forced either by religion or law, are so rare as to be universally admired. The effort to give a superficial gloss of Christian behavior is a primary hypocrisy of our age. Wagner was never a hypocrite. A little gall and bitterness openly exhibited are better than habitual hypocrisy. There are credible people who maintain out of deepest conviction that Wagner was the noblest and best of men. Why not? This agrees very well with the "agonies." In the heart of even the noblest character there is a dark corner where a disorderly rabble watches its chance to break forth.

Liszt was able to hold his rabble in check to an extraordinary degree. He was a true Christian. That he also went to church does not affect the case.

No man formed of the better clay who reads the letters between Wagner and Liszt can escape deep emotion. Suffering, and again suffering! This is the tragic undertone that runs through them from beginning to end. Commonplace, shallow souls may not feel it. They see only that the one forsaken by all the world turns again and again to his great friend for material help, and are surprised that it is always given at the first possible moment. Franz Liszt, thou wert indeed amazingly, humanely great, and particularly in respect to Wagner! Without thee "thy Beloved" and "thine Only" would have been in hard case. Posterity shall honor thee for this, the while thou shalt reap thine own just meed of appreciation from thy fellow-artists. Liszt! Admirable, poor, mighty man! an Atlas on whose shoulders was heaped the weight of the world! thy head only is fit to bear that sparkling crown with vindicated right, though perchance with agony.



BY PERMISSION OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

"A DREAM OF LOHENGRIN."

Monotype by John S. Sargent.

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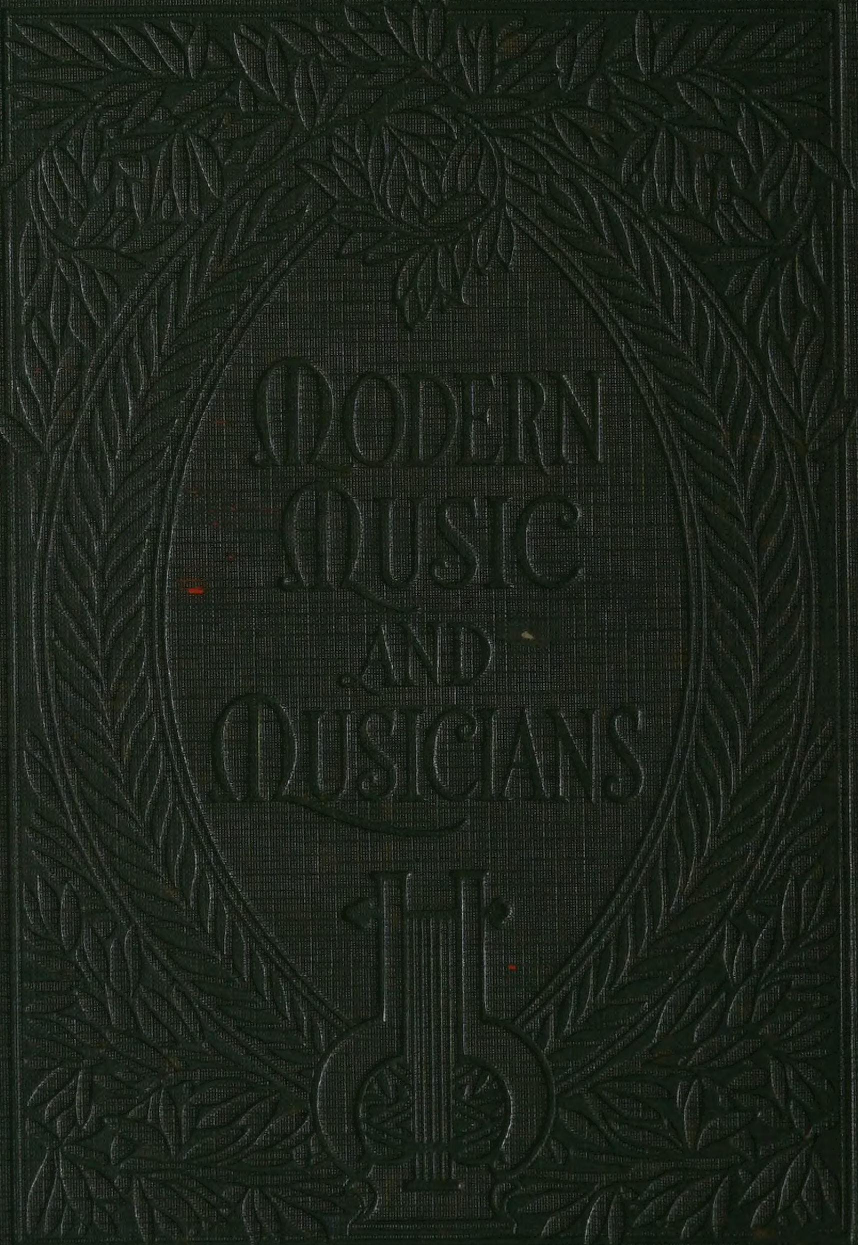

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